Collier's

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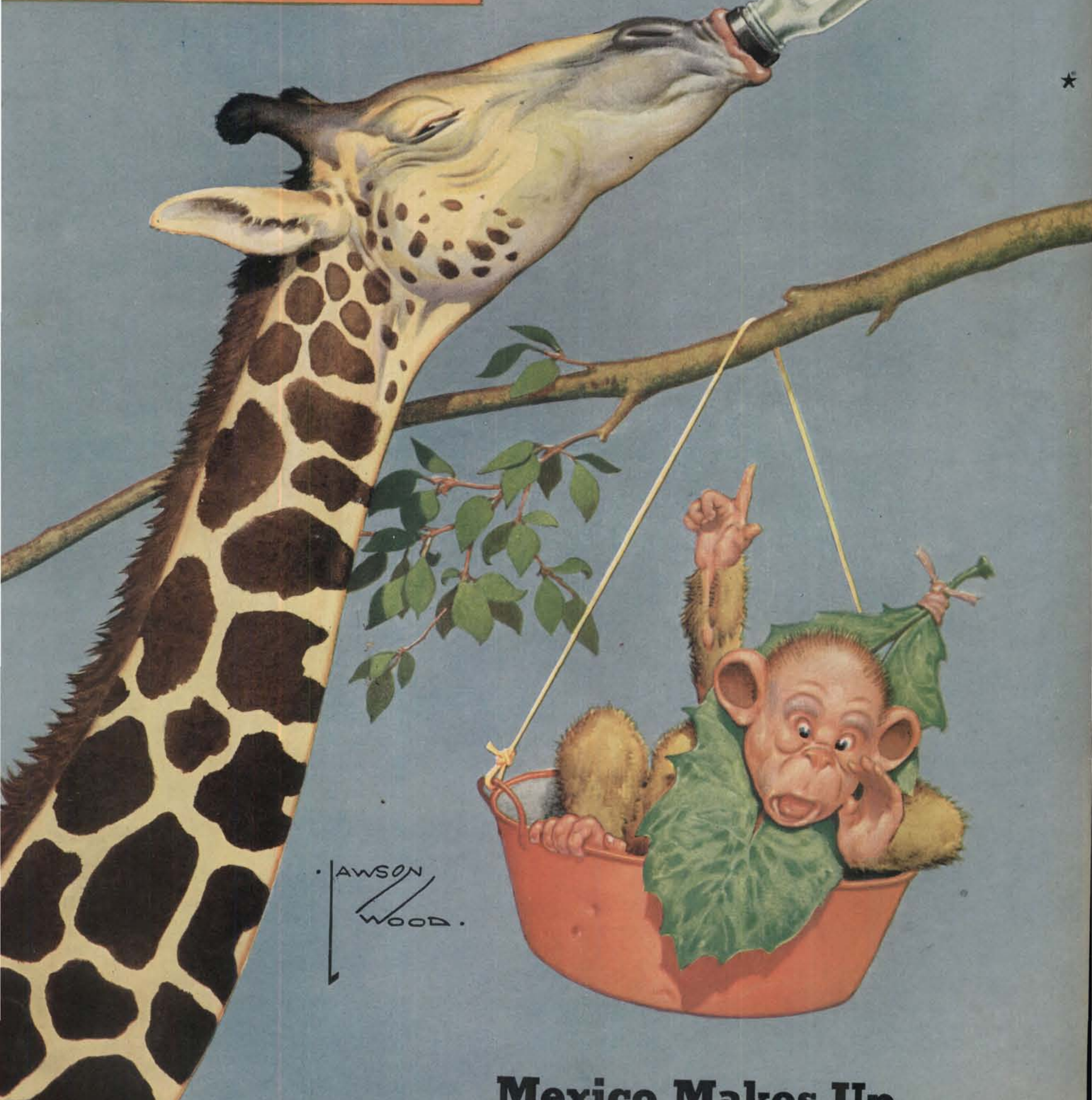
LAWSON WOOD.

Mexico Makes Up

BY GEORGE

MRS DON BURTNETT 12a
423 N WALNUT ST 4279
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R 1941

FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Today—discover

THE 1941 BOTTLING OF FOUR ROSES

TODAY, THERE AWAITS you a whiskey so magnificent that we had to give it a special designation: *The 1941 Bottling of Four Roses.*

From the time the whiskies that go into this Four Roses were laid down, five years ago and longer, we've been pretty certain they would be exceptionally fine. For into their making had gone extraordinary care . . . and to their aging we applied added knowledge, added skill.

But when we finally opened the barrels in which these special Four Roses whiskies had been slumbering, even we ourselves were astonished at their surpassing excellence. Right then and there, we knew we had achieved a Four Roses more glorious, more satin-smooth, more flavorful, than any whiskey we had ever made or known, in all our 76 years' experience.

So, no matter when you last tasted Four Roses, there is a new and thrilling experience in store for you when you taste the 1941 Bottling. Won't you try it— *today?*

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

EVERY DROP IS 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD

Do you see a Girl in School?
No, I see the most Popular Girl at a June Prom.

Is she a Girl of Great Beauty?
Indeed yes. She has Looks and Charm to Spare.

And Crowning her Beauty, a Sparkling Smile
due perhaps to her Lifelong Habit of Ipana and Massage.

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Guard, always, your lovely smile . . . help make your gums healthier, your teeth brighter with Ipana and Massage

Q. *Why is the habit of Ipana and massage more important now than ever before?*

A. Because today's soft foods deny gums the exercise they often need for health. And Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to provide this needed stimulation.

Q. *Are firm, healthy gums, then, so important to sound, sparkling teeth?*

A. Indeed they are! That is why so many dentists are urging daily gum massage. For neglected, gums tend to become weak and soft . . . and often warn of their condition with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *"Pink Tooth Brush" . . . is that serious?*

A. Only your dentist can make that decision. Often he may merely tell you your gums are lazy, need work. And, like thousands of dentists, he may well suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Q. *Why is Ipana so important?*

A. Because Ipana Tooth Paste does more than clean teeth, thoroughly and brilliantly. With massage, Ipana is specially designed to aid the gums to better health. That is one reason why, every time you brush your teeth, you should massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste onto your gums. You'll find Ipana and massage extremely effective in helping to make your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more attractive . . . in helping you to ward off "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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THIS WEEK

APRIL 26, 1941

SHORT STORIES

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
The Flower of Illusion. Fate hides a smile in a mask of tragedy. Page 11

STANLEY FRANK
For Dear Old Sweeney. How much to throw a ball game? Page 14

PATTERSON McNUTT
Getaway Money. Steve Emery meets his past—and likes it. Page 22

THOMAS McMORROW
Three is a Crowd. Dirty work on the nine o'clock bus. Page 24

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
A Heart for Horses, by Oscar Schisgall. Page 26

SERIAL STORIES

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
The Traitor. Conclusion. The man you've been looking for. Page 16

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trail Town. The third of ten parts. Double quarrel. Page 20

ARTICLES

MARTHA BROWN
Inside Italy. A look at another Nazi-occupied land. Page 13

HENRY L. JACKSON
Country-wise. Get set for the big week end. Page 15

SHEPARD BARCLAY
Top Ten in Contract. America's best bridge players. Page 17

OUR NEW ARMY. Page 18

LUTHER DAVIS and JOHN CLEVELAND
Pal Vivienne. She just keeps acting along. Page 21

GEORGE CREEL
Mexico Makes Up. President Comacho is good news for the U. S. Page 23

RUTH CARSON
Pretty Enough to Eat. Double duty from vegetable gardens. Page 25

WILLIAM HUSE
Magic on the Menu. You'll get your vitamins from now on. Page 64

●

WING TALK. Page 6

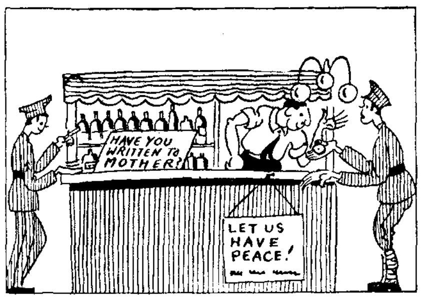
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 8

EDITORIALS
This, Too, Will Pass Away.
About Travel in Canada.
Lord Halifax's Dachshund.
Fanatics as Teachers. Page 86

COVER LAWSON WOOD

ANY WEEK

NEITHER this nor the next report belongs properly in this department. But this is no time to be unselfish. The important thing is that you should be told what's going on. For example, an enterprising and patriotic citizen has set up shop near Camp Roberts, near San Luis Obispo, California. At one end of the place the proprietor runs a hock shop, and a swell business he's doing too. At the other end of the counter, the door end, he conducts a liquor store. At the hock-shop end you can cash checks and money orders. At the cashier's cage there's a sign: Let Us Have Peace; Don't Ask For Credit. But on the liquor counter is another sign: Have You Written to Mother?

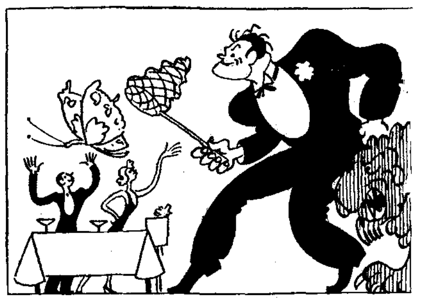

HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO MOTHER?
LET US HAVE PEACE!

NATURALLY there are a great many divergent ideas about what this country ought to do with this seven billion dollars we're about to spend to frustrate Mr. Hitler. Many of our correspondents advise "sober thought" while others have it on expert authority that we'd be disloyal to democracy were we to squander more than a few stray moments in contemplation. For example, we've just been speaking with a gentleman from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who in turn had just been talking with a mixed group of civilians and Army officers. He tells us that the gathering disbanded shortly after one of the officers, having been asked whether he had heard a speech made the night before by a college president, said, "Hell, man, the time for listening and thinking has passed; what we need is action." All of which will come as bad news to quite a number of brand-new thinkers who have attached themselves to the government pay roll. Washington is crowded to its eaves with them. Restaurants have packed their tables so close that it's impossible to have dinner without overhearing your neighbor's solemnest utterances. In a restaurant recently we happened to be sitting almost in the lap of a gentleman who apparently was a lawyer, and who had been drafted into Washington for the duration. "When I reported today," said this gentleman, "one of his secretaries told me that he could see me next Friday and discuss with me who needed me most—the OPM, the Selective Service people, the War Department or something new they're starting in the Treasury. Let's have another. I've got four days to get sober in." And another gentleman who just returned from the Far East is very hopeful that at least a billion of that seven will be devoted to the purpose of getting Japan out of China. He assures us that several Japanese officials told him that Japan would be very grateful to the United States if we could take the Chinese off Japan's neck with faces saved all around. "In fact," continues he, "they say that Japan would be very glad to wriggle out of that tripartite axis agreement and call it a day. Japan has just as much intention of getting into a scrap with the United States as I have of smacking Joe Louis in the chops."

WE ALSO have a letter from a draftee who finds fault with a statement of ours which, he says, indicates that we don't think that our Army is very well equipped with new mechanized accessories. Says he: "The trouble with you is that you don't get around enough. You ought to see the armored wheelbarrows we lads are learning to be modern warriors with." In addition he's something of a reader. He tells us of an inspection recently made of him and his comrades by an Army commander. "The general," says he, "said nothing in the hearing of our common ears but the expression on his face reminded me of what Wellington said after looking over a large consignment of conscripts sent to Spain from England. Wellington said: 'I don't know what effect they'll have on the enemy, but as for myself I'm scared to death.'"

WE CAN'T be very specific about this. What few details we know cannot be included because we've been sworn to secrecy. But this much we can tell you: The United States Army is undergoing a purge. Although they're not shooting the purgees as Mr. Stalin did, nor letting the enemy do it in the manner of Hitler and Mussolini, nevertheless, the General Staff is doing quite a job on Reserve, National Guard and even Regular officers who have grown much too heavy in the wrong places. Inspectors prowl the camps, report upon the mental as well as physical health of the commissioned personnel and action sets in almost immediately. Stiff examinations in modern warfare are given candidates for the purge. If they flop, which they do in almost shocking lots, they are told to report to the doctor for a physical. That saves their face but dispenses with their presence. All of which is sprightly news except that it leaves the Army very hard up for officers. Therefore, they're about to return to the 1917 system of Officers' Training Schools, picking hopeful-looking material from the enlisted ranks and subjecting them to intensive three months' courses in how to be an officer and, if possible, a gentleman. In a few weeks, we're told, the ranks of the Reserve Officers and of the R.O.T.C. boys in general will begin to resemble the present Republican party.

HOWEVER, we've just declined, as gently as circumstances permitted, an invitation to the ceremonies attending the dedication of a butterfly room This butterfly room is by now, we suspect, a thriving night spot where the more agile of our better classes gather for dancing and drinking of nights. It isn't that we object to dancing and drinking (for them as can do them) nor have we any quarrel with a man for calling such a place a butterfly room But a part of the dedication ceremonies involved the releasing of a number of the silly creatures and their capture by the guest of honor. It was the guest of honor that stopped us We're pretty fond of Mr. Frank Buck the sturdy gentleman who used to think nothing of flying off to the jungles and returning with lions and tigers in his luggage and cobras in his pockets And it's for that reason that we jus couldn't bear to spend an evening watching Mr. Buck going to work on butterflies.



IF YOU'RE an inventor yearning fo patents and other government recognition, your cue is to go to the Department of Commerce, where you'll b interviewed by the Inventors' Council At least that's the way it used to be But the council is growing coy. Too many inventors have turned thei talents to gadgets, formulas and instruments of destruction and virtually all of them insist upon sending i samples. In these thrilling time F.B.I. and other police agencies hav their eye on the place, hoping thereby to preserve it from samples. Th council is writing many letters daily to inventors begging them to send n more. There is a fellow in Indiana who has worked out an explosiv which, he wrote, would make all previous explosives seem meekly benevolent. "Your formula is in the hands o our chemists," the council wrote him "Please send no sample. We have space for more samples." And the ma wrote back: "Am sending sample Don't worry. My explosive makes it own space."

SEND it to Hitler. . . . W. D

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How much do you know about DIABETES?

1. Q. What is diabetes?

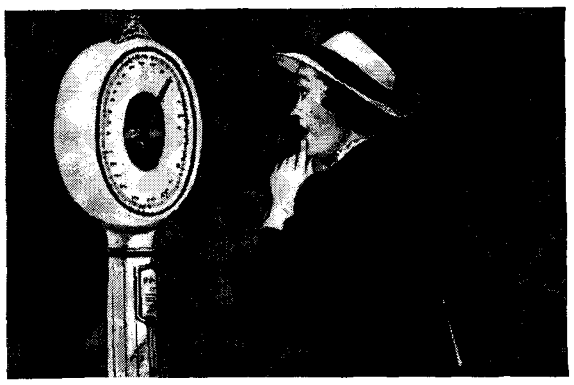
A. It is a disease of the pancreas, a large gland behind the stomach; in diabetes this gland fails to produce enough of a substance called insulin to permit the body adequately to use or store sugar.

2. Q. Can anybody have diabetes?

A. Yes. People of all ages, sexes, and conditions. But... the people it strikes are usually overweight and between the ages of 40 and 60. Also, it occurs most frequently among those who do not lead active lives. A tendency to develop diabetes seems to run in certain families. And the disease is more common among women than among men.

3. Q. Do diabetics live as long as other people?

A. That depends largely on the patient. Diabetes ranks 8th among causes of death. There is no known method of actually curing the disease. But . . . the diabetic whose disease is discovered early; who promptly puts himself under and stays under his physician's guidance; and who masters the details of his treatment, stands a good chance of living as long as he could reasonably expect to live without diabetes.



4. Q. Is there any way to guard against diabetes?

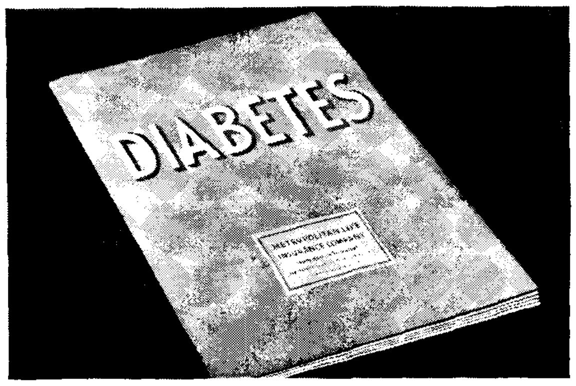
A. Yes. The simplest and most effective guard for adults is to keep below average weight. Another important precaution is to have periodic, at least annual, physical examinations *with urinalysis.* If possible diabetes is indicated, a blood sugar test will aid discovery before other symptoms appear, and effective control of the disease can be begun.

5. Q. What are the symptoms of diabetes?

A. The commonest symptoms, which call for immediate medical attention, are: excessive thirst; excessive appetite; unaccountable loss of weight following excessive weight; constant unaccountable weariness and irritability; in older people, boils and carbuncles.

6. Q. When diabetes is discovered, how is it controlled?

A. By proper diet, insulin, and exercise—each of these factors being adjusted by the doctor to the individual patient's needs.



7. Q. How can I find out more about diabetes?

A. By asking your doctor. Metropolitan's practical, free booklet, "Diabetes," which contains much helpful information, will be sent upon request.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 51-C, "Diabetes."

Name________________________

Street________________________

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An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—*has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to better understanding of the importance of proper nutrition. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

IF YOU CAN DRIVE A CAR You can Fly your Own AERONCA

... AND FOR ONLY 1 1/10¢ A MILE!

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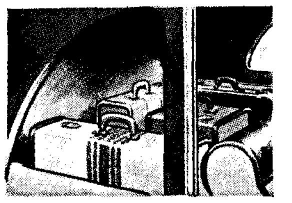
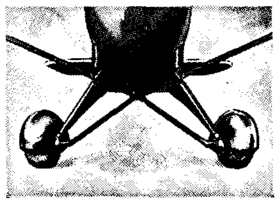
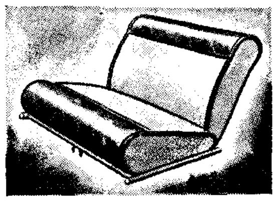


You get lots of luggage space, too!



Land like a bird on these "Oleo cushions".



Enjoy arm chair comfort in this adjustable seat.

AERONCA AIRPLANES

AMERICA'S FIRST LOW-PRICED AIRPLANE

IFOR THOMAS

Motors of commercial planes must be overhauled at specified intervals—650 hours is an average. Goal, 1,000 hours between overhaulings

Wing Talk

YEARS ago the British Royal Air Force adopted a policy of humanizing and personalizing their military and civil aircraft; so their people now thrill at such plane names as Spitfire, Hurricane, Blenheim and Wellington.

A few American aircraft manufacturers have tagged fascinating names onto the combat ships they are building for the Army and Navy, names symbolic of their power and mission, names easy to remember. But these names are not official, not even used in the services. The new military and naval aircraft coming out of the factories are labeled by the Army and Navy with codelike letters and numbers, such as F-4-F-3, B-17-E, OS2U-1, A-20-A, PB2Y-2 and P-43. All very, very formal.

Yet the British government, with a war on its doorstep, has taken time out to give names to these and other American combat aircraft it is acquiring in this country—Tomahawks, Liberators, Buffaloes, Vengeances, Lightnings, Marylands, Hudsons, and other such pride-and-blood tinglers.

WE DO not ordinarily drive our automobiles 100,000 miles before overhauling the engines. Yet the big power plants in our airlines travel that distance prior to being torn down for inspection and replacement of worn parts. The government says to the airlines that they shall overhaul engines at the end of so many hundred hours. Since 650 hours is pretty close to average for the major domestic airlines (all are not on the same limitation) and since 160 miles per hour is a fair average for the elapsed time of a trip, they get more than 100,000 miles of flying from 650 hours of engine operation. The figure is going higher, too. One thousand hours between overhauls is now the goal of airline-maintenance engineers, who, however, will approach it cautiously and in increments of 50-hour increases—always with federal approval.

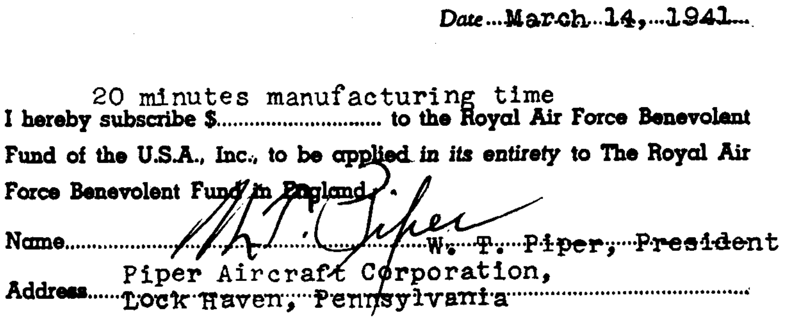
An airplane doesn't make money sitting in an overhaul hangar.

EXCEPT for seeing-eye guides, dogs are not permitted in the cabins of scheduled airlines. But here's the case of a three-months-old cocker spaniel who rode there.

Abiding by the regulations, his master put him in a crate which was stowed in the compartment between the pilots and the cabin, along with express and mail. The captain frequently turned around to see how the little guy was making out. When next he looked, the crate was open and the dog was gone!

Turning the ship over to the copilot, the captain went in search through the nose of the ship as it roared along in the overcast at 180 miles per hour. "Here, doggie! Here, doggie!" he yelled above

(Continued on page 82)



Date...March 14, 1941...

20 minutes manufacturing time
I hereby subscribe $.................. to the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund of the U.S.A., Inc., to be applied *in its entirety* to The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund in England.

Name.....W. T. Piper.....W. T. Piper, President
Address.....Piper Aircraft Corporation,
Lock Haven, Pennsylvania

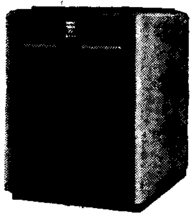
This reproduction of a gift offer—which explains itself—ought to bolster America's confidence in the airplane industry's ability to do its job. Today, with mass production of battleplanes just starting, it takes only twenty minutes of one plant's time to produce a light plane. As the weeks pass you will see this time cut again and again

You certainly have real comfort and convenience in this house!

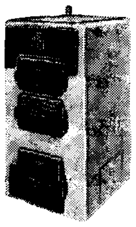
and real economy too—thanks to AMERICAN HEATING EQUIPMENT & "Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE TUXEDO—A new, fine quality Oil Heating Unit for automatic comfort in small homes. Jacket is finished in rich Canyon Two-Tone Red, has distinctive nameplate and smartly rounded corners.

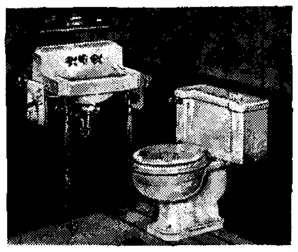
AMERICAN HEATING EQUIPMENT COST NO MORE THAN OTHERS "Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES



THE MOHAWK—a new Sunbeam Gas-Fired Winter Air Conditioner for automatic comfort in homes of all sizes.



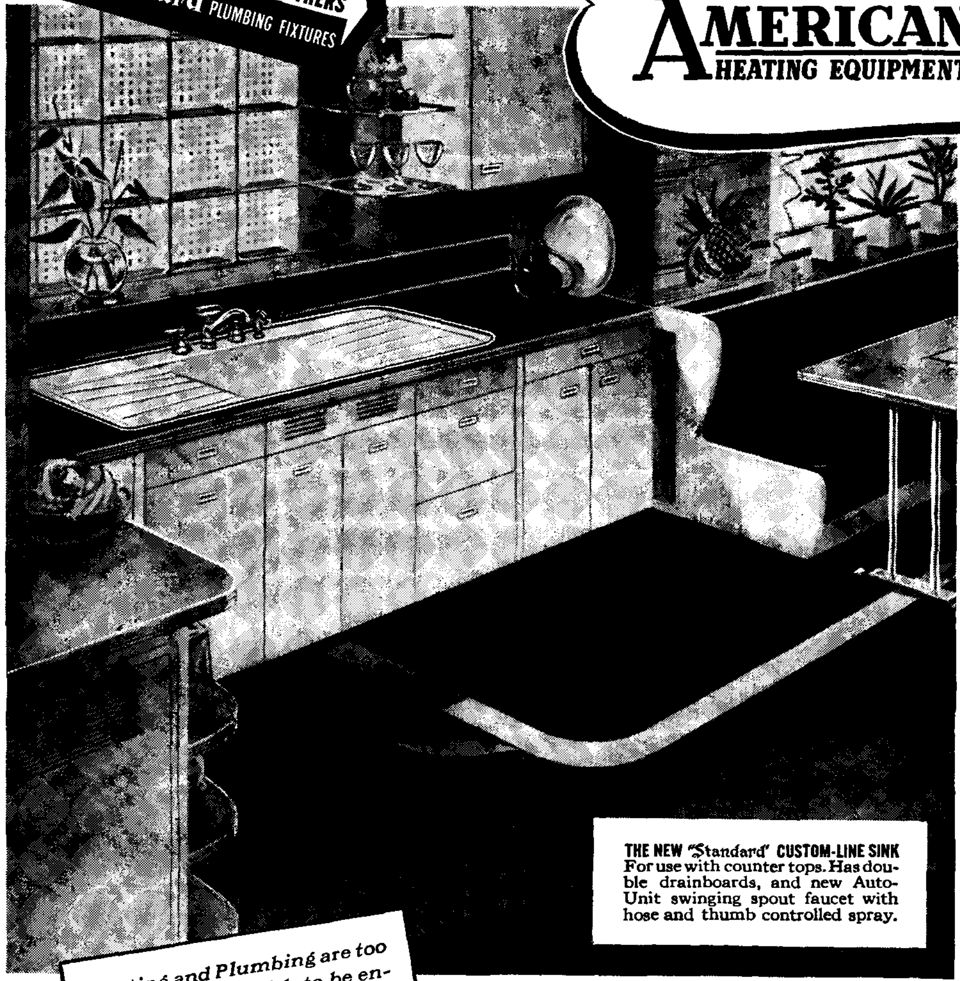
No. 7 AMERICAN COAL BOILER. For hand-fired or stoker operation—for comfort and quality heating at low cost.



A PERFECT POWDER ROOM that features the smart, space-saving "Standard" Marledge Lavatory and Compact Closet.

THIS BEAUTIFUL BATHROOM includes the popular and modern "Standard" Master Pembroke Bath with rim seat, Companion Lavatory and One-Piece Closet.

ASK FOR AMERICAN ACCESSORIES
They make any heating System a *Better Heating System!*



THE NEW "Standard" CUSTOM-LINE SINK For use with counter tops. Has double drainboards, and new Auto-Unit swinging spout faucet with hose and thumb controlled spray.

THOUSANDS have learned this fact: You need not be extravagant to install and enjoy fine, high-quality Heating and Plumbing!

In fact you can be *economical*. For there are quality-proved AMERICAN Heating Equipment and "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures in *all* price ranges to fit *all* budgets.

From this really complete line you can select an efficient, fuel-saving AMERICAN Boiler and Radiator Heat or a Sunbeam Warm-Air Furnace or Winter Air Conditioning Unit—burning the fuel you like best—Coal—automatic or hand-fired—Oil or Gas.

You can choose beautiful "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures, available in white and 11 glorious colors to satisfy completely your desires for a bathroom and kitchen that are lovely to look at—convenient to use!

And right now, you can modernize your Heating and Plumbing both at the same time, and make no payments of any kind *till October 7th!* Then take as long as 3 years to pay on low monthly terms. Ask your Heating and Plumbing Contractor for complete information, and write for *free* copy of the beautiful and colorful 64-page booklet described below.

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Henry M. Reed
CHAIRMAN

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FREE 64-PAGE BOOKLET! Will help you plan Heating and Plumbing for your home. Write to our Pittsburgh Office for free copy!

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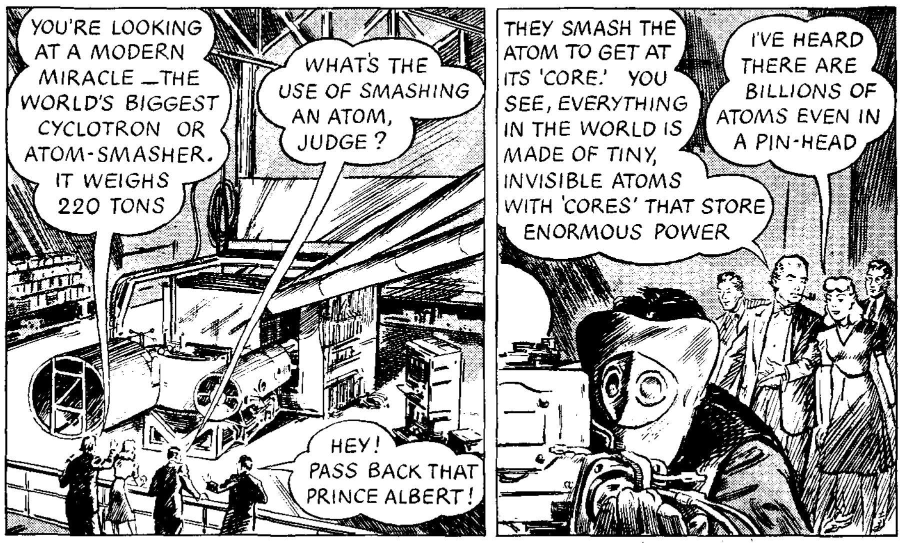
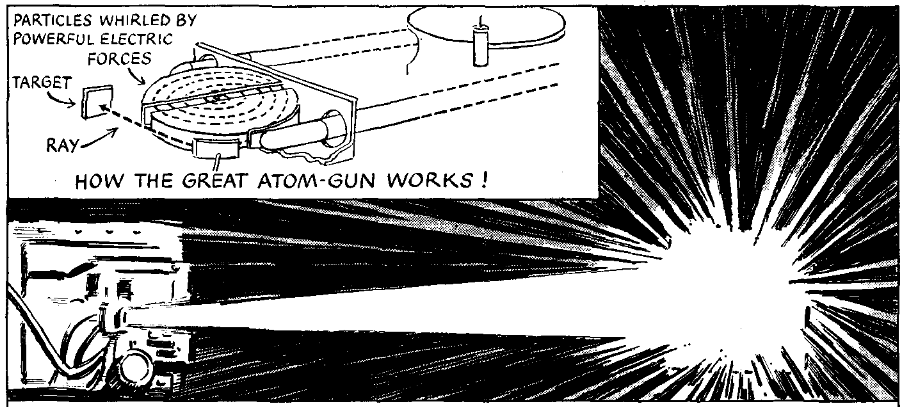
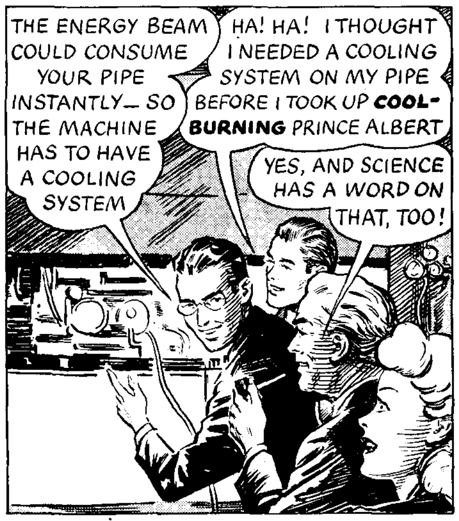
★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★

Smashing the Invisible!


YOU'RE LOOKING AT A MODERN MIRACLE —THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CYCLOTRON OR ATOM-SMASHER. IT WEIGHS 220 TONS
WHAT'S THE USE OF SMASHING AN ATOM, JUDGE?
HEY! PASS BACK THAT PRINCE ALBERT!
THEY SMASH THE ATOM TO GET AT ITS 'CORE.' YOU SEE, EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD IS MADE OF TINY, INVISIBLE ATOMS WITH 'CORES' THAT STORE ENORMOUS POWER
I'VE HEARD THERE ARE BILLIONS OF ATOMS EVEN IN A PIN-HEAD


PARTICLES WHIRLED BY POWERFUL ELECTRIC FORCES
TARGET
RAY
HOW THE GREAT ATOM-GUN WORKS!

HEAVILY CHARGED PARTICLES "SHOOT OUT" AT 18,000 MILES A SECOND—35,000 TIMES FASTER THAN A RIFLE BULLET—IN A MYSTERIOUS BEAM THAT SMASHES AGAINST ATOMS IN A TARGET. THE IMPACT RELEASES ASTOUNDING ENERGY FROM THE ATOMS' "CORES"—FOR EXAMPLE, 50 MILLION TIMES MORE POWER THAN FROM THE BURNING OF AN ATOM OF CARBON IN COAL. SCIENCE AIMS TO HARNESS THIS POWER


THE ENERGY BEAM COULD CONSUME YOUR PIPE INSTANTLY—SO THE MACHINE HAS TO HAVE A COOLING SYSTEM
HA! HA! I THOUGHT I NEEDED A COOLING SYSTEM ON MY PIPE BEFORE I TOOK UP COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT
YES, AND SCIENCE HAS A WORD ON THAT, TOO!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

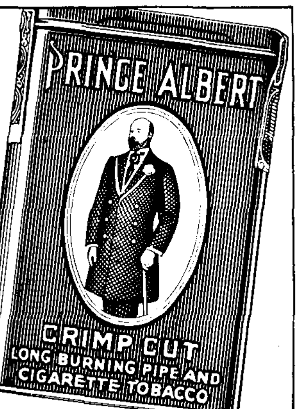
86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

PRINCE ALBERT HAS BROUGHT MODERN PROGRESS CLOSE TO THE LIFE OF EVERY PIPE-SMOKER. P.A.'S MILDNESS, MELLOWNESS, AND GOOD TASTE ARE NOW WITHIN EVERY SMOKER'S REACH
WE ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS REGARD P.A. THAT WAY, TOO—PRINCE ALBERT SPINS SO FAST, SO EASY, SO SMOOTH, AND FIRM! NO, THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A. FOR REAL SMOKING JOY!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Some Alsatian dogs in the British army have been trained to carry a large roll of telephone cable strapped on their backs, and to run with it to a destination a mile away, stringing the wire over rough ground and many obstacles as it goes.

Canfield's, the most magnificent gambling house ever operated in the United States, was opened in New York City in 1899. Although $1,000,000 was invested in redecorating and refurnishing, it made a net profit of $1,500,000 during its short existence of twenty-seven months, because Canfield catered exclusively to multimillionaires, some of whom lost as much as $100,000 at a time.

Nearly two thirds of all American cities do not supply their policemen with uniforms, revolvers or any other kind of personal equipment, an initial investment that might total as much as $200. In some places, the men are even obliged to buy their own bullets.

Sometimes poets and their publishers make considerably less money from the sale of a book of poems than they do from the fees charged for the inclusion of one or several of the poems in anthologies.

One of the longest continuous runs of a motion picture was that of the German film, Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time, which completed an engagement of fifty weeks at the Europa Theater in New York in 1931.

The crown of thorns, the wreath believed to be the one placed on the head of Jesus before his crucifixion, has been smooth since 1239, when the French King, Louis IX, brought it to Paris, cut off the thorns and distributed them to churches throughout Europe.

Weekly minimum wage laws for experienced adult office workers are in effect in only three states, California, Massachusetts and Oregon, all of which require $16, and in the District of Columbia, which requires $17.

Two or three days after a queen bee returns from her first mating flight, she begins her egg-laying career, sometimes producing 2,000 eggs a day, or a number that weighs about half as much as her own body.

In Japan, girls only four years old frequently carry younger brothers and sisters strapped to their backs while at play. Their training is started when they begin to walk, by having dolls tied in this position for several hours daily.

The finest flat plate glass transmits only ninety per cent of the light that strikes it, the remainder being turned back in reflections.—*By Frans Friedler, Mexico City, Mexico.*

The only four standard American broadcasting stations owned and operated by municipal governments are WCAM in Camden, WRR in Dallas, WJAX in Jacksonville and WNYC in New York City.

In Bulgaria, the property of bachelors is completely inherited by the state, except in the case of an acknowledged child who is entitled to a certain percentage of it. —*By Roderick M. Grant, River Forest, Illinois.*

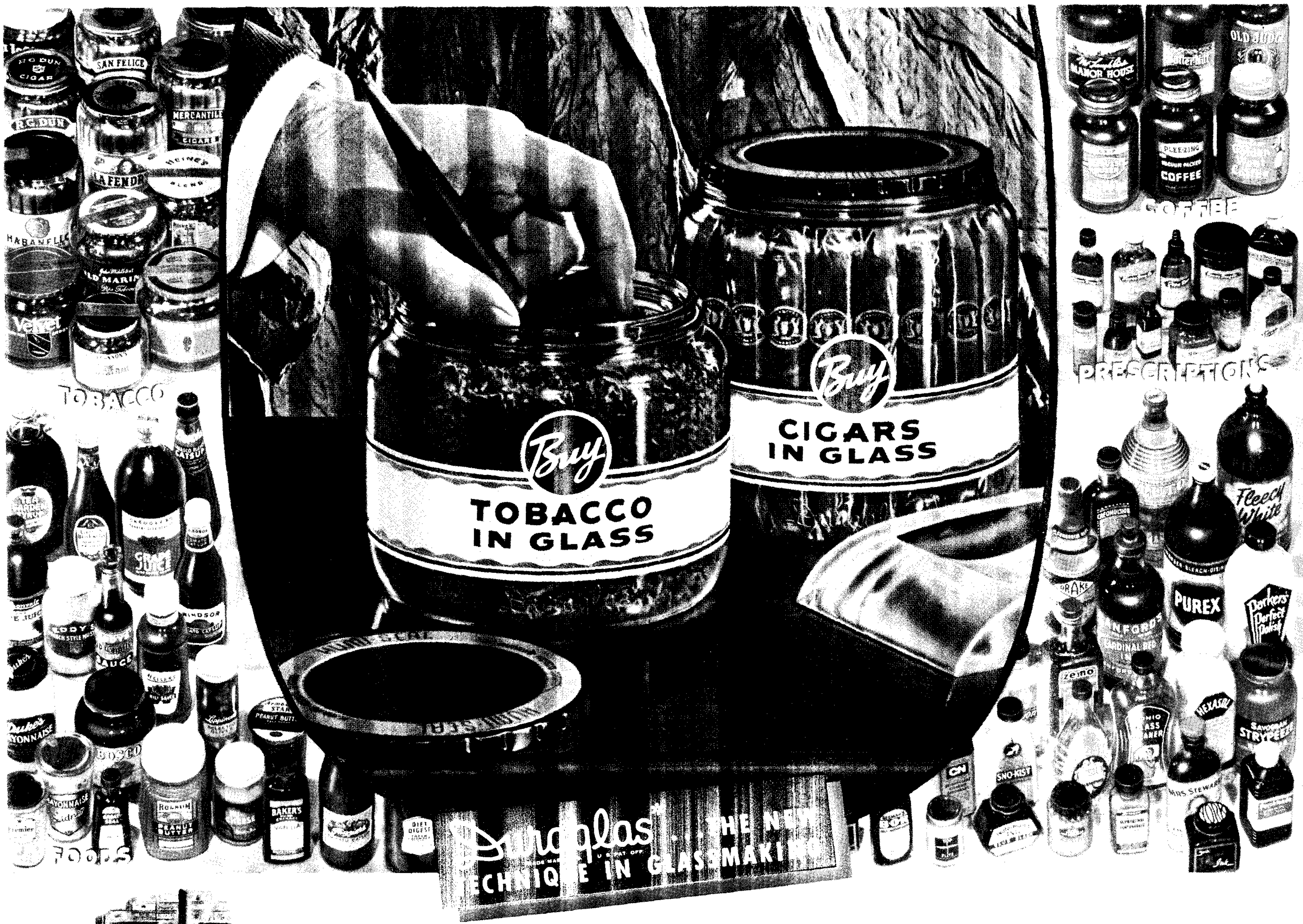
There are more than three hundred different private agencies in the United States engaged in raising funds for war relief.—*By Alice Heeramaneck, New York, New York.*

Even the laying of a cornerstone has been done over electric wires. Not long ago in London, ten thousand Masons in an exhibition hall watched a dignitary go through such a ceremony, every movement of laying the substitute stone actuating, through electrical synchronization, the laying of the real stone on the site of a hospital several miles away.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

Manufacturers are *Proud* of The Tobacco You See in Duraglas

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



CUSTOMER: "Say... seems to me my cigars taste better these days. Have they changed the blend?"

DEALER: "Not on your life... it's because they keep fresher in their new Duraglas container."

Duraglas containers hide nothing. In them, your skillfully-blended smoking mixture, your choice cigars, are right out in plain sight. Safe, too, from quality-robbing attacks of too moist, or too dry air.

Duraglas opens a new era of glass packaging. An improved technique of glassmaking, Duraglas lifts the glass container completely out of the luxury class. Thanks to Duraglas, hundreds of products now can—and will—take advantage of the transparency, convenience and protection of a modern glass container.

For, as everybody knows, you can't beat a glass container for cleanliness, safety and plain truth-telling whether it's protecting a product that sells for a nickel, a dime or a dollar. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Block, and Libbey Safedge Glasses.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

First in Glass

These Exclusive Features give you a NEW KIND OF REFRIGERATOR!

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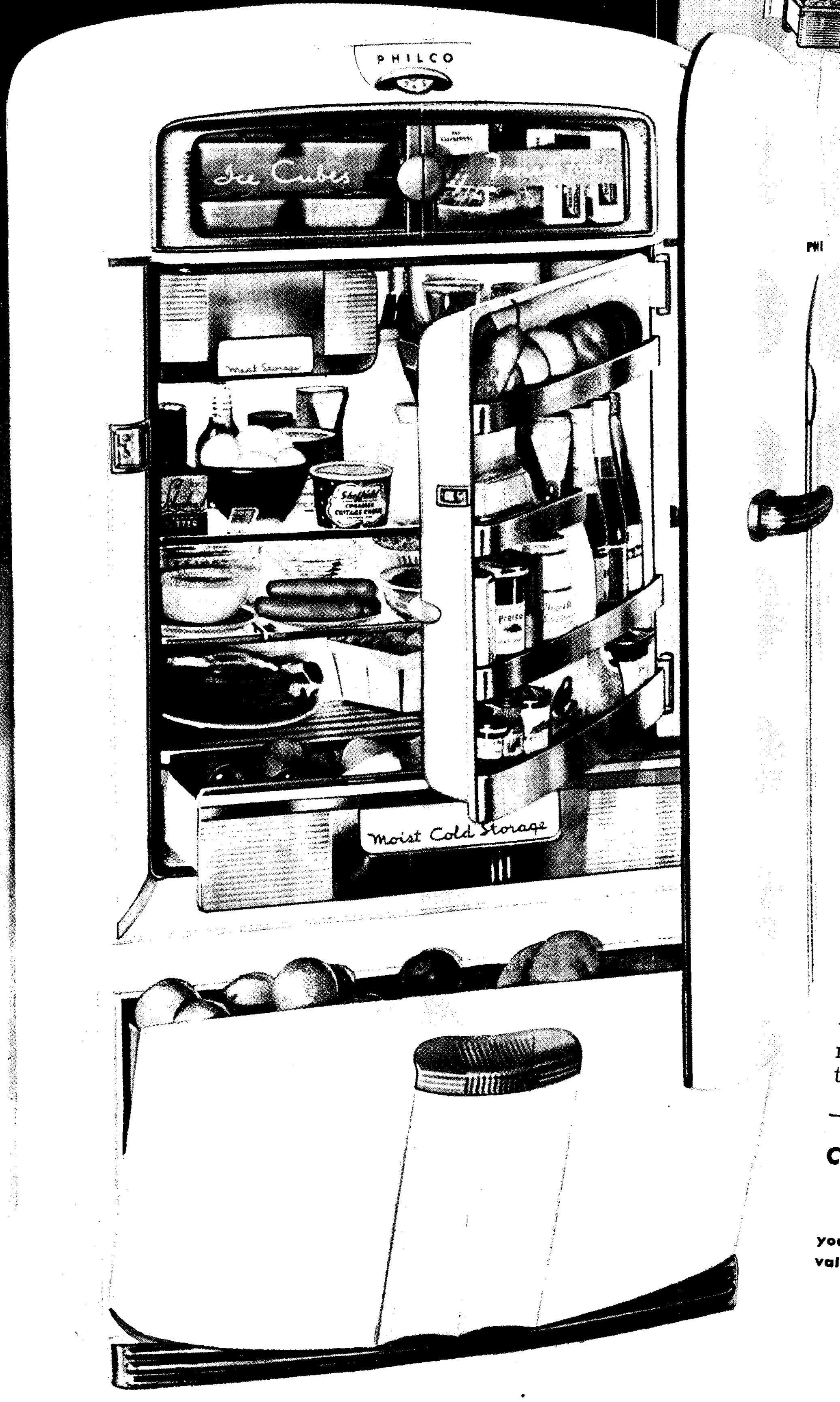
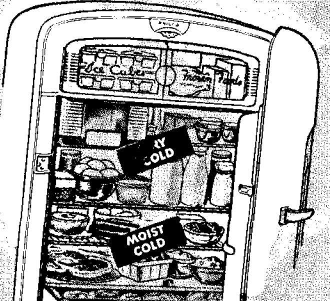
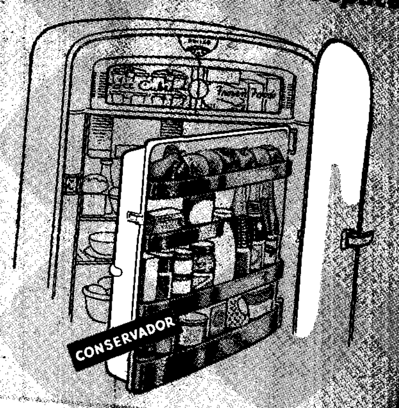


BOTH DRY COLD AND MOIST COLD

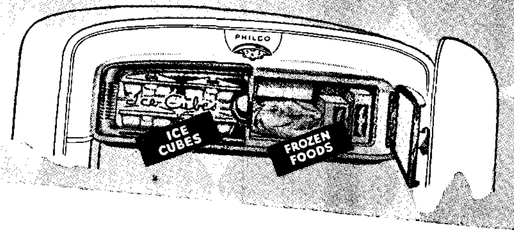


CONSERVADOR

26% more quickly usable space



HUGE, SEPARATE FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT



Your first glance at the Philco Advanced Design Refrigerator tells you that it's a *new kind* of refrigerator. Its exclusive features, which make it look so unlike any other refrigerator, also give you a *new kind of service* which no other refrigerator can give.

For instance . . .

THE FAMOUS CONSERVADOR . . . a shelf-lined Inner Door that gives you 26% more quickly usable space. It keeps the foods you use most often at your fingertips; doubles the "front-of-the-shelf" space. Eliminates crowded shelves and wasted space. Keeps cold air in and warm air out of main compartment . . . *saves* on electric bills!

FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT . . . a huge, separate, completely enclosed compartment, specially designed for frozen storage. Not a makeshift, not a miniature, no need to remove ice trays or cut down ice supply. Plenty of room to store frozen foods, extra ice cubes, to age meats or make delicious frozen desserts.

BOTH DRY COLD AND MOIST COLD . . . in addition to a separate Dry Cold Compartment for foods that are best protected in circulating dry air, a Moist Cold Compartment keeps foods fresh and tasty *without the need of covers!* Cooled by the amazing Philco Cold Shelf, an exclusive Philco development.

These and many other features, including the precision built Philco Super-Power System, give you the most useful, most convenient, most economical refrigerator ever built . . . a combination of advantages that are yours *only in a Philco!*

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you get MORE for your money . . . the greatest dollar for dollar values in refrigeration. See them today at your Philco dealer.

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Collier's The National Weekly for April 26, 1941

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The Flower of Illusion

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

War has its profiteers and love its fair false charmers. The faith of a soldier has to be proof against both

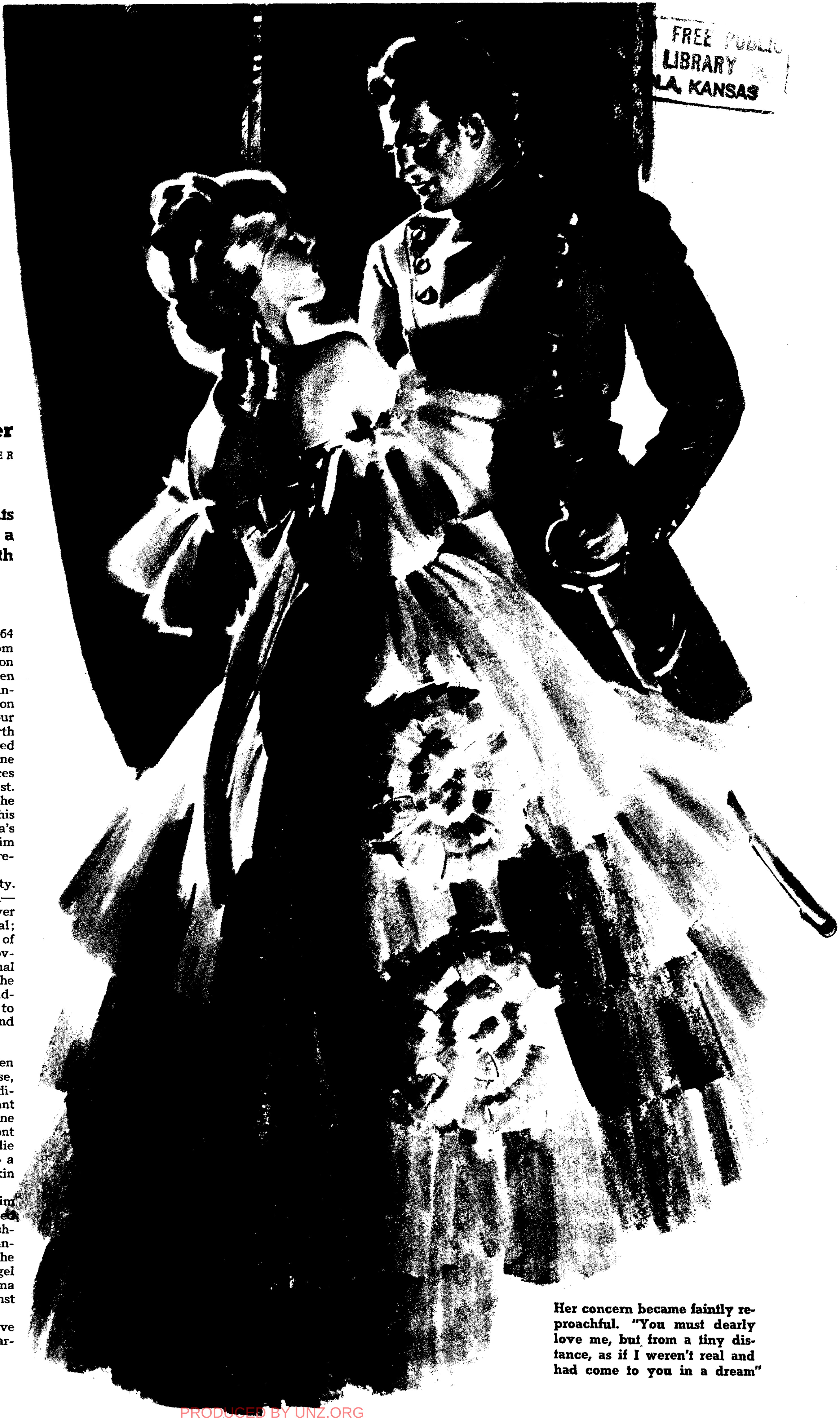
ON THE tenth day of December in 1864 Captain Wyat Grove descended from his room above Banks' drugstore on Main Street and walked slowly toward Linden Square where Calista Jeys lived. It was Sunday afternoon and he was bound, as usual on the Sabbath, to the Jeyses for dinner at four o'clock. There had been snow, a sharp north wind, on Saturday; but the night had turned warm and already the snow was mostly gone from Richmond, leaving sodden white traces along the wooden sidewalk and a rising mist. The dank mist brought a familiar pain to the canister wound in Wyat's left shoulder, but this was nothing beside his possession of Calista's magical beauty and love. It occurred to him that she was at once the spirit and living presentment of the embattled South.

The Yankee guns sounded below the city. Richmond, Wyat Grove knew, must fall—Federal troops, Negroes, had crossed the river and were picketed in plain sight of the capital; Georgia had been wasted and the vital port of Wilmington bottled up; the jobbery of government favors, passes through the lines, venal sugar and coffee brokers squandered the vanishing Confederate resources. Yet the admission of all that, of more, was powerless to assail Wyat's passionate faith in a pure and sacred cause. . . .

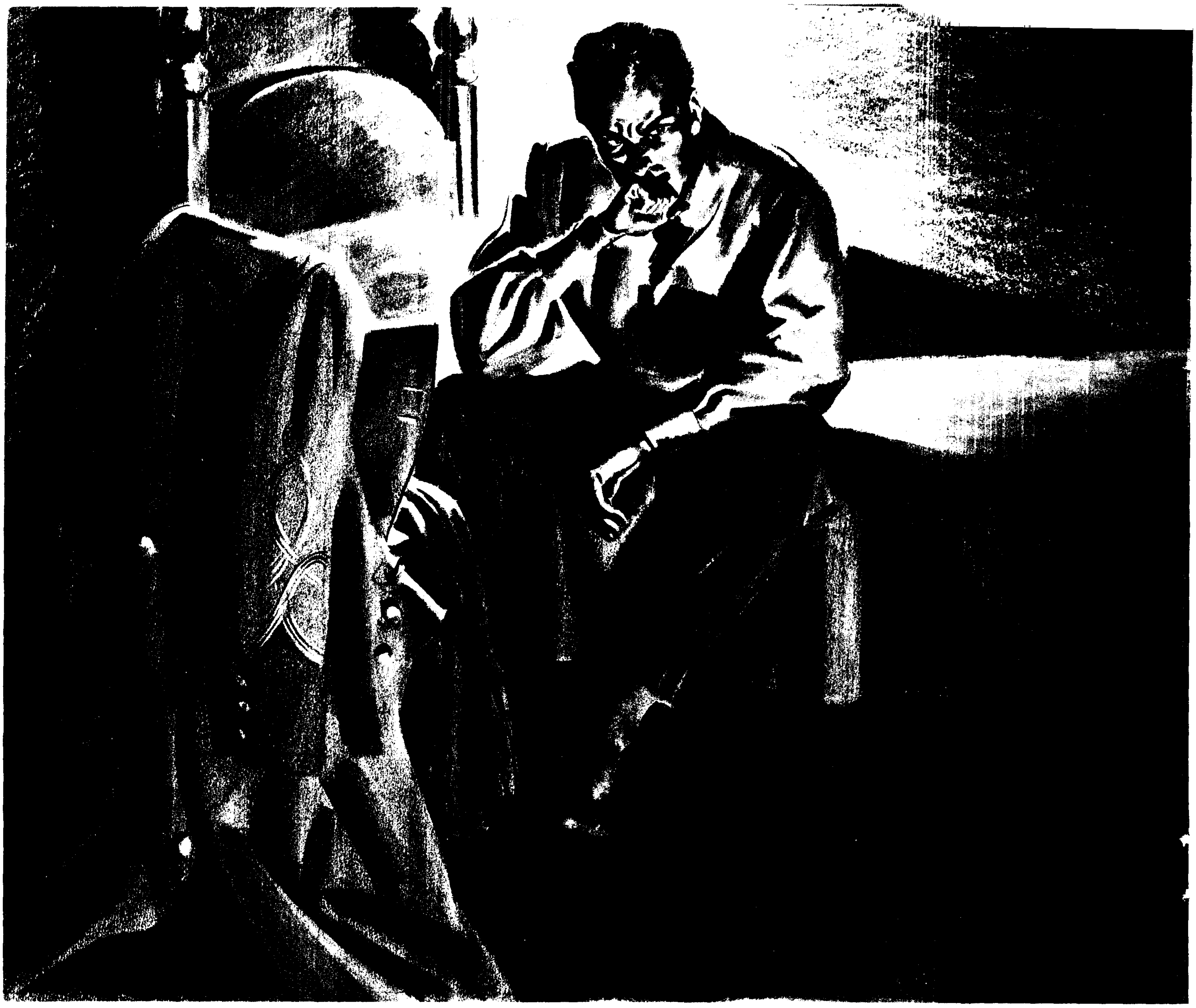
ONLY a few lindens remained in Linden Square, they were opposite the Jeys house, and it, too, was now insignificant, almost dilapidated, in a company of new and elegant brick mansions. There was, however, a fine brass knocker on the dinginess of the front door. Wyat knocked confidently and Atalie Jeys, Calista's little sister, admitted him to a somber hall. Was her mother, Mrs. Melekin Jeys, at home, he asked formally.

"She's always," Atalie replied, viewing him without enthusiasm. At fourteen she presented a solidly bulging maturity with eyes fatly cushioned and mouth that resembled a blob of sanguine paint. "Papa too, and Calista's in the front parlor waiting for Mr. Gingel. Mr. Gingel was asked to dinner and gracious, why not, ma said; no right-minded person went against Providence in a carriage and pair."

"Then I'll have to do till he comes," Grove replied cheerfully, putting his kepi on a nar-



Her concern became faintly reproachful. "You must dearly love me, but from a tiny distance, as if I weren't real and had come to you in a dream"



Addressed to the final destruction of his joy he saw that, all the while, Calista planned to marry Daniel Gingel

row, marble-topped stand. Atalie turned abruptly, vanishing through a door at the rear of the hall; and Wyat, in the front parlor, stood breathless before the heavenly vision of Calista apparently in a white cloud. The cloud, he realized, was a dress—yard after vaporous yard over hoops and a tight satin bodice below powdered shoulders at once delicate and full.

For a moment he was transfixed by an apparition so ineffable that it could not, even, be Calista. However, it was Calista, he saw rapturously. Wyat started forward to take her, to hold Calista forever, in his arms. She retreated, swaying and immaterial, with warning hands.

"Wyat!" she cried, melodiously concerned. "No, no, Wyat. You're so impetuous." Her concern became faintly reproachful: "You must dearly love me, but from a tiny distance, as if I weren't real and had come to you in a dream. I have, Wyat," she told him, caressing her voluminous skirt with fingers scarcely heavier than its texture; "this is a dream of sheerest illusion. It came through the blockade, from Paris."

"Wherever did your father get money to buy a French dress?" Wyat Grove asked, mildly curious.

There was, between the darkly curtained windows on the street, a tall narrow mirror, gilt-framed; and in the soft illumination of gas Calista gazed at her ardent perfection.

"Now that," she replied after a long pause, "is a secret. . . . If we get married, I mean when we do, can I have clothes like this and will there be a maid to fasten them? You want to make me happy, don't you, Wyat?"

"Yes," he replied, "I want you to be happy; I'll give you everything in my power. If I have you, Calista, the rest will be easy. I couldn't help being rich. Richer, darling, than any war contractor."

She spoke, seemingly, still absorbed in the mirror. "We must have contractors," Calista reminded him; "not only soldiers but supplies too. Food and medicine and many other things."

THE door from the hall opened and Daniel Gingel, in broadcloth and fine polished shoes, fine linen, entered closely attended by Atalie. He was a small man with a round, pink, harmless-looking face and carefully disposed straw-colored hair. His eyes, too, were straw-colored; they gave an oddly unfathomable blankness to a countenance that should have been merely ingenuous. Daniel Gingel advanced and bowed profoundly to Calista; he warmly grasped Wyat's hand. The state of Captain Grove's health, he trusted, was salubrious. "Beauty," Gingel continued, waving toward Calista; "and valor." He indicated Wyat. "The flower of Virginia."

Calista Jeys met that perhaps too general gallantry with alabaster calm, and Wyat Grove studied the broker in war supplies obliquely. The profits wrung from life's necessities, he silently reiterated, the treasonable dealing of corrupt interests and official scalawags, threatened to disintegrate the Confederacy. An odor of food pervaded the front parlor.

"Dinner's ready," Atalie informed them. "Oyster soup, mutton and a boned turkey. There is wild duck, too; plum pudding and brandy sauce." Her voice assumed a species of unctious chant. He had fetched the Madeira with him, Daniel Gingel added: Madeira, it was his express opinion, was the only wine suitable to female delicacy.

Calista rose gracefully in the perfection, the blanched mist, of her illusion.

"Goodness knows," Atalie declared, "what we'd all do without Mr. Gingel."

LINDEN SQUARE, when Wyat left Calista Jeys, was both impenetrably dark and ghostly with fog. He proceeded over Franklin Street apathetically, burdened physically and mentally by the great amount of food and wine he had consumed. Suddenly the meager fare of the Petersburg trenches, crackers and bacon or a moldy salt herring, seemed handsomer. He was oppressed by the conviction that somehow his integrity and resolution had been damaged. Boned turkey, plum pudding and Madeira! The Sunday before, Mr. Jeys had set out terrapin stew and champagne. Actually, he realized, it was Daniel Gingel who set them out. Gingel, the commission broker, grown rich on the

(Continued on page 42)

Inside Italy

BY MARTHA BROWN

Italians bite their nails as Germany's Gestapo takes over. Here is a look at Nazi-occupied Italy

A FEW hours ago I stepped from an American Export liner in New York, only a few days from Rome—but into another world, another life. For the first time in months I felt free—free to eat what I liked and as much as I liked. Free to live and laugh and talk—talk out loud, saying what I thought about anything and anybody.

As I landed, my husband, a radio broadcaster, still was in Italy. But he had been ordered out of the country. I knew to the hour—21 o'clock on a certain day—when he would cross the Italian border. I set my watch by Rome time, and as the hour passed I started to write.

What I shall set down here about Italy is partly from my own observation, partly from facts told me by the newspapermen and diplomats with whom my husband and I associated in Rome for many weary and sometimes terrifying months. To the best of my knowledge, what I write is the truth.

The situation in Italy today is much worse than anyone in America thinks. The British food blockade is really working. Thousands of people, many of whom I knew, are undernourished and hundreds are starving. The blockade of raw materials has badly crippled Italy's war industries in many cases. The Germans now literally control all of Italy through men in key positions. Italy really is just another occupied country.

Every day I saw the people grow more aware of this condition. As a result they are much more bitter toward Fascist bosses, who brought them to this point, than they are toward the British. Many Italians, in fact, told me, softly and in whispers, that they would welcome a successful British invasion, but as an offset to this they feared Italy would become the next great battlefield of the war.

Up to the time I departed there had been no riots. The people throughout the country are too crushed in spirit by continued defeats on land and sea. They are miserable and they are apathetic. At present there seems to be no leader around. Without leadership a popular uprising would be difficult.

British bombs have done little damage, even to Italy's war industry. More bombings, however, would seriously affect whatever morale the Italians have left. A really heavy bombing of rail and highway centers would completely destroy all Italian resistance. The British had definite plans to bomb seven points around Rome but did not for psychological reasons. They do not wish to stir up resentment among the Italian people, and this attitude is the right one, I think, for British purposes in the long run.

"We do not hate the British—it is the Germans we hate," whisper Italians.

There are no adequate air-raid shelters in Rome, or for that matter anywhere in Italy. Fascist organization has become practically nonexistent. If cities and communications were disrupted by bombing, complete chaos might well be the result.

I will explain what I mean by the collapse of Fascist organization. Take the sending of uniforms to troops: When the Alpini were ordered to the French border up in the cold mountain passes they were sent khaki cotton uniforms that should have gone to Libya. When the Libyan troops got their uniforms they were the heavy woolen ones the Alpinis should have had.

The Fascists always have prided themselves on their organization of "spontaneous" demonstrations. When you see a newsreel or a picture of cheering thousands of Italians you really ought to know how it is done. The latest thing of this kind was the "spontaneous" welcome to Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoka. You read how cheering throngs greeted him. Well, the way that sort of demonstration is put together is simple: Messengers deliver thousands of cards to people all over Rome. These cards say: Be present on such a date, at such a time, and such and such a place—and people understand that another "spontaneous" demonstration is expected from them.

This makes for effective propaganda pictures because Blackshirts herd groups of civilians—from one hundred up to three or four hundred in each group—through the streets to designated spots. I saw them organized into cheering sections like rooting squads at a football game.

A Revealing Error

The Blackshirts claim they are very fair about all this conscription of civilians for "spontaneous" cheering. When a civilian has cheered himself hoarse at one demonstration, he wins an exemption from the next one. But even this perfect and once efficient system is breaking down.

Recently, Italian students were ordered to stage an anti-American demonstration in front of the American embassy, which includes the Palazzo Margherita, acquired by the United States from the Italian royal family. But the "spontaneous" demonstration cards carried the wrong address. Instead of the Palazzo Margherita the students were sent to the Palazzino Margherita, which is quite a different building and belongs to Italians. The students, freely interpreting their orders to demonstrate, tore up the lawn in front of the place and damaged the fences and flowers in front of the building. It wasn't until the next day they found out it was the wrong building.

Fascist disorganization extends even to the navy. The latest story I heard in Rome was that the navy cannot remember where it scattered mines outside Italian ports. As a result, crews of warships face a double hazard every time they leave port. First, they are afraid of the British fleet, and second, they are scared to death of hitting their own mines.

It is common knowledge in Rome that Mussolini telephones to naval bases every day to find out if his few remaining battleships are still safe.

(Continued on page 76)

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

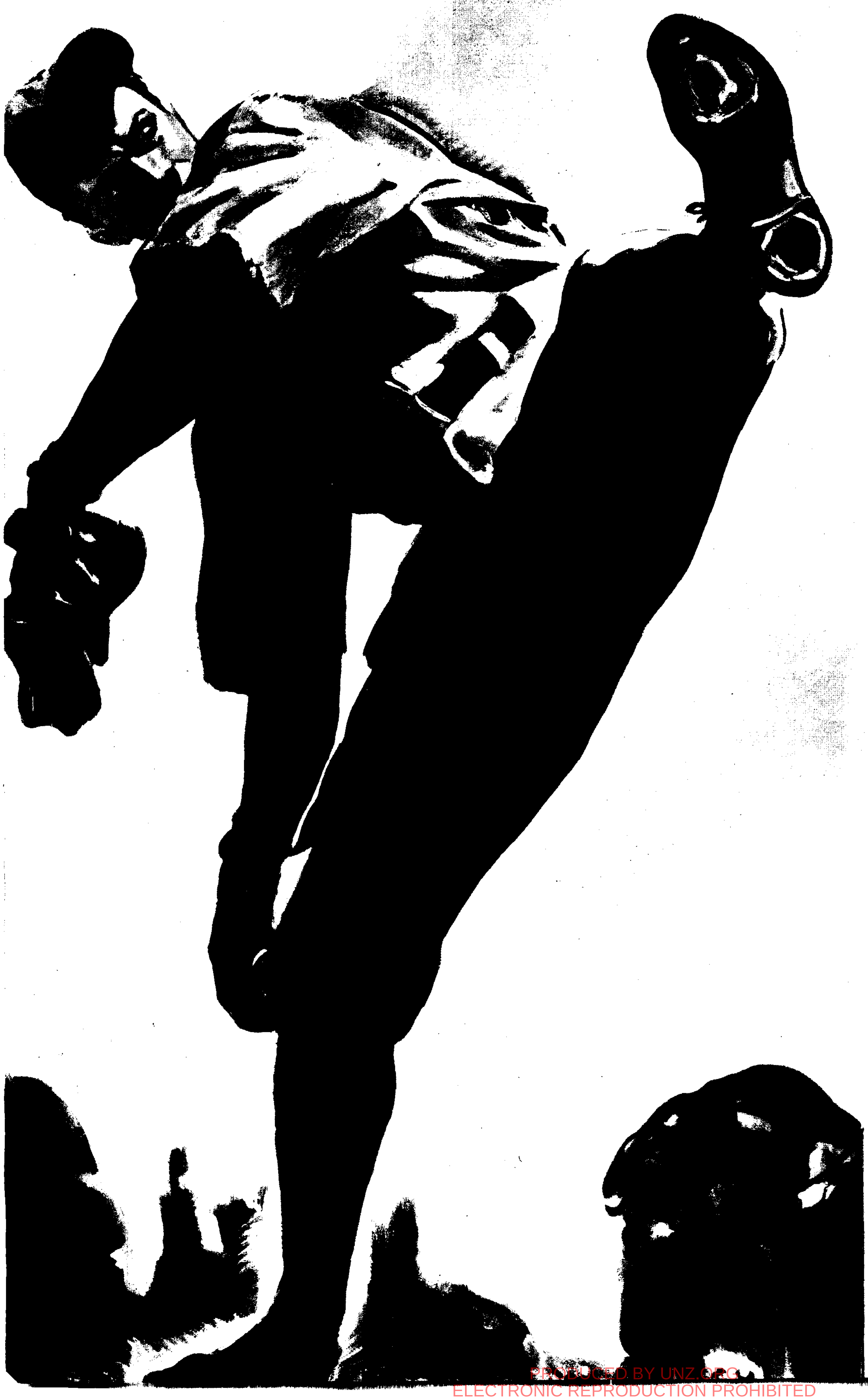
Once Host Hitler and guests happily listened to the hypnotic voice of Goebbels. Today Mussolini is host and his guests have come to stay

For Dear Old Sweeney

By Stanley Frank

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

This is what happened in the ball game. What happened immediately afterward is much better left to your own imagination



Sweeney prayed there were three strikes left in his arm. He threw the first down the alley

SWEENEY squelched an impulse to punch Mellish's fat face and thumped instead his old, pancake glove with his right fist. Mellish was strictly a rat, but Sweeney had to admit he was a smart rat, figuring all the angles of a familiar maze.

"This here game means so much to me that I went to the extra expense of getting Sweeney to pitch for us," Mellish was saying. "You boys remember Sweeney, don't you?"

The punks who always would be punks and the older guys who never were better than bums looked at Sweeney and they didn't remember. Ten years ago they would have given an arm to be in the same clubhouse with Sweeney, even a dilapidated, foul-smelling shack like this. Ten years ago—

"Sweeney used to pitch for the Cubs," Mellish went on, "until he hurt his arm. But now he's okay. I suppose you heard what he done over to Hartsdale last Sunday. Worked a four-hit shut-out. He'll make monkeys outta these guys we're playing today."

It was coming, the pay-off of the build-up. Sweeney recognized the approach.

"I got a little proposition to make to you boys. I got a nice piece of change bet on the game and I want you should cut in if you win it for me. I don't want you should call me a piker, even though it's pra'tically money outta my own pocket. Whaddye say you play this one double or nothing? Twenty bucks apiece if you win. Nothing if you lose, but how can you miss with Sweeney here pitching?"

Sweeney wanted no part of their uncertain frowns, their questioning glances. He looked down at the rotting duckboards of the dump and carefully kicked out a splinter with his spikes.

"Gee, I don't know," one of the kids said dubiously. "I need the dough to help pay the rent. My old man ain't worked in three months."

"Am I asking you should take more of a chance than me?" Mellish demanded, giving them the business big. "Maybe I'm a sucker to go for a bundle on Sweeney when my own ballplayers are afraid of losing ten lousy bucks. Maybe the fans of this here town are crazy to bet on my say-so. Of course," he added pointedly and elaborately, "maybe I should get some ballplayers who have more confidence in me. I don't know baseball, of course. I'm only good to pay the bills and bet on my own team, like a dope."

"Cut it out, you're breakin' my heart," another kid snickered. A college boy. You could always tell them by their trick haircuts and the new shoes their schools had given them. "Sure, we'll take a flyer. What's ten bucks?"

Sweeney wondered what the bright boy knew about the terrible urgency of ten dollars. What it meant to a man when it represented eating and rent money.

"Now you're talking," Mellish beamed. "You'll murder these guys, hey, Sweeney?"

"I'll do the best I can," Sweeney said, hating Mellish for making him answer and hating himself for answering as he did.

"That's good enough for me," an older player, old enough to recall vaguely Sweeney of the Cubs, said. All of them sang out in chorus, even the kid who needed the rent money.

THIS was one angle Sweeney hadn't figured. It was too late now to knock the teeth out of Mellish's ugly face and tell the players what a rat he was. He should've done that two days ago.

Sweeney knew the players wouldn't get a dime.

Sweeney knew, because he was throwing the game. He would get one hundred dollars, Mellish would win a nice piece of change amounting to four thousand dollars and the players would get nothing but exercise. That was what made Sweeney feel suddenly like something the dogs left after they caught a rabbit. Double-crossing ballplayers, even if they were ribbon clerks and humpty-dumpties as Casey Stengel used to say, was like turning in your brother.

The woods were filled with sharpshooters waiting to take advantage of dumb ballplayers. A ballplayer suspected he could get nothing but the worst of it from an outsider, but he did expect a guy in the racket to give him a fair shake. And now Sweeney was selling out, working the other side of the street.

He was as low as Mellish. Lower because Mellish never knew the bang a guy could get from pitching a team through a tough ball game or getting a base knock in the clutch. Mellish never experienced the deep, enduring satisfaction that picked a ballplayer up off the floor when

(*Continued on page* 58)

COUNTRY-WISE

By Henry L. Jackson

Just sit back and let the old personality bloom when you get away from it all this week end. Or any week end. And if you like colors, go ahead

SOON, chances are, you'll be spending some time in the country. You'll want comfortable, appropriate clothes. Favorite is the odd jacket, slacks, pull-over, soft shirt, colorful tie, brogues and a sports-hat outfit. This is for travel, the club, a country fair or a country lane. The college lads have made this a campus uniform, but you're just as likely to see grampaw blossom out in a bold checked jacket and a fancy waistcoat.

Just as comfortable is the country suit of tweed or cavalry twill (a tough fabric originally used in riding clothes), covert and gabardine. With any one of these you wear a flannel or oxford shirt, sports-pattern tie in wool or silk, plaid wool socks, heavy brogue shoes and a felt sports hat.

You can combine the jacket or trousers of your country suit with an odd jacket or slacks. For Sunday in the park you can wear a Shetland tweed jacket and gray flannels. This outfit is replacing the blue serge Sunday go-to-meetin' suit. It's comfortable and doesn't make you feel all dressed up.

Naturally, you won't wear semi-starched collars, dressy silk neckwear, town shoes and silk or lisle hose with a country outfit. But if you have a yen for color, the most popular shade is the natural tan in tweeds, coverts, gabardines and cavalry twill. Shirts run to tans and cream in cottons and Oxfords; ties to browns, copper, yellow and corn color in lightweight foulards and wools. Socks are best in bold plaids and checks, in wool and brushed cotton; there are even lisle-lined wool socks. In shoes you'll want a pair of heavy brogues with crepe or leather soles, the comfortable monk style, ankle-high chukkas, Norwegian peasant slippers or moccasin-style shoes.

In hats, sport-type felts with narrow bands or the colorful puggree band, in browns and tans, fit into the country picture.

This is the clothing you'll find men wearing at the country club. If you're going to golf all you have to do is replace your sports jacket with a golf jacket and spiked golf shoes. The newest golf jacket is a copy of an aviator's jacket—light in weight, windproof and water-repellent. The Glen-plaid pattern golf jacket is popular. Many professionals play in sleeveless sweaters; newest is the corn-color cable-stitch sleeveless pull-over.

On cool days a tweed or covert topcoat is good. The Army officer's coat of cotton gabardine with a "button-in" warmer is popular.

For wet days the newest raincoat is made of nylon. It makes a transparent, lightweight coat that's no trouble. The regulation rain hat of stitched cotton, pork-pie shaped, is also good.

Wear country clothing casually—you don't need creases in the sleeves of your jackets or to have trousers steam-ironed. Just be comfortable. ★★★

A natural for week-end, country and campus wear is the large Glen plaid Shetland tweed jacket, covert-color trousers, Indian tan shirt, brown plaid wool tie, natural-color wool hose and brown wing-tip brogue shoes. Natural colors are favorites

For doubtful weather there's the new Army officer's coat with all-round belt and epaulette straps or the olive-drab nylon coat over the striped tweed jacket of the young man on the extreme left. The golf jackets are new—the one in the doorway is a natural-color gabardine with epaulette straps, and just to the right is the popular Glen plaid of cotton poplin with gabardine trousers and bucket rain hat. Note the tweed suit (extreme right), the natural-color Glen plaid tweed jacket and gabardine slacks, the corn-color cable-stitch sweater and the natural cavalry twill suit. The button vent is the newest note

The Traitor

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER KIRSTELL, an investigator from Washington, goes to work at the small Western naval station commanded by Captain Hartney, in the hope of trapping one of Hartney's men who, unidentified, is believed to be a traitor. In need of a resourceful assistant, he finds one in Phyllis Hartney, the captain's daughter.

For a time, Phyllis feels sure that Commander Sedden's son, Bert (once a Communist spy, never in the Service) is the traitor. And at least one other person—Bert's father—feels as she does. Commander Sedden commits suicide.

A young lieutenant—Dent ("Savvy") Roberts—is at work on a remarkable secret marine engine. Assisted by two civilian engineers—"Dutch" Prentice and "Pat" Rorabeck (who appear to be grand scouts)—he finally perfects it; not, however, until someone has made several attempts to destroy it. . . .

Someone enters Roberts' tent, slugs Pat Rorabeck into unconsciousness, and makes his getaway—unseen. During the ensuing search for clues, a collection of pro-Nazi pamphlets is found in the tent. Learning of this, Phyllis makes her own deductions. Then, in Roberts' presence, she accuses both Prentice and Rorabeck of treason!

Roberts defends the two men. Alone with her, he assures her that Pat and Dutch are the soul of loyalty, fine fellows both. And, in the course of a walk with her, he admits (under pressure) that he loves her. Unfortunately for Captain Hartney's daughter (who is crazy about Savvy) he informs her that he is leaving the station in a few days; that, because he cannot afford luxuries, he has no intention of marrying anyone.

Suppressing her emotions *a trifle,* Phyllis announces (not very calmly) that she is going to marry Roger Collins, an attractive lieutenant who has been proposing to her about once a week. As a matter of fact, Roger Collins is most decidedly in her bad graces, due to a beating he and another lieutenant had administered to Jack Murphy, an ensign. Still, it is just barely possible that she might learn to care for him. Or is it?

Leaving Savvy Roberts, she gets a telephone call from Roger. She asks him to take her to lunch at the Officers' Club. Roger is delighted. "Will I!" he exclaims. "What time? Make it noon, eh?" "Very well," Phyllis says calmly. "Noon."

Conclusion

ROGER was waiting for me in the club lounge. He came forward eagerly with both hands outstretched.

"I am forgiven?"

"Yes."

"Darling!"

The lounge was deserted, except for us, and I allowed him to kiss me. He was very intense and excited, but he merely held me by the arms and kissed me on the forehead. He searched my face with a poetic fervor which, under more normal conditions, I might have thought slightly ridiculous. His eyes burned fanatically.

"You do love me—a little?"

"Yes," I said.

I think I almost believed it. Sentimentality has always been associated with a stuffy virtue, but it is much oftener used in real life by sinners to make their evil deeds palatable to themselves. On my way to this rendezvous, I had wallowed in sentimental thoughts about Roger.

Good old Roger, stanch and true. He had stayed at his post while the rest of us indulged our prejudices and hatreds. He had sacrificed his career to stand by my father and me. He loved us. He had been patient, long-suffering; he had endured all things for our sake. He had abandoned his quarrel with Jack Murphy at a word from me. He might be overmilitary and too handsome and conceited, but he loved me and *wanted* me. I owed him a debt of profound gratitude. Why should I throw my life away grieving over Savvy Roberts? Roger would marry me and be good to me. Perhaps the fondness I felt for him was really love, after all. How could I be sure that my reckless emotional involvement with Savvy was not mere infatuation? Roger *deserved* whatever happiness I could give him.

(Critical Comment: Doesn't all this sound absolutely *putrid?* Yet I would swear that every man and woman in this world who has sinned against ideal love first worked out an elaborate sentimental casuistry to defend it.)

"I knew you must care," Roger said. "Because God wouldn't have let me love you so much, if you didn't. Why did you fight against it, Phyllis?"

"Sheer perversity," I said.

ROGER took me by the hand and led me into the dining room. It was early; we had this room all to ourselves. Bosey, the Negro waiter, had worked fast. He had a side table dolled up with spring flowers and a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket. This proof that Roger had felt very sure of himself should have antagonized me. But I was enthralled with a lust for revenge.

"When you said on the phone that you forgave me," Roger explained, "I knew this was going to be the happiest day of my life. I just had to celebrate!"

Bosey said, "Couldn't get nothin' but cold meats an' potato salad on such short notice, Lieutenant."

Roger laughed. "I won't know what I'm eating, anyway!" he said.

When Bosey had gone, he leaned ardently across the table. "You *are* going to promise to marry me, Phyllis? No more whimsy-whamsy about not marrying me because you like me too much?"

"I'll marry you, Roger," I said.

"When?"

I wanted Savvy there to hear it. I wanted to hurt him as he had hurt me. I was balanced on that mystical borderline between great love and monstrous hatred. I knew in my secret heart that had Savvy walked in just then I would have turned from Roger and thrown myself into his arms, shameless and pleading to be saved. But the certainty of my weakness enraged me against Savvy, the absent and indifferent one, and I plunged over the line.

"Any time you say, Roger." My voice was calm. "Why don't we elope? Tomorrow?"

Roger's Edgar Allan Poe-ish eyes misted. He picked up my hands and kissed them. "Dear—sweet—beautiful girl—" he said huskily. "I wish we *could* elope. Right now."

"All right. Why not?"

He looked up, his face darkening. "We've got to wait, dear."

"Wait?"

"Yes."

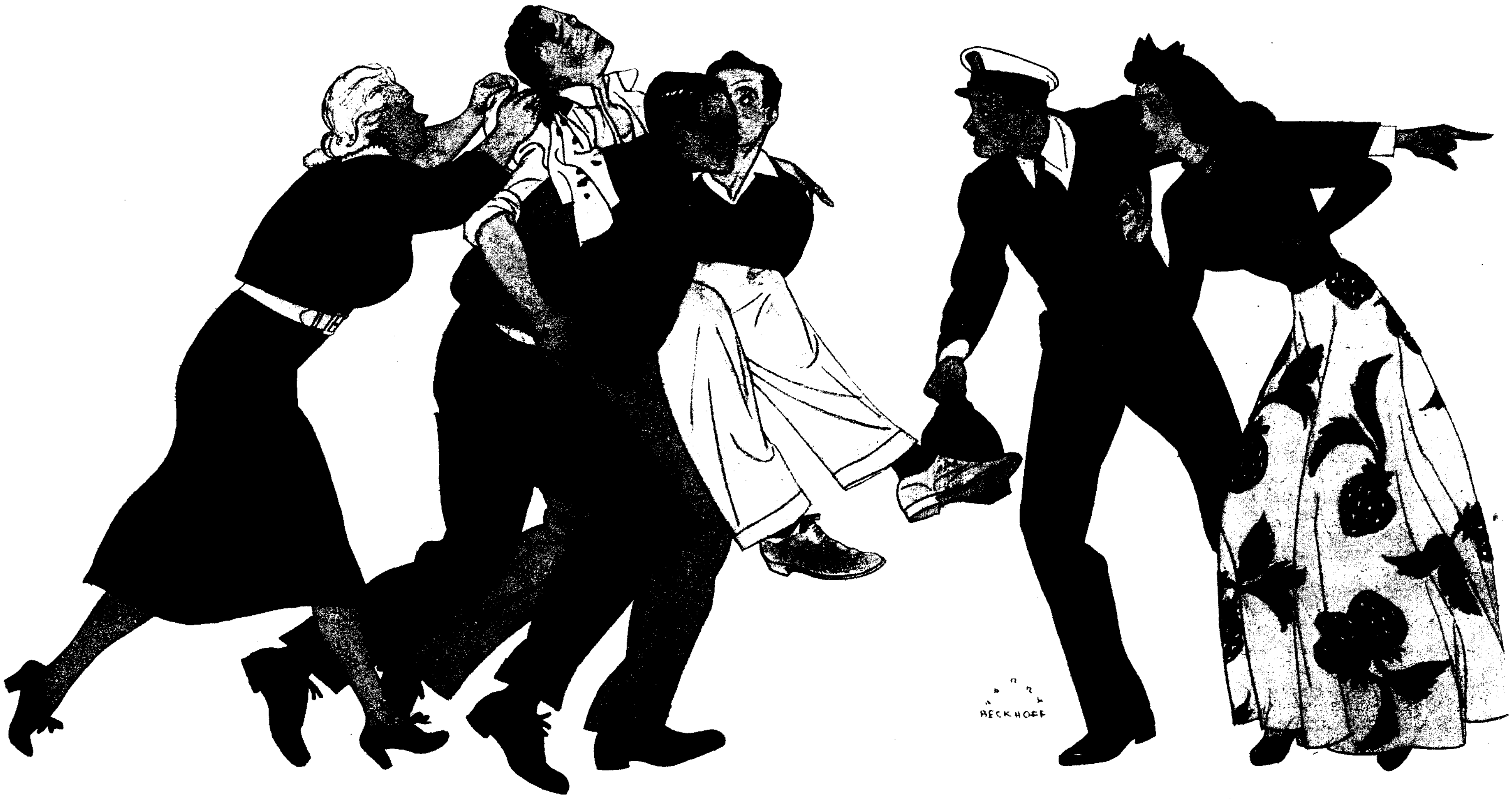
"Why?"

"Trust me, Phyllis."

"You—why, Roger, you look as if you'd just murdered someone! Have you—by any chance?"

(Continued on page 29)

I gasped, "Savvy . . . where's Savvy?" They didn't hear me. They went right on to the ambulance



First in national bridge ranking is Morrie Elis of New York (center), with runners-up Waldemar von Zedtwitz (left) and Robert McPherran

IFOR THOMAS

Top Ten in Contract

How good is your bridge game? These are the players you must beat if you want a place in that exclusive list of those who never make mistakes—Contract's First Ten

By Shepard Barclay

THE FIRST TEN

1. **Morrie Elis**
2. **Waldemar von Zedtwitz**
3. **Robert A. McPherran**
4. **Harry J. Fishbein**
5. **Henry Chanin, Atlanta**
6. **Mrs. Albert M. Sobel**
7. **Edward Hymes, Jr.**
8. **Charles S. Lochridge**
9. **Charles H. Goren, Philadelphia**
10. **Mrs. Ralph C. Young, Philadelphia**

(All New Yorkers except where residence is named)

MORRIE ELIS, the dark-haired New York lad who gained top rank in the 1940-41 season of national championship contract bridge, had been a jack-of-all-games until three years ago, when he injured his vrist while playing golf. Thereupon he ave up that and all other games to centrate on the one he likes best—ontract Bridge. Less than a year later, gained his first victory in national ay, and during the season just closed became the first man who in any year n the two most significant contests any player—the Individual Masters' Championship and the Masters' Pairs.

Competition has been becoming so keen that only three players were able to gain more than a single victory in the eleven national title contests, each of them winning two. Besides Mr. Elis, the others were Waldemar von Zedtwitz, veteran campaigner who led everybody in the first full season of contract championships, 1930-31, and Robert A. McPherran, who has made the first ten several times in the last few years.

Paradoxically, it was a great season for both newcomers and comebacks. Of the twenty-eight players who shared in winning the various championships, thirteen had never triumphed before in a national event. They hail from eleven different places, whereas the largest number of cities represented heretofore was seven. The greatest of all the comebacks was by the city of New York, which placed seven players in the first ten, including all of the first four, after being badly worsted by Philadelphians a year ago.

The first three this season represent three decades of bridge age and experience. Mr. Elis is 33, Mr. von Zedtwitz 44 and Mr. McPherran 25. The winning of the two most important events, from the standpoint of their bearing on an individual's rank, places Mr. Elis on top, with consent and, in fact, enthusiastic agreement of everybody in contract championship circles. The tie for runner-up among the other two could not be broken by second places, as each had one, but Mr. von Zedtwitz finished higher than Mr. McPherran in the individual championship.

Fourth place was earned by the partner of Mr. Elis in the Masters' Pairs, Harry J. Fishbein, who also had two second places. Henry Chanin of Atlanta, Georgia, carried Dixie to the highest position it has yet earned, fifth, with a team of four victories and two seconds. Mrs. Albert M. Sobel, wife of a noted tournament director, led the women by gaining sixth place with top in the open pairs and second in the mixed pairs. The next three places went to players with single victories—Edward Hymes, Jr., Charles S. Lochridge and Charles H. Goren, in the order of their finish in the individual, and Mrs. Young, last year's first, is tenth, ahead of other one-event winners, through finishing well up in a large number of contests.

The new champion is strongly built—5 feet 8½ inches tall and weighing 168 pounds—and has an affable, easygoing personality. His reserve of vitality and his ability to relax between periods of keen concentration are both factors of importance in long tournaments which require repeated sessions of careful play lasting far into the night. A wide participation in many kinds of contests contributed to building up the spirit of competition which he injects into his bridge.

From the time that he was a little boy, Morrie Elis was a lover of games. He was born in Brooklyn, on August 28, 1907. He went to grammar school in New York, then to Speyer Junior High School and George Washington High School, where he was graduated in 1924. Following some extension work at Cornell, he took a course in banking and finance at New York University, which gave him his diploma in 1928. In 1926 he began listening to the auction bridge games then broadcast weekly on the radio. He found the game so interesting that he immediately adopted bridge as his favorite game, and from then on played it more and more.

A friend, who since has become a leader of the game in Washington, A. Philip Stockvis, had won the championship of the old Knickerbocker Whist Club for the 1927 season. He consented to teach the fine points of the game to a home-playing group of which Morrie Elis was one, and finally some of them

(Continued on page 83)

Coast Artillery—Antiaircraft

New recruits of the 62d C.A. (AA) learn to load fifty-*caliber machine-gun belts (upper left) at Fort Totten,* New York. Sometimes they are given defective bullets to test their ability to find and repair gun jams. Projectile part of each bullet weighs about one-tenth pound, can pierce half-inch armor. Gun above is firing ten rounds per second at a plane-towed target 1,000 yards away. A "line of metal officer" stands behind *to see that plane is not endangered.* In wartime guns would be dug into pits for protection and placed in square formation for "box" fire. Interspersed tracer bullets check accuracy of fire, which is concentrated by a synchronizer (left) connected to guns by cable. Men with headphones are getting firing directions from battery commander's station. Because the target is only 1,800 feet behind the plane a safety detail (lower left) keeps track of plane and target through *telescope; man with red flag warns that* bullets are flying. Battery commander (below) inspects riddled target. Tips of bullets previously have been dipped in various colors which will identify guns.

OUR NEW ARMY

FORT DOUGLAS, UTAH. Answering their call, five farm lads were misdirected to the reception center, where draftees from the induction station in downtown Salt Lake City are given physical examinations and sworn in. The quintet walked into the Receiving Battalion building, lined up with six others, and a few minutes later had been inoculated, vaccinated, sold insurance and completely outfitted. Considering themselves launched, the new soldiers decided to take a trip downtown but were questioned at a bus stop by an officer who knew no leaves had been granted. . . . The Army took back everything except the typhoid and smallpox serum, and the boys started in all over again. P.S. Three of them finally got the job; the other two were rejected.

IF AN officer's wife needs a housemaid, or an inventive crank has a superduper idea for an automatic army, or a Salt Laker wants to know where the Sam Hill Selectee Sam Hill is, the call goes to the Fort Douglas information bureau, an idea hatched up by Major D. B. Schannep, of the Fifth Air Base group, and headed by Staff Sgt. Wm. H. Tyson, of the 6th Air Base Squadron. Inquiries cover more ground than a circus tent. Once a girl called First Class Private Clifford L. Ketner, of the bureau, and asked to speak to one of the Army fliers. Told that her man wasn't available at the moment the gal giggled, "All right; I'll talk to you instead." She did—for fifteen minutes. "I guess," Pvt. Ketner guessed, "she was lonesome."

THIS page last month described how draftee news is broadcast over short wave throughout the most isolated (New Mexico and Arizona) Indian reservation in the country, then passed along by word of mouth until the prospective soldiers are reached. Now, it seems, the Navaho grapevine is out of order; anyway, Salt Lake City Selective Service men are having a heck of a time trying to track down twelve young bucks who are eligible to become buck privates. They'd appreciate your letting them know if you happen to bump into Hosteen Sehl-lahih, Hugh Jelly, Teddy Cudih, David Bitisitlly, Tom Sa Kizzie, Eldon Senospas Yazzi, Nocki-Dinay Bega and the others (we didn't quite catch the names).

THE physical state of some of the overcoats passed out to draftees at the reception center caused a moment of mental distress to a certain new soldier. "I am walking along," he moaned to an officer, "and I salute a buck private. An ordinary dogface, like me. It looks like he has a silver bar on his shoulder. But it's a safety pin. Can you imagine?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUDY ARNOLD

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA. The Utah National Guard's armory roof had to burn from over their heads before the boys got away to this camp, where they've been due since January. Mobilization was postponed from time to time as California carpenters labored in torrential dew to nail the camp together. Then came the fire in Salt Lake City and 300 Guardsmen marched out—and down to San Luis. Nobody knows who, or what, started the fire in the old schoolhouse, but it didn't make a lot of difference. It happened just two weeks before the armory was to have been razed, to make way for a new $600,000 job.

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA. Pvt. John James Duffy, Co. H., 102d Infantry, is now the most famous man in the 43d Division, if not in the whole six-by-twelve-mile reservation. The commotion he indirectly stirred up hit everybody from Division Commander Major General Payne down to the company cook.

The business started when the New England division, containing Pvt. Duffy, moved in. Duffy had a slight cold, and the Medical Corps, which is leaning over backward in caring for the new Army's health, put him to bed for observation, then sent a routine notice to his parents in Waterbury, Connecticut, that he was in the hospital. That was the beginning of the pay-off. Mother Duffy bombarded Blanding with a series of frantic wires and phone calls in which she expressed her determination to hotfoot it for Florida—and John James. The company commander, the regimental chaplain and several adjutants telegraphed and air-mailed reassuring messages. That didn't work. Duffy's sister figured that where there was so much smoke there must be fire, and she put in a long-distance call for the general himself, who, thinking the President or the Secretary of War had something on his mind, anchored himself to his desk for forty minutes in the middle of the night while the connection was put through. Next day the slightly exasperated general ordered the 102d Infantry band to march to the hospital and put on a concert wholly, solely and exclusively for Pvt. Duffy—if he could take it. Pvt. Duffy could. He was, in fact, doing his darnedest to get out and get back to his company. The band gave. If there's a moral to this, it's that parents of a really sick man are given a complete blueprint of the situation and that a routine hospital notice usually means the confinee has snagged his pants on a mess-hall bench.

WHO and where are the men in service whose Army serial numbers are even millions? No. 34,000,000 is at Blanding. He's Pvt. Bernard P. Stanley (Dublin, Georgia), of Headquarters Detachment, Station Complement.

THE Dixie (31st) may soon be renamed the Squirrel Division. Thousands of acres of pine forest on the reservation fairly teem with flying squirrels, hundreds of which have been captured by Dixie Division men and converted into pets. They carry them, tethered with a light chain, in pockets bedded down with a handful of shelled pecans.

MACDILL FIELD, FLORIDA. This ace Army Air Corps base at Tampa has been the mecca of Floridians who enlisted in units there with the hope of serving near home. What happened to 146 of them (and their five officers) shouldn't happen to men who have never seen so much as a light frost. An engineering outfit, they're up in Alaska, carving out airfields.

FORT BRAGG, NORTH CAROLINA. There's a first-class private in Battery C, 36th Field Artillery, who feels pretty much at home in this Southern camp, despite the fact that he's of Hungarian stock and volunteered a year and a half ago from Exeter, Pa. He drives a truck and his name is painted on the bumper. It's Dan Yankay.

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA. Sgt. James Chamberlain, head librarian, reveals that the boys at Benning know their best sellers. Most popular book at present is How Green Was My Valley. Second in line is Oliver Wiswell. Runners-up are Kitty Foyle, The Heart is a Lonely Hunter, For Whom the Bell Tolls, Tobacco Road, Mrs. Miniver, Rebecca, The Stars Look Down, and Invitation to Live. Benning's library contains 6,000 volumes of fiction, about seventy-five nonfiction (they need more of the latter), which circulate at the rate of 400 a day.

There's an interesting sidelight on The Heart is a Lonely Hunter, by Carson McCullers, of Columbus, Georgia, and New York. Her newest book, Reflections in a Golden Eye (which out-Faulkners Faulkner), is the story of an Army post in the South, and many of the Benning officers and the wives thereof are certain that the twenty-four-year-old author, who has been around, had Benning in mind when she wrote the book. They get red in the face when her name is mentioned. The book isn't in the library, but it isn't censorship; it just hasn't been bought. Mrs. McCullers currently is visiting in Columbus but hasn't yet been invited to an Army tea.

WHEN Lieut. Jesse D. Wadsworth, a Columbus reserve officer, reported at Benning last fall for active duty, he was designated assistant range officer. Swelling with pride and anticipating a cushy office job, the lieutenant asked what his duties were. "Dudbusting," he was told. This choice job is the most dangerous in a peacetime Army; a dudbuster has to explode faulty shells uncovered as former artillery ranges are converted into barracks and parade grounds. The lieutenant detonates a dozen duds a week, his equipment consisting of matches, dynamite caps, fuses and a lot of nerve. Once he found a dud lying in the wheel rut of a dirt road over which hundreds of trucks had rolled. The lieutenant tinkered a while and the thing blew up, all right, all right. Another dud was found in the stump of a tree that had been sawed by workmen in a clearing project. Fortunately the saws missed the shell, because the dudbuster made it go bang. Lieut. Wadsworth gets no extra pay for fooling around with latent explosions. "But it's good experience," he says. Yeah. . . .

CAMP SHELBY, MISSISSIPPI. Ten members of Co. G, 135th Medical Regiment, celebrated St. Patrick's Day by singing a little ditty called Jeszcze Polska nie Zginela, which more or less means that Poland hasn't died yet. The boys were Sgts. Gajowski, Turzinski, Szcepanski and Redjinski; and Pvts. Jablonski, Werachowski, Mikulovsky, Jakubowski, Kwiecien and Majesky. That whirring noise was St. Patrick trying to settle down again.

FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA. The second floor of the new reception center barracks seemed to be undergoing a smashkrieg. The floor shook with repeated crashes, the windows rattled. By the time veteran Sgt. Joe Christie got upstairs he found five draftees picking themselves slowly and painfully from the floor and glaring a little at a sixth who stood, legs apart, in the center of the shambles. The sergeant guessed what had gone on; he knew that Draftee No. 6 was a former member of the University of Minnesota wrestling team, and well versed in jujitsu. "I needed some exercise," the wrestler announced, "so I thought I'd try out a few holds on the boys." "Exercise, hunh?" grunted the sergeant. "Okay. Get into your denims and report for K.P. Try those holds on a few sacks of potatoes." From what we can gather, the wrestler tossed quite a few spuds before Referee Christie called off the match.

IN CASE you don't know, the word cadre (*cad*ray) means a nucleus and designates a training unit of officers around—and with—whom a group of draftees becomes an outfit. The word proved troublesome for Post Intelligence Officer Col. B. B. Wilcox, when a soldier's mother called him up and demanded to know what rank it represented. The colonel tried to explain that a cadre isn't a rank but . . . "My son," the mother interrupted, "says he has been promoted to a cadre, and that's that. All I want to know is, what is it?" The colonel got as far as, "My dear madam—" before the lady hung up.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, MISSOURI. Pontoon training (they pronounce it *pont'*n) is part of the program for engineer replacements. The fort is on the Big Piney (of which you may never have heard), a tributary of the Gasconade (of which, perhaps, you may never have heard, either. This department has a geography class beaten a mile). At any rate, pontoon-bridging the Big Piney wouldn't tax the brains and brawn of a troop of Boy Scouts, so the Fort Wood pioneers have set to work building a dam which will give Big Piney a respectable width.

LITTLE London will probably be the name of the impact area, a two-mile-square section at the south end of the reservation in the Mark Twain National Forest, where Army bombers will test their accuracy on clumps of scrub oak.

CONSTRUCTION reached the peak last month, with more than 32,000 men engaged in grading and building. Before midsummer 40,000 men and officers are expected; and since the War Department estimates that civilians living near Army camps number 1.38 per soldier, the Pulaski County area with its 95,000-acre reservation may rank as the third community of Missouri, exceeded only by St. Louis and Kansas City. Officers live in Rolla, Lebanon, Jefferson City and Springfield. Lebanon houseowners were warned against asking exorbitant rents; the Chamber of Commerce flatly said that their houses would be blacklisted if they pulled some of the stunts other landlords have gotten away with.

FORT RILEY, KANSAS. An officer who escorted 235 Negroes here from Camp Robinson, Arkansas, hopes he doesn't get a similar assignment soon.

(Continued on page 84)

Trail Town

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

The Story Thus Far:

RIVER BEND—"the most sinful town west of the Missouri"—is divided into two rival factions: the free-and-easy citizens, led by Charley Fair, owner of a saloon and gambling establishment known as The Pride; and the more sedate businessmen, led by Ed Balder, who owns a prosperous general store. Bravo Trimble, the county's sheriff, and Ford Green, the prosecuting attorney, support Balder. Dan Mitchell, the marshal, plays no favorites; he works with neither side.

Green is engaged to Sherry Gault, the daughter of a ranchman. He believes that, if he "cleans up" the town, he may become a United States senator. He and Mitchell (who is strongly attracted to Sherry) find it difficult to hide their animosity toward each other. One day, Mitchell sees a puncher—a member of Cap Ryker's Texas outfit which has just reached River Bend—accost Sherry on the street. Stepping forward, he seizes the fellow, who is intoxicated. Then, when Ford Green, in a fury, attacks the drunk, Mitchell pushes him roughly aside; and, ignoring Green's demand that the Texan be arrested, he orders the man to leave town—and not come back.

That night, George Hazelhurst, a gambler, shoots one of Ryker's men to death in The Pride. Mitchell arrests Hazelhurst and puts him in jail—not, however, until he has had a heated altercation with Ryker, who wants to take the law into his own hands. . . . Tom Leathers, an itinerant cattleman, warns Mitchell (his best friend) that he is making entirely too many powerful enemies.

Ryker and his Texans—a wild crew—leave River Bend. Before he rides away, Ryker says to Mitchell: "Before the month is out this town will be dead—and so will you." . . . While riding near the town, Mitchell overtakes another rider: Sherry Gault. The girl admires his strength and courage; but she disapproves of his friendship with "Big Annie," a woman who owns a dance hall: The Dream. Now, alone with him, she questions him about Big Annie. Mitchell replies (truthfully) that he and the woman are friends—nothing more. They part, after Sherry—who knows that he is interested in her—shows him her engagement ring.

Jett Younger, a ranchman, kills a member of Crazy L, an outfit which (so he insists) had stolen some of his cattle. Sheriff Bravo Trimble knows Younger's story is a lie—that Younger is covering up some of his own stealing.

The Wallins—homesteaders from Minnesota—leave town to settle not far away. Mitchell sees them. As they start, he says kindly: "I wish you luck."

III

COMING out later to Willow, Mitchell found Ed Balder waiting by the mouth of Brinton's stable for him.

Balder said, "I could set my watch by you. You shouldn't be so damned regular in your rounds. Makes ambush too easy." This was his one attempt at friendliness, for he was in a sour humor and presently showed it. He was a long and humorless man, a merchant who knew his position and his power and liked others to know it too. He could be impatient and he could be critical—and now was. "I wanted to catch you alone. When I have a beef with a man I prefer to get it over with privately. You played hell last night. Buffaloing Cap Ryker was no business. The man's worth a million dollars in Texas. If he passes the word along to the big outfits they'll leave River Bend high and dry and drive elsewhere. Why didn't you pick somebody else to knock the brains out of?"

Mitchell teetered gently on his heels. He was a taller man than Balder, he was straighter and lighter. He looked at Balder without expression. He said:

"Maybe you had better remember the grounds on which I took this job. I was to be left alone."

"To keep order in this town, not to break it up."

Mitchell came back with a rough and instant query: "You want my resignation?"

It ground hard on Balder's pride and sense of authority. He showed it in the way his lips pushed together self-consciously, in the widening of his eyes. All this Mitchell noted with an amused irony that made its faint appearance on his face, to irritate Balder further. The merchant held his peace with difficulty; he fought back his desires and said with a heavy sigh: "No, Dan, I don't want it. You're the marshal."

"That's right," was Mitchell's dry observation. "I'm the marshal as long as you can't find another. Or as long as you trust me. Or as long as I am necessary to you. Meanwhile, Ed, I'll run the town."

Balder said, "All right—all right. We'll forget it. Now there's another thing. Jett Younger stopped a herd outside of town and ran off with some beef. There was a scrap and this trail outfit lost a man. Come over to the store."

Mitchell walked beside Balder, cutting across Willow's powdered, trembling dust, to Balder's store. He followed Balder back to a rear office. Dug Neil was here with Bravo Trimble. Ford Green stood in a corner, silent and dry.

"Bravo," said Balder, "it won't do. We sent one outfit down the trail feeling tough against this town. We can't let another one pull out the same way. You've got to go after Younger."

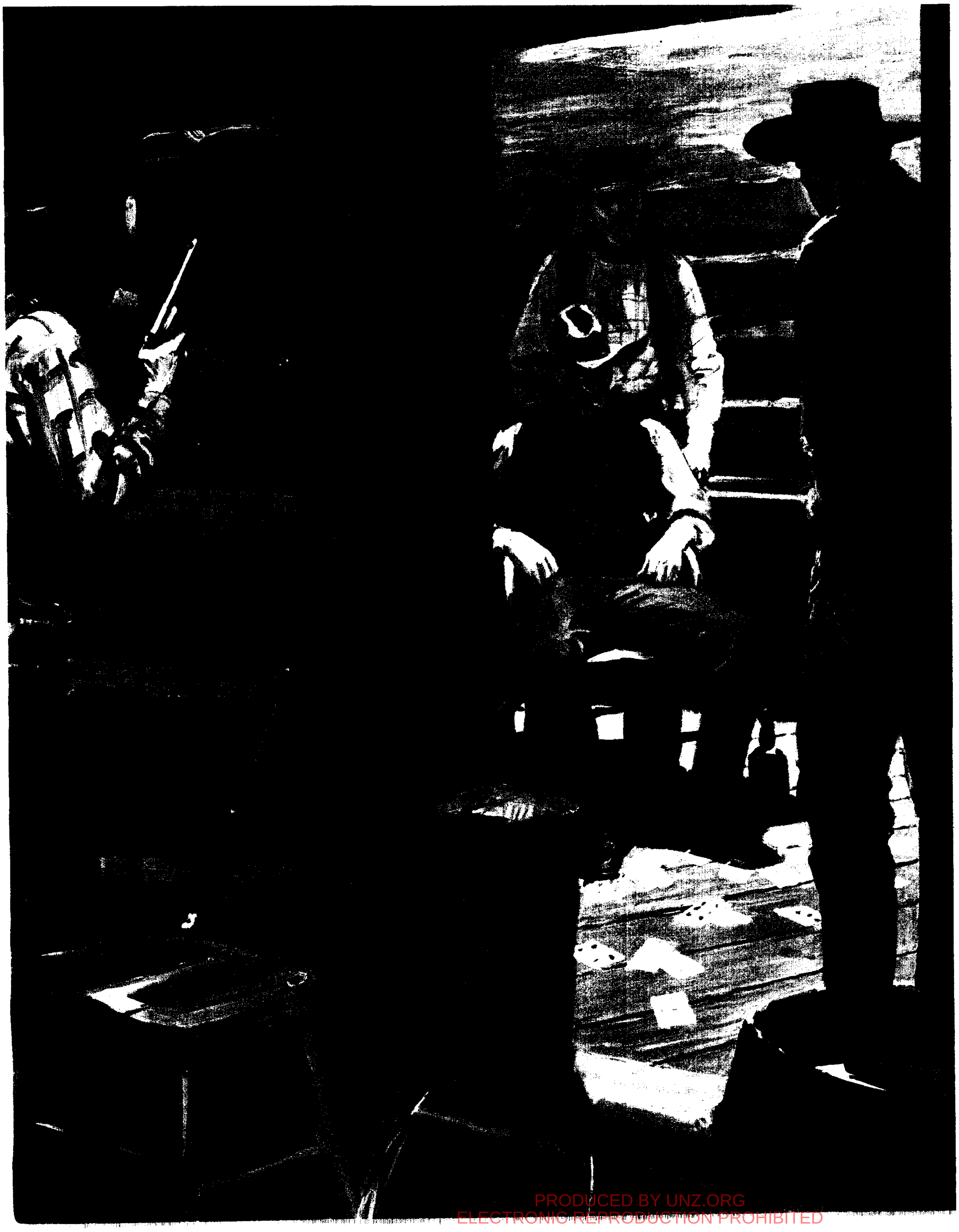
Bravo said in his sighing voice: "All right, Ed."

But Balder turned on the sheriff, knowing exactly what was in Bravo Trimble's mind. "No," he said, "I mean you are to get him. I want Younger in jail."

Bravo's never completely hidden apprehension spread like sickness over his face. He made a full circle on his heels, scanning each man for some hopeful sign. Then he said to Balder: "What will Charley Fair think of that?"

Balder said: "I'm not responsible for Charley Fair's crooks." Yet the question brought him to a pause and he stood in the center of the room, thinking of the necessary politics of this thing and a

(Continued on page 68)



Everybody was upright except Jett Younger, who sat in his chair and threw a cutting glance at Mitchell

W. EUGENE SMITH

Pal Vivienne

By Luther Davis and John Cleveland

For twenty-five years Vivienne Segal's name in lights has added to the brilliance of Broadway. That should wear out the average actress, but Viv is still in there starring

VIVIENNE SEGAL, featured in the Broadway musical hit, Pal Joey, is notorious for temper. As Lorenz Hart, the show's lyricist, puts it: "I'd rather be caught dead wearing a suit I wouldn't be caught dead wearing, than have to weather one of Viv Segal's storms."

The particular Segal storm occurred right after the opening of Pal Joey. It was in Vivienne's dressing room where Hart was reading aloud from a magazine review of the show. "More opulent than she used to be in the Ziegfeld Follies," Hart quoted, chortling, "Vivienne Segal is a luscious miracle of corsetry."

Vivienne's lyric soprano hit high C. "Miracle of corsetry, am I? Why, I've never in my life worn so much as—" And a very surprised matinee audience was apprised of all the articles of intimate apparel that Miss Segal has always spurned. "I hate worms," she finally concluded—as she concludes all her better tantrums—and that was that.

Actually her figure is as svelte as a debutante's. She's pert—a mere five-feet-one, weighing in at a hundred and fifteen—and as saucy as the greenest ingénue. The kids in the line fondly call her "Viv," though very few of them know of her frequent battles in their behalf.

Probably the fiercest rage she ever threw was in defense of the chorus people. It happened years ago while she was star of a large and unexpectedly successful touring company. The gratified management announced a raise for all the principals. But this didn't please Vivienne at all. "You give the stars a raise, you snob," she screamed, "but how about the kids? Don't you think they like to eat too?"

Result: Every member of the company, down to the poorest chorus-Equity-minimum dancer, received a bonus. Vivienne's understanding of the chorines' problems comes from sympathy, not experience. Her name has been in lights ever since she first set foot on stage twenty-five years ago, and she can count such famous successes as The Desert Song and Oh, Lady, Lady! as "her" shows. Her style then was all fluff and swoons; her bepedestaled innocence made one pre-World-War correspondent call her "The summit of feminine delicacy; the acme of sober maidenhood." That was while she was known widely as "Miss 1917" and gracing the Ziegfeld show of that name.

Today the prima-donna sigh is noticeably absent from her playing, and her part in Pal Joey is that of a hard and worldly society matron who can take her cocaine or leave it alone. "She runs away with the show," said one reviewer.

Even in the days when she was sweeping through waltzes in The Yankee Princess, Vivienne suspected that her forte was comedy. She said so to dozens of people, but they had a way of just smiling down at the pretty child who was such a fixture in the theater pages of those days. "There, there," they'd remark, and pat her copper tresses patronizingly.

She stood it until 1933—when she was playing repertory at St. Louis. It was an open-air performance of a costume piece, and, just as Viv was supposed to embrace her leading man, Ray Middleton, she came face to face with her pet terror—an insect. It was a sleepy June bug perched on Middleton's lapel.

She wrapped a handkerchief around her hand, closed her eyes, and moved in crouching. "You have saved my poor old father's life," her lines read. "How can I ever thank you?" With which she swung viciously at the bug, sending a surprised and off-balance baritone staggering backward, holding his jaw.

"That is quite thanks enough," Middleton found himself saying, as he fell through a property hedge.

The audience screamed with laughter. People became physically ill with the sudden, rich humor of it, and Vivienne and Middleton played the remaining few minutes of the show for comedy. After a succession of curtain calls, Vivienne rushed to her mother backstage. "Paula, my pet," Vivienne said, "from here on in, we're strictly for laughs."

Paula sighed. She knew this was the beginning of another in the series of battles she had helped her daughter wage ever since Viv had shown an aptitude for singing.

The first of the crises had been a running warfare with her husband over the musical education of Vivienne, eldest of their three daughters. Dr. Segal was an eminent and busy Philadelphia physician, whose hobby, music, should have made him pleased about Vivienne's vocal enthusiasm. However, the doctor firmly believed that his large collection of phonograph records should be listened to—not sung at.

Vivienne had other ideas. There was hardly an operatic recording that she hadn't mimicked loudly and with gusto, thus effectively ruining, as the doctor often complained, "the one civilized hour I have during the day."

Singing is No Sin

Paula decided that if her husband didn't like Viv to sing at home, she'd arrange for her to sing elsewhere. Announcing that she and Vivienne were off for a few days of shopping, Paula spirited Vivienne—now fifteen and with several amateur recitals behind her—to New York. The next word the doctor received was contained in a wire from J. J. Shubert, the producer: "Must see you stop daughter Blue Paradise."

Three hours later the angriest medico east of the Rockies burst into Shubert's Broadway office. "My daughter may be blue paradise to you," he shouted, "but she's still a minor according to law!"

Shubert, with the aid of Paula's pleading and Viv's tears, finally persuaded the doctor that Blue Paradise was a new musical play and not a sinful state of mind.

So Viv became an actress, replacing one of the most famous prima donnas of the day. Playing her first professional engagement after the unbelievably short rehearsal period of four days—with two hours out each morning for tutoring—she became the darling of the critics, the hit of the show and the belle of that season of 1916.

She earned progressively more money and more praise, and was having a wonderful time leading the life of a star. In 1923 her cup ran over. There was, all at once, a great role in Adrienne, an eight-hundred-dollar-a-week salary, and a sudden and romantic marriage to Actor Robert Ames.

Came Castles in the Air, The Desert Song and several versions of the Follies. Then, in 1927, she was signed to play opposite Dennis King in The Three Musketeers. King's reputation and following were immense, and Viv was morbidly certain that the great man would act her off the stage.

"I behaved like an imbecile," she says now, "but at the time I figured it was either Dennis or me."

The feud that developed made upstaging history, and Broadwayites in the know came night after night to watch the fireworks.

The battle was continuous. Sometimes King would tickle Viv during their love duet, and she bit him frequently wherever and whenever she could get a toothhold. During his virile drinking

(Continued on page 82)

Getaway Money

By Patterson McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

In Arcadia, Cal., dwell two happy young people who think they know why fortune has favored them. The truth would jolt them

STEVE EMERY was a stumpy, little man who had long been enlisted in the vagabond army of the race track. Run-down shoes, a floppy hat and a suit worn shapeless were the principal items of a uniform that was typical of the tattered troops with whom he served. His eyes were watery blue and vaguely wistful, as if extravagant hope had been too often denied. Thinning hair showed white against his temples and there was evidence, in the spray of veins that purpled his puffy cheeks, of a considerable devotion to whisky straight—and frequent.

On a morning in March, Steve shuffled across the parking lot of the Santa Anita track, shoulders hunched against the chill of a desert wind. It was getaway week at Santa Anita. In two more days the winter meeting would be gone to the record books, and Steve was come early to the track, with the hope of hustling a good thing that would pay his way north for the spring racing at Bay Meadows. The hour was before dawn.

Steve paused at the stable gate of the track. A guard spotted him there in the glow of a flashlight.

"Okay, Pop," the guard nodded Steve on. "Like anything out there today?"

"Be eight winners on the board come night," Steve obliged. "Take 'em all on the nose and you got yourself a hat full."

"Yowsah," the guard chuckled. "That's a way to beat 'em, old-timer."

Steve moved on and went into the track cafeteria. The place was warm, and noisy with professional gossip. Jockeys and their agents, trainers and exercise boys, gypsy owners and track hustlers were talking.

Steve's tray was presently weighted with pancakes and coffee. He moved on from the service counter and found a chair at a wall table. There, across the table, he noted the bulky figure of Dan McKenzie. McKenzie was finished with breakfast and sought added contentment from a pipe that was built for heavy duty.

"Doing any good for yourself, Steve?" McKenzie inquired.

"I could use a price," Steve admitted. "Got me over a barrel, the way they been running in all this mud."

"Still got starting-in money?" McKenzie asked a mocking question.

"I got a guy'll put up," Steve said.

McKenzie's eyes were briefly veiled with calculation. For a moment he studied Steve. "Movie dough?" he abruptly demanded then.

"Picture money?" Steve was incredulous. "Me?"

McKenzie, training a string of selling platers, offered a working reason to explain his blunt demand for information. "Some of the boys talked their way in with that Hollywood crowd," he said. "Any time I give out anything for that kind of sugar I aim to get myself a cut."

STEVE shook his head. "Kind of money I got I don't like so much," he said.

"What's the matter with it?" McKenzie was puzzled. "Won't they take it up at those windows?"

"My guy's just a young punk." Steve was more specific. "Name of Eddie Bristol. Works in a drugstore over in Arcadia. Guy owns this place is an old-timer and he wants to sell out for fifteen hundred clackers. This Bristol's got three hundred stashed away in a savings account. Got a gal and wants to get married. Figures if he could build this three hundred, so's he could buy the store, he'd have a nice pitch for himself."

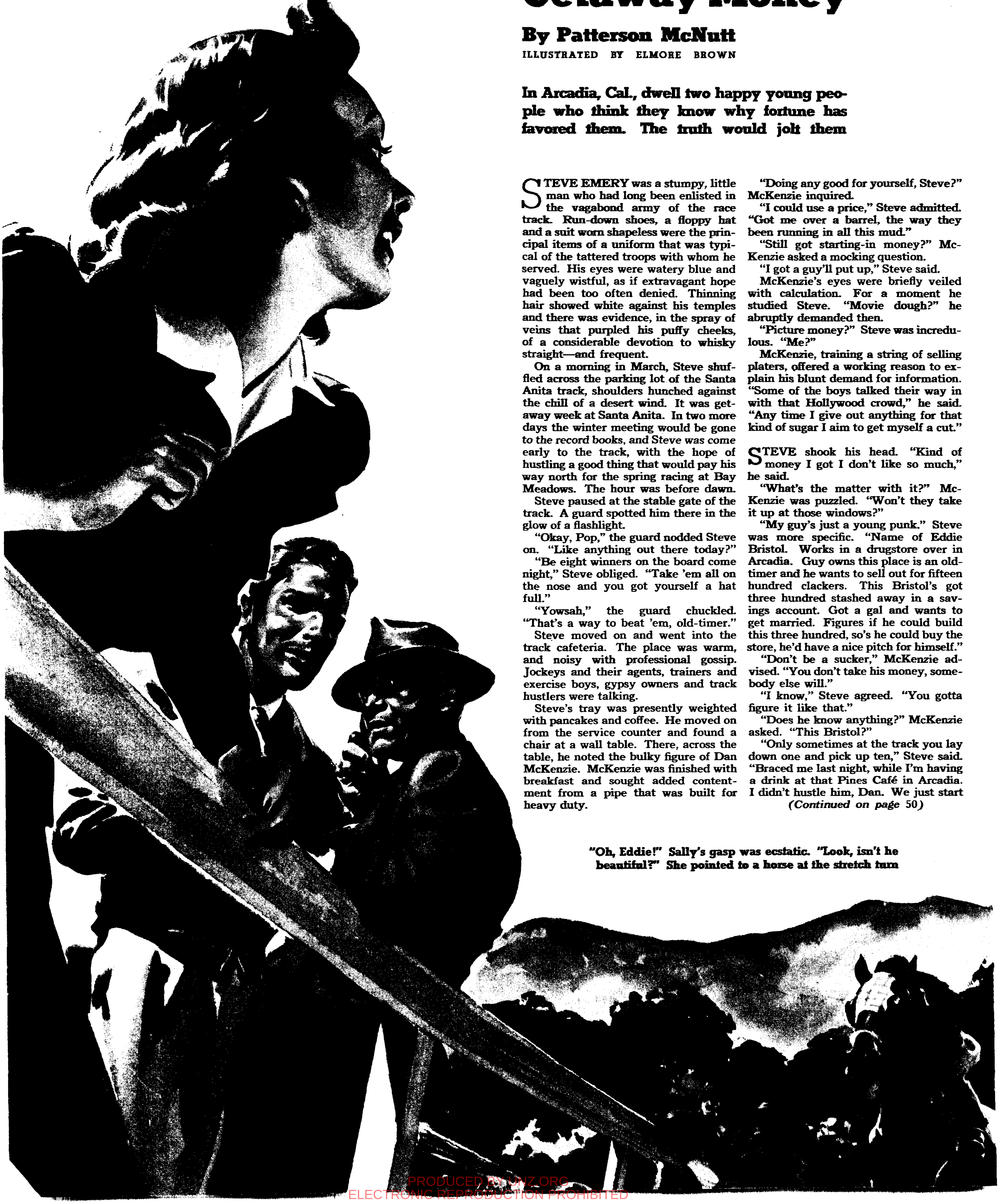
"Don't be a sucker," McKenzie advised. "You don't take his money, somebody else will."

"I know," Steve agreed. "You gotta figure it like that."

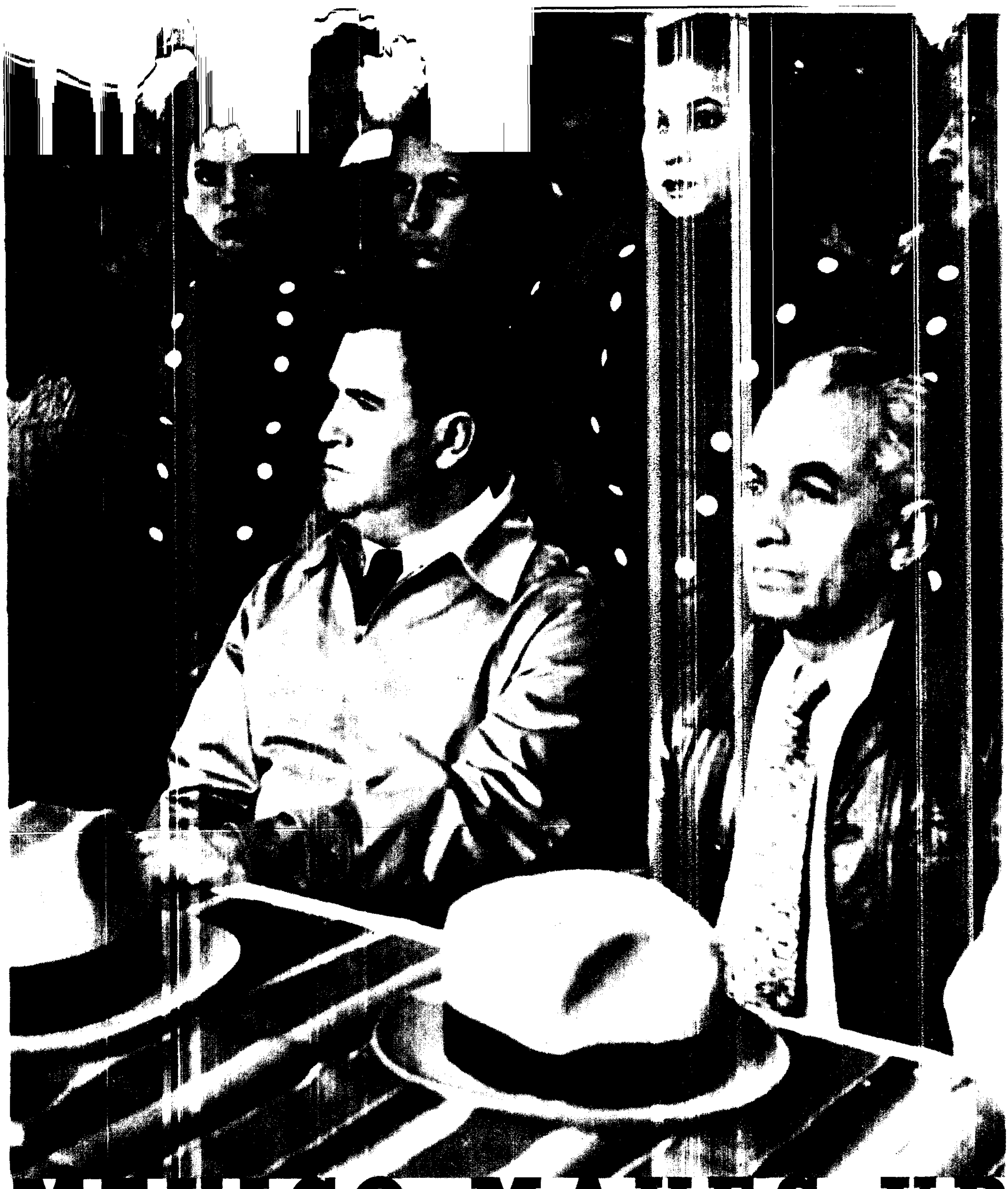
"Does he know anything?" McKenzie asked. "This Bristol?"

"Only sometimes at the track you lay down one and pick up ten," Steve said. "Braced me last night, while I'm having a drink at that Pines Café in Arcadia. I didn't hustle him, Dan. We just start

(Continued on page 50)



"Oh, Eddie!" Sally's gasp was ecstatic. "Look, isn't he beautiful?" She pointed to a horse at the stretch turn



Solution of Mexican-U. S. problems appears much easier since Manuel Camacho (left) became Mexico's president

TRIANGLE

MEXICO MAKES UP

By George Creel

Mexico now has a president who talks. The change is so startling that many people have not yet noticed that he seems to be doing what he says. Meet President Manuel Avila Camacho

EVER since Manuel Avila Camacho took over the presidency of Mexico on December 1st, kind words have flooded up across the Rio Grande. Protestations of warm regard for the United States, offers to settle every pending controversy that disturbs neighborly relations, insistence on continental defense as a common cause and ringing denunciations of Communism, Fascism, Nazism and all other kinds of totalitarianism. No more are we *Yanquis* and *gringos*, but *buenos amigos* and fellow Pan-Americans.

Quite a change from the last six years during which President Cardenas expropriated oil properties and arable lands, "nationalized" the railroads and sugar industry and hip-hip-hurrahed for collectivism, at the same time viewing the Good Neighbor policy as though it had come direct from Typhoid Mary.

Much of the reason for the switch in attitude is to be found in the widely differing personalities of the two men. One is an ideologist; the other is intensely practical.

The serious, absorbed Cardenas rarely played a game, but Avila Camacho likes all forms of sport, although polo is his favorite. He still wields a mallet, watching his weight with an anxious eye. A high-school horse is another of his prides, and a chief regret is that the campaign kept him from accompanying his beloved Pavo to the New York show last year, proudly forking the seventy-pound silver saddle.

Not only was the Tarascan strain of Cardenas apparent in his dark coloring but also in a somber taciturnity that made him about as revealing as a bronze Buddha. Nor could you escape the impression that he viewed the war of 1846 as something quite recent.

Avila Camacho, on the contrary, talks freely and frankly. As for Americans, that is, *North* Americans with accent on the North, he gives every indication of liking them. Particularly the present occupant of the White House.

Perhaps his visits to the United States, along with the camaraderie of sports, account for his lack of insularity, but more probably it is his amiable disposition. Even during the recent campaign, when partisan feeling ran highest, he refused to "get tough." For example, there was one hectic afternoon when some of his supporters decided to discourage an Almazan meeting by turning loose with their guns from a convenient housetop. All was going well and happily until Avila Camacho heard of the trouble. White with anger, he tongue-lashed the gay partisans and handed them over to the police.

In accordance with the best Mexican tradition, General Juan Andreu Almazan fled the country after his defeat, followed in flocks by all the *caballeros* prominent in his behalf. Even before his inauguration, Avila Camacho made public proclamation that there was no need for anyone to hide out in the United States. "Come on home," he said. "We've got a big job of national reconstruction before us, and it can't be done by nursing campaign hates."

As a result, General Almazan is back again in the city, his person safe, his property guaranteed. The bulk of his followers have also returned from exile: General Elias Plutarco Calles, once Mexico's Iron Boss, has also been assured a welcome and is preparing to quit California, where he has brooded for the last six years. Mexico today, on the whole, is enjoying more peace and tranquillity than at any time in the last twenty-five years.

Cardenas was frankly the champion of the proletariat, avowed friend of the shoeless man. Camacho's father, after years as an able, conscientious manager for great landowners, saved enough to buy a small property of his own, and it was on this farm that Manuel was born and reared. Although he calls himself a middle-class man, stressing the fact, he refuses to think in terms of class, insisting that the welfare of the individual is dependent on the welfare of the whole people.

Cardenas, whenever possible, escaped from the capital into the villages where he loved to sit in the dusty plazas, the Mexican counterpart of our "courthouse square." There, perfectly happy, he would talk to the *campesinos* that crowded about him, worshipful and inarticulate, explaining his plans for the liquidation of the capitalist system.

The Impetuous Cardenas

Avila Camacho, given leisure, hurries off to his "little corner at the end of the week," out near Cuernavaca, that lovely old town forty-five miles over the mountains from the city. A run-down place but full of possibilities that the president, still the farmer, is keen on developing. Great laurel trees shade the approach to a rambling one-story house, much of the small orchard is still in bearing and a brook runs through an *arroyo* at the back. There he goes for his Saturdays and Sundays, leaving soldiers and armed guards behind, and taking personal charge of pruning, planting and ditching.

Perhaps the chief point of difference between the two men, however, lies in their approach to objectives. Cardenas rushed at what he wanted with head down, careless of the ensuing damage. Convinced that the troubles of his country were due to the landlessness of the masses and exploitation of natural resources, he "expropriated" without regard for international complications or the effect on Mexico's economic and industrial structure. Along with oil properties, he nationalized the railroads and gave the workers full control.

About him, shouting him on, were ideologists rather than realists, with Vicente Lombardo Toledano at their head. Chief of the far-flung Confederation of Mexican Workers, (the CTM) and an avowed apostle of Karl Marx, Lombardo advocated proletarian rule in Mexico, and even planned a great labor movement that would unite the unions of Central and South America in a drive for absolute control. Such was his power that oftentimes, in case of strikes, plants were blandly taken over by the government as the one means of "just settlement."

There is nothing headlong about Avila Camacho. Before he starts he wants to know where he is going to end, and he prefers conference and meeting of minds.

A soldier for twenty-five years, he stands out in Mexican annals as one

(Continued on page 78)

Three is a Crowd

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Even if you don't happen to be familiar with the United States Code, you will realize quickly that Mr. Gilman Jones was a very reckless man

She'd have a nice voice, Woody could tell, and there's nothing nicer in a nice girl than a nice voice. But Mr. Jones was demanding all Woody's attention again

THE southbound busses passing the Pea Street corner in Washington were less crowded as the morning rush hour wore on, but Woody Gilderoy waited on the walk, fidgeting, going up and down to scan the passengers in each bus. He hated to be late every morning for his typist job in the Conference Division of the Income Tax Bureau, and his supervisor hated it, too, and had told Woody to get an alarm clock or look around—but that girl never seemed to take an early bus. She arrived at Pea Street every morning at nine o'clock, whereas, Woody—as the supervisor told him in that stuffy way supervisors have of telling you things over and over that you know just as well as they do—was due downtown on the job at 8:30 A. M. sharp!

Ah—here she was.

Woody swung aboard, dropped his token in the box, went and stood just behind her, clutching the grip on a seat back, where he could gaze on her. Some day in the sweet by and by there would be a seat beside her and Woody would sink into it and float downtown—as if, for instance, she would only come at eight o'clock, or ten o'clock — but there'd never been a seat yet. Woody hadn't even spoken to her yet, as anybody might after meeting the same girl accidentally on the same bus at the same time every morning for two weeks. It wasn't that he was tongue-tied or that she looked as if she'd bite; it was that pest Mr. Gilman Jones more than anything else.

Mr. Jones was an accountant practicing in income-tax cases before the division, and he lived on Massachusetts Avenue just below Pea Street, and by some blamed luck he hit the same blamed bus every blamed morning, and he'd get hold of Woody and talk and talk and *talk,* giving Woody no chance to talk to that girl.

WOODY was a typist in the Conference Division of the Income Tax Bureau, which is where your tax return goes if you and the federal people in your state can't agree that you've reported enough net income. They send your return to Washington and Washington asks you to come on and confer. You go, *in person or* by *your accountant, and* you argue it with one of the forty-five conferees, and then you go home. The conferee thinks it over, and you get an official letter in a month or so, telling you. Mr. Jones was one of the accountants specializing in representing taxpayers in these disputed cases before the Conference Division.

Woody would have been glad to get chummy with a big accountant at another time and place, but not when he was dying to get acquainted with a wonderful girl. He looked at the Massachusetts Avenue corner now, and there, sure enough, was that darned Mr. Jones, running his fat legs off. Now he was getting on.

"Hello, Gilderoy! Good morning, my boy!"

"Morning." . . . What a profile! Cut, or chiseled or something. Spanish beauty? Well, no. Spanish hair . . . and eyes, and pale ivory or olive . . . but the Spanish don't come cut and chiseled so much, not so neat and fine, more blobby.

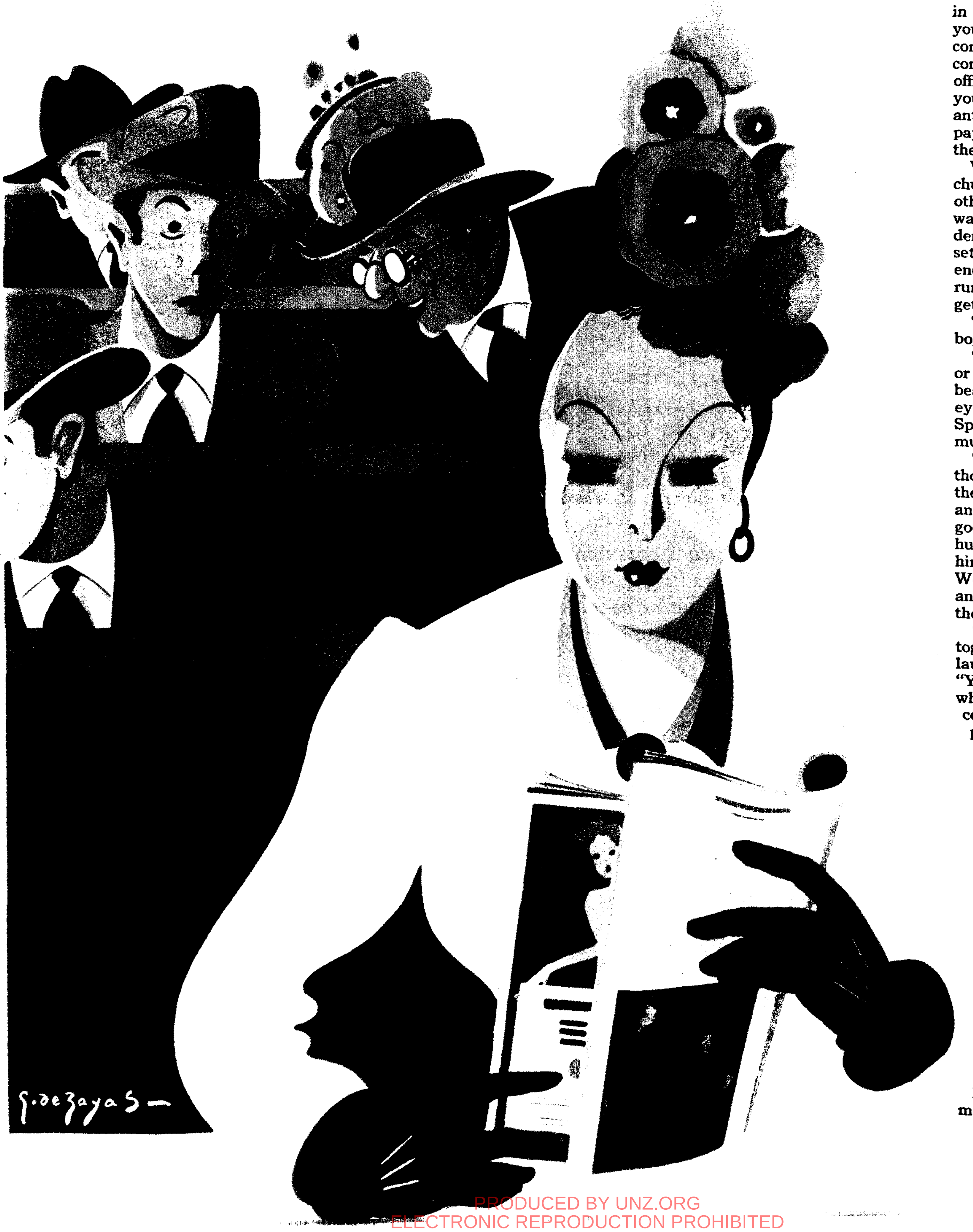
"I say, Woodrow, have you given a thought to that proposition I made you the other morning?" Mr. Jones' large and cloudy eyes, slightly bulging from good living, twinkled as he spoke in a humorous tone, nudging Woody to let him know that he was only fooling. Woody started, turned on him a brief and dull stare and clutched the grip on the seat back as the bus lurched.

"About you and I going in business together!" said Mr. Jones, ready to laugh it off if Woody took it badly. "You being a typist in the division where tax matters are passed on, you could tip me to decisions favoring taxpayers before the taxpayers knew of them, and I could shake the taxpayers down, and split with you. We'll make a fortune!"

"Yes, Mr. Jones." . . . What eyebrows!

"Nuts for the Intelligence Unit," went on Mr. Jones, still seriocomic. "What can the Intelligence Unit get on us, Gilderoy? Take, for instance, the Rudolf Bartels case! I saw the Bartels case file on Chief Conferee Conniff's desk yesterday, so the decision is probably in. Well, say that Bartels is claiming to deduct a big loss on some business deal, it might be a hundred thousand dollars, from his 1939 income, and the government is fighting him on it and it's up

(Continued on page 35)



Pretty Enough to Eat

By Ruth Carson

Vegetables stole the Flower Show in New York, and they're grown for their beauty in Golden Gate Park. Try them for an appetizing part of your own garden's appearance

SCHERSCHEL

Julius Girod likes the scarlet-veined chard he grew for indoor decoration. Good eating, too

THERE were orchids nestling in the florist's tissue. Orchids—and spinach. Delicate, orchidaceous orchids, of the exotic, unearthly blooms. And, tough as you please beside them, practical, edible leaves. But such leaves! Enormous, crinkly, bronze-green, veined with scarlet. Hold one up, and let the light make its clear red stem flame. Not spinach actually, but a new breed of chard, and as beautiful in its own sturdy way as the fragile orchid.

The card enclosed read Julius Leon Girod. Julius Girod of San Francisco's parks. Mr. Girod was sending flowers—and vegetables—to prove a point. Vegetables, he claims, are as beautiful as flowers. Therefore, you should grow vegetables in your garden. Not in a back corner, hidden away, for utility. But proudly, decoratively, as you grow flowers—for their beauty. You'll get, besides, delicious garden-fresh flavor. And the economy of marketing in your own front yard.

The idea first struck him when he saw a cabbage field in the early-morning sun, with the dew on it. Ranks of purply red cabbages, sparkling in the sun. Quickly, since his job was then to direct all the planting at San Francisco's Golden Gate Fair, Girod ordered cabbages planted at the Fair. Thirty thousand of them. Three rows of green, five of red, three of green, with a three-foot border of the scarlet-veined chard and a backdrop of twelve-foot grass. He had the customers drooling and applauding on the spot.

Such big-time planting comes naturally to a man who has spent his life in a thousand-acre garden, for Julius Girod grew up in Golden Gate Park. They laughed at him when he first came in search of a job. Too small for any use. But he was fourteen and persistent, so they gave him a beat picking papers off the grass, at fifty cents a day. Old enough to know what he liked, at that. So he stuck. A twenty-cent raise in two months' time, and off up the ladder—plowing, trucking, nursery, conservatory, office, till now he's next to head man—and active director of all San Francisco's parks.

He'll take you driving under the great oaks of beautiful Golden Gate Park, and through the sun-speckled shade of the eucalyptus trees. He'll show you the studied, flowering beauty of the Japanese garden and, with pride, the wooded site where a superb rhododendron garden is being planted in honor of his boss, beloved John McLaren, ninety-four and still looking in at the office at seven of a morning. Healthy business.

He'll take you into the conservatory where the jungle ferns grow, and cut you another orchid from its moist, scented bed. And then, with the same bounce of enthusiasm, he'll come down to home-garden scale, and the vegetables he'd have you plant for their own special beauty.

Tomatoes. Especially, tomatoes. Fine, branching green plants. First nodding with white blossoms; then, almost overnight, with tiny globes of green. Mind them as you would your prize dahlias. Pinch each plant to one main stem, for more air and strength and symmetry. Stake it well, even train it espalier fashion, each swelling fruit a special ornament. Then watch the tomatoes ripen, red and luscious. And cut them, fresh from the vine, into your salad. Grow golden-yellow tomatoes to vary your color scheme.

Beauty and Practicality

As a background to your tomato plants, try masking a fence with a pole bean like scarlet runner, popular for its clusters of scarlet pea flowers.

Plant a vegetable border to your flower beds. Spinach, tossing the small young leaves into your salad bowl as you thin the growing plants. Beets for their red-green leaves. Carrots with their fluffy tops. Turnips, growing a leaf like that of the amateur gardener's favorite radish, but longer-lived and milder in the root. A variety of lettuces, to suit your climate, not neglecting piquant greens like the curly endive that makes handsome green whorls in your border. Herbs, for bloom and seasoning.

In a spot where you want a low mass of greenery, plant a hill or two of squash. Huge, exotic leaves and golden blossoms, and the decorative shapes of squash like the scallop-edged pattyshell, crook-necked yellow squash, or the acorn that lies, polished dark green, for the frost to season.

Make a point, urges Mr. Girod, of growing things like corn that are finest when fresh. You can't buy that quick transit to the pot anywhere. And in the market what you get has to be a commercial variety; i.e., it has to be packable and shippable, and probably picked before it's ripe. At home you can luxuriate in more delicate fare: the tomato, the strawberry, the melon that may not make a good traveler, but does make very special eating.

You won't plant all these eatables. Maybe very few, to start. You'll study the catalogues and the nurseries for what's good growing on your home lot and what suits your planting scheme. You may specialize in specimen plants like broccoli, spreading with frosted blue-green leaves all season and tight heads of good eating that keep coming as you cut. If your broccoli should get ahead of you and start blooming that's all right, too, for the yellow flowers and broad leaves make a stunning bouquet.

In fact, you're losing some of the assets of your vegetables if you don't use them decoratively indoors. Yellow and green squash in the center of the table. Polished green peppers and purple eggplant and scrubbed yellow carrots and plump red tomatoes. Some of our top florists have won extra fame, not with flower but with vegetable arrangements.

Once you've got a taste of eating some of your scenery, you are going to eye your permanent planting with more calculation. You'll want to eat and have it too. So the next time you get out a nursery catalogue in search of a tree or a shrub, you'll turn to fruit trees. Apple, avocado, cherry, orange, peach, pear. What's your climate and your appetite? For small space there are dwarf trees. And trees on which you can grow three different fruits at a time. And espalier trees that you can grow up against a wall in no space at all.

Easy to Grow and Eat

Shrubs, being practically self-tending, are popular with the gardener who would like to spend more time under one of those trees. But the blueberry bush is becoming increasingly popular with him also, because it's a shapely plant and the leaves turn a wonderful winy red in the autumn, and the blueberries are an addition to the landscape. Fine in muffins and pie, too. There's gooseberry for your tarts, crystal red currants for jelly, elderberry for wine. You mustn't miss red, ever-blooming raspberries, draped over the fence near the gate, where you can pick them, hot from the sun, as you pass, and requiring only that you cut them back each year for a vigorous growth. Grapes you can grow, nothing sweeter-smelling and lusher-looking.

And what could be more delectable than edging your terrace with a ground cover of everbearing strawberries of the dark green leaves, starry-white blossoms and luscious crimson berries?

The big trouble, once you get started, is stopping. There's so much to grow that tastes as good as it looks. Your rose garden will have to be especially beautiful to bear up under the competition. Or did we hear something about rose-petal jelly? ★★★

A SHORT SHORT STORY
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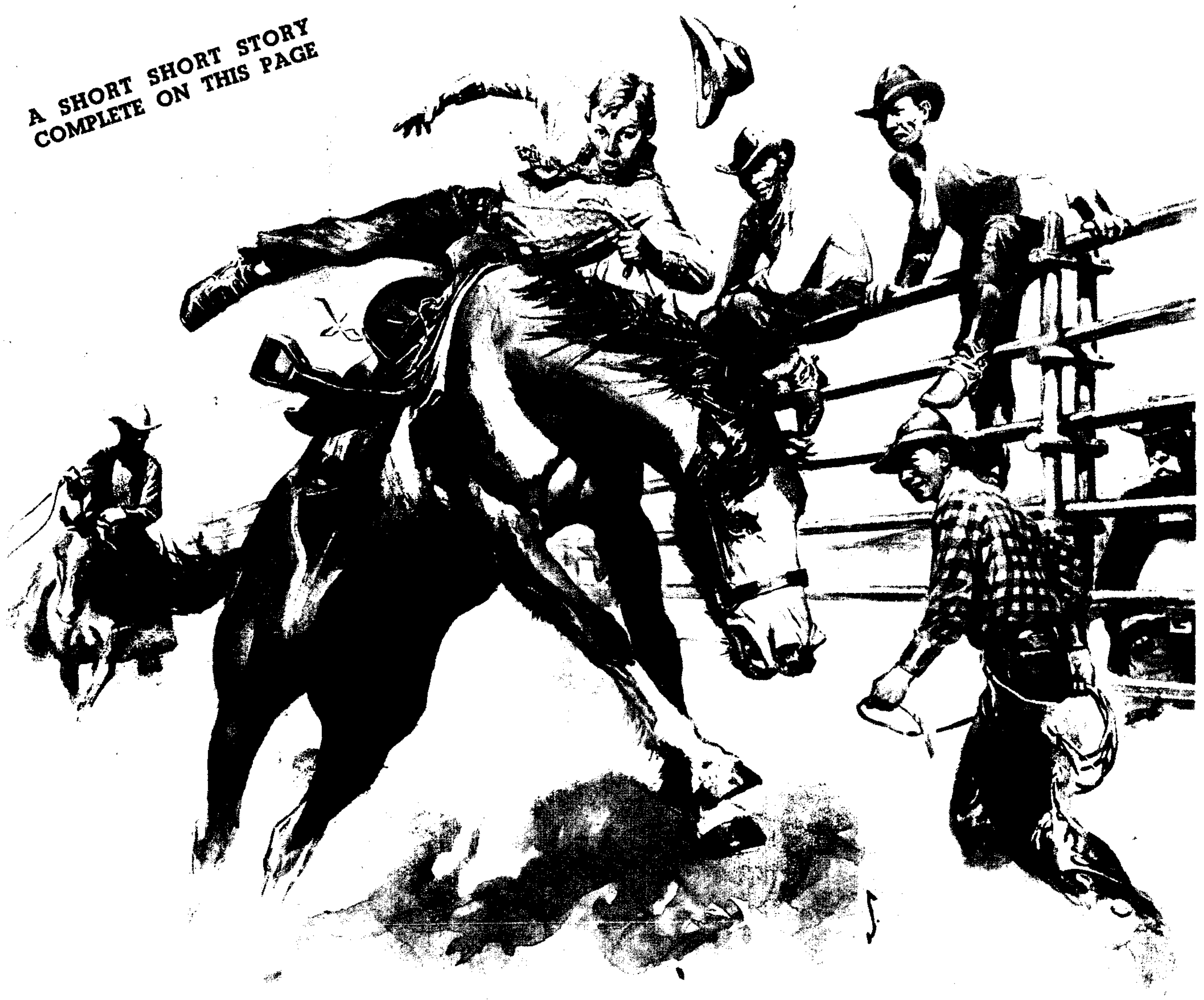


He sure was persistent. But so was Whitey, and the kid couldn't stay on any longer than he had the first day

A Heart for Horses

By Oscar Schisgall

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

RUNNING a horse ranch as I did, sometimes I'd do the craziest things; and later, wonder what in all tarnation had made me do them. For instance, the time this redheaded kid, Andy Pidgeon, walked the twenty miles out from Cinder Center. He came right up to me and Big Ed Walsh, and he had the nerve to ask for a job.

I felt like ordering him off the place. I certainly didn't have any use for him. Two weeks before, his Pa and his brother Al had been shipped to the state prison for trying to grab the Silver Bell Mine pay roll. Squatting behind rocks, they'd shot a couple of decent hombres before they shoved up their arms. The way I figured it, there should've been a hanging right there and then. But no, there was a trial instead, and Andy's Pa and brother went to jail. I sure didn't want any of *that* tribe on my spread!

That's why I kind of gagged when this kid—he was small and skinny, and I reckon he wasn't any more than nineteen—walked right up and asked for work. I said, "You want to work for *me?*"

He frowned down at the dust on his boots. "Well," he said, "I asked everybody else around here first, Mr. Walters. They couldn't—use me."

"Neither can I, son," I told him, flat. "Vamoose."

He looked up at me then, with pain in his eyes. It reminded me of the way my dog had looked at me the time I found him with his leg busted in a trap. The kid said, "I'm mighty good with horses, Mr. Walters. I can bust 'most any broncho there is."

"Not for me you can't!"

The kid turned his head to stare at the mustangs in the corral. Maybe forty of them. We used to ride into the Huecos and trap them; some years they'd bring two dollars a head, some years two-fifty. Of course, when we broke them ourselves, the price was a lot better. So I used to hire hombres who knew horses. Watching the kid, I figured he was going to offer to show me what he could do. But he didn't. Instead he turned back to me and said:

"Look, Mr. Walters, if you can't give me a job, would you maybe sell me a horse? And an old saddle?"

"Got any money?"

"No-o—"

"Then how you figure to buy?"

He frowned down at his boot again. His toe began to draw circles in the dust. "Well, I was wonderin' if maybe you could trust me a month or two. I—I got a hunch I could get work easy if I rode north somewhere. I mean, far away, where folks don't know me. Once I land a job, I'll send the money to you pronto." He gave me that dog look again. "How about it, Mr. Walters? Could you see your way clear to do it?"

Trust a Pidgeon! That was good. I said, "No, I couldn't!"

THE kid swallowed so hard you could see his Adam's apple bounce. Then he nodded and started walking away, back toward Cinder Center. I thought of the twenty miles he'd come, and I said, "You go 'round to the kitchen 'fore you leave, son. Tell Sam I said to give you some grub."

He shook his head. "No, thanks, Mr. Walters. I ain't hungry."

He kept on walking. All of a sudden Big Ed chuckled. "Why don't you sell him Whitey?" he said. "You got nothing to lose."

When he heard that, the kid swung around quick. His eyes were all shiny with hope. "Any kind of horse'll do, Mr. Walters!"

I couldn't help grinning. Whitey was an outlaw we'd trapped two months ago—as wild a mustang as I'd ever corralled. Every man on the place had tried to ride him; nobody had stayed on him very long.

The kid asked quickly, "How about this Whitey, Mr. Walters?"

"If you can ride him," I said in disgust, "I'll sell him for fifty cents. He ain't any good to me."

At that the kid came back in a hurry. "Can I get a whack at him right now, Mr. Walters?"

I said, "You can have a whole week of whacks."

I don't have to tell you what happened. The boys drifted out of the bunkhouse to watch the fun. They even helped Andy Pidgeon saddle the devil. And they laughed plenty when, after about five seconds of the fanciest bucking and sunfishing you'd want to see, the kid came flying over the fence, his face full of surprise. Then he went back into the corral and tried again. This time he was flung about twenty feet, to wind up with a crash against the fence. It hurt his leg a little. He limped when he got up.

I looked at that limp and said, "That'll be enough, kid."

"But you gave me a week!" he argued. "You—you don't mind if I try again tomorrow, do you?"

He had me there.

"If that's how much you think of your neck," I said, "all right."

I DON'T know where the kid spent the night or where he ate—he wouldn't take anything at all from my kitchen. Anyhow, he was back the next day—and the day after—and the day after that. He sure was persistent. But so was Whitey, and the kid couldn't stay on him any longer after five days than he had the first. I was getting plumb tired of the show. Sorry I'd ever let him start. Yet he kept coming. . . .

On the seventh day a queer thing happened. Big Ed Walsh called me out in the morning, kind of worried, and asked me to look at Whitey. The horse was sick—you could see that. His legs were trembling, and his eyes were bloodshot. There wasn't any spirit in him at all.

"You sure got a sick animal on your hands," Big Ed said.

I couldn't figure what was wrong; neither could Big Ed. The boys came over, and they all took to guessing. And in the midst of it, Andy Pidgeon limped up from wherever he'd been overnight. When he saw Whitey he said, kind of scared, "Gee, what's the matter?"

Nobody could tell him. But one of the hands—young Pete Baldwin—suddenly got an idea. Pete grabbed up a saddle and came over in a hurry, grinning. "Here's your chance, kid!" he said.

Andy Pidgeon just looked at him, as if he didn't understand.

Pete winked. "The boss said he's yours if you could ride him inside a week, didn't he? Go on, kid! He couldn't throw a monkey today. Ride him. You ride him now, and by the time he's well he'll know you don't mean him any harm. He'll quit bucking."

Andy Pidgeon's face got red. Then it got white. Before anybody could stop him, he banged the saddle right out of Pete's hands with his fist. His eyes had fires in them.

"That horse," he whispered, "has the fightingest heart you'll ever see! Think I'm going to break it by fighting him when he can't fight back? How'd you like to be whipped when you're so sick you can hardly stand?"

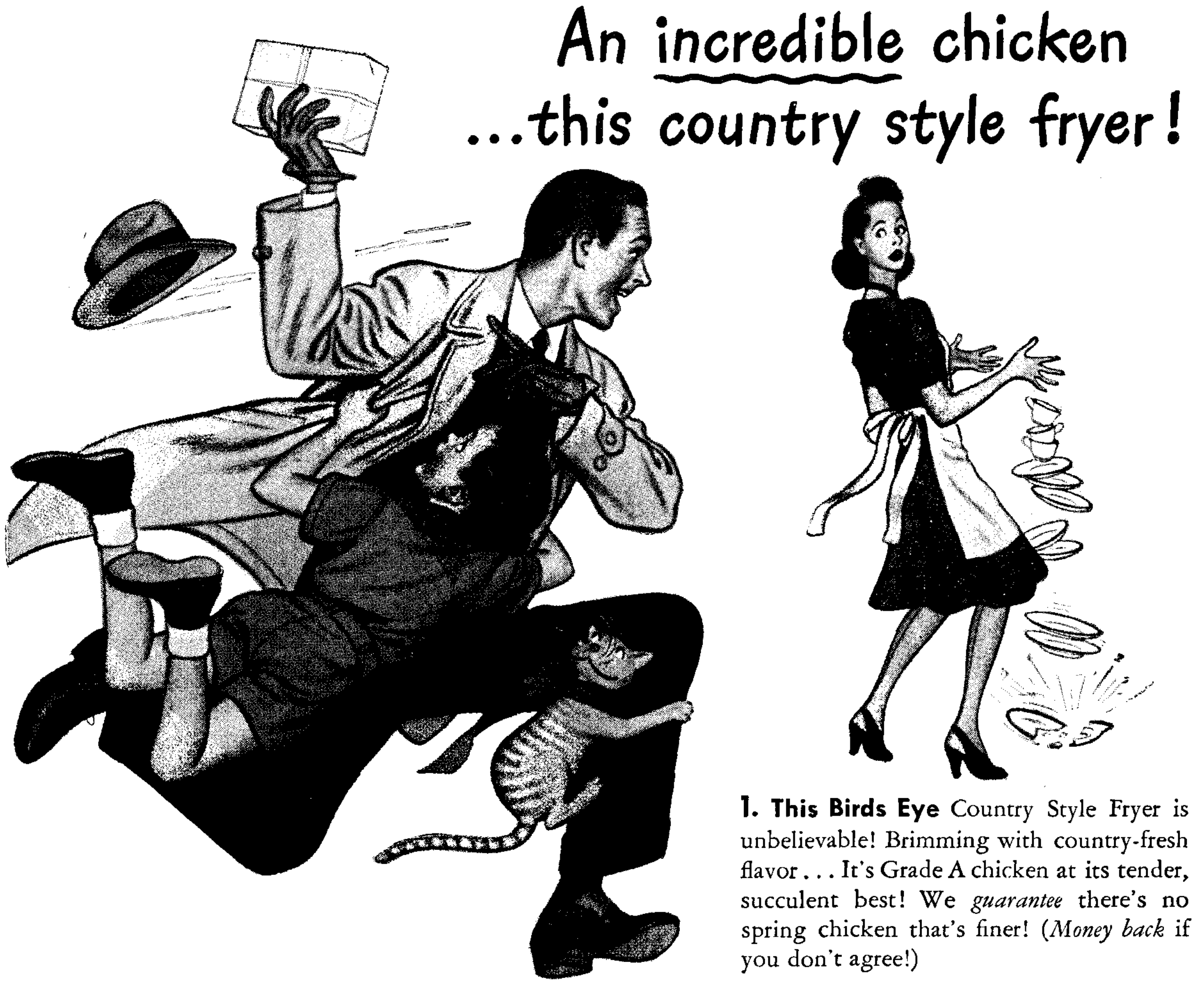
Pete Baldwin looked at the saddle in the dust and then at the kid, too surprised to talk.

"If ever that horse is broken," the kid said, talking low and furious, "it's got to be by a hombre that's better than he is—and in a fair fight! That's the only way he'll ever *respect* his rider! If I was to get on him now, I'd never want him to look at me again—I'd be that ashamed." He turned to me then. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Walters, for giving me a whack at him. I—I figured I could break him quick, but it just didn't work out."

The kid nodded *adios* and started walking away, toward the hills in the north. We all stared at him, nobody saying a word. He limped about fifty yards before I found myself going after him.

It's like I said in the first place—sometimes I do the craziest things; and then later, when I get my senses back, I wonder what ever made me do them. Right now, hurrying after Andy Pidgeon, I was thinking, *Kid, you know something that lots of hombres on a horse ranch ought to know and don't—that a horse has a heart and a head and understands.* But that wasn't what I said to him. No. What I said, kind of awkward, was, "Look, kid, if you still want a job on my spread—you've got it."

An *incredible* chicken ...this country style fryer!



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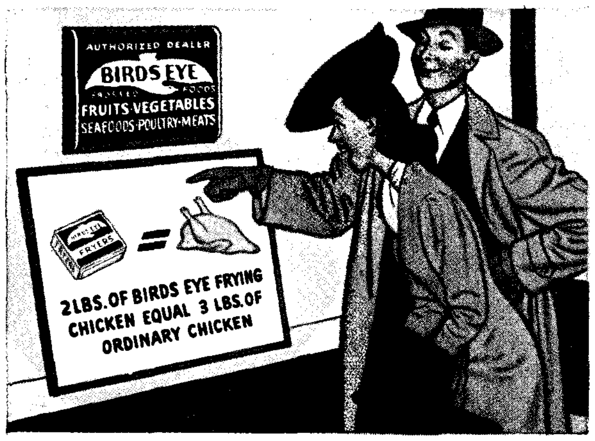
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2 LBS. OF BIRDS EYE FRYING CHICKEN EQUAL 3 LBS. OF ORDINARY CHICKEN

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1 **"MANY'S THE MORNING** I'd have traded all my trophies for a good American breakfast!" said the Major, home from the African jungle. "Golden-brown Post Toasties, swimming in cream, crisp and packed with toasted corn flavor. Mmm—say! Is breakfast ready?"

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New Post Toasties are *crisper* corn flakes—rich in America's favorite breakfast flavor!

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Of all cold cereals, corn flakes cost the least—and of all corn flakes, new Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 are your "best buy"!

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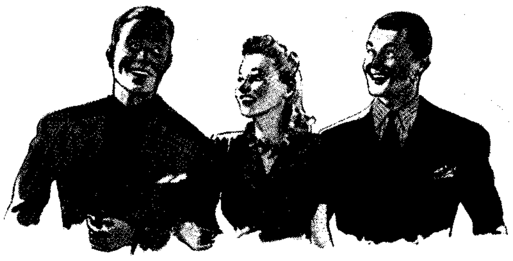

4 **"VITAMIN B_1!** Nutrition experts call it the *missing vitamin* because, they say, 3 out of 4 people *do not get enough* Vitamin B_1 from the food they eat daily. Yet it's *so* important for abundant energy, sound nerves, and normal growth and appetite.

"Finally, Tom—and this is important to a woman—no other ready-to-eat cereal costs as little as corn flakes . . . so the *extra* values in the new Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 make them my 'best buy' in cereals. So you see, the new Post Toasties are really a '4-Star Breakfast Treat'! "

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New Post Toasties
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Corn Flakes
FLAVOR
NOURISHMENT
VITAMIN B1
ECONOMY
11 OUNCES NET WEIGHT 311 GRAMS

ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES

FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!

The Traitor

Continued from page 16

He stared out the window a moment. "I've just made the hardest decision of my life, Phyllis," he said. "I didn't know it would be . . . quite so . . . difficult."

"Why all the mystery?"

"Please . . . don't make it worse."

"I'm not making anything worse. I've offered to run off and marry you tomorrow—or right now. You say we've got to wait. I think I have a right to an explanation. After all, I'm not in the habit of offering to marry young men—and then being told that they can't do it."

"We've got to wait."

"Are you already married, Roger?"

"Yes—to a job."

My laughter was just a bit hysterical. "I've been told that before," I said. "That sounds very familiar."

"It happens to be true."

"Oh, sure. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country—"

"Phyllis! Listen to me!"

"I'm definitely all ears."

"You love the United States, don't you?"

"Well—I'm beginning to wonder—"

"This is not a subject for flippancy."

"Sorry. Go right ahead."

"Our country is on the brink of a fateful decision, Phyllis. I happen to be one of the few who saw this thing coming five years ago. Now that it is upon us, we must make the right choice."

THE fanatic fever in Roger's brown eyes and the excitement in his voice seemed to me out of all proportion to the obvious point he was making.

"I grant you all that," I said, "but why act as if the end of the world were at hand?"

"The end of our world is at hand!"

"This country? Pooh. This is the toughest gosh-darn' country that ever was. We don't know our own strength. We're fighting fools when we get started. You think the Germans and the Japs can take us? Blaah!" Roger's somber, haunted stare nettled me. "Don't be such an egotist. You won't have to fight this all by yourself, my dear. There'll be a hundred and thirty million other people in on it."

Roger shook his head. "If I could only tell you."

"Tell me what?"

"I will be able to tell you soon. I think you'll understand, then. I hope the skipper will understand, too. If I can save you and your dad, I won't give a damn about the rest of them."

"And you can't marry me until I'm saved—is that what you're trying to say?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't you give me a rough idea when to expect the millennium?"

Roger did not smile. "You'll know the whole thing very soon now, Phyllis," he said. "Whatever happens—I want you to remember one thing. I love you."

"Then you'll marry me tomorrow," I said.

"But, I—"

"Or never."

He knew that I meant it. His gaze faltered and he tapped the tablecloth with a knife.

"Tomorrow, Phyllis."

I patted his hand. I did not love him, but I was very grateful. "We'll fly to Nevada, eh?"

"How about Mexico?"

"Suits me, Roger."

Bosey served the food and the champagne. Roger was far too much absorbed in his own elation to note any lack of it in me.

"You know, Phyllis," he said, when we could talk again, "I was afraid you were falling for Dent Roberts!"

"How silly."

"You said you liked him quite a lot."

"Just teasing you."

"Nice guy, though. Very attractive to most women, I imagine."

"You think so?"

"Strong, silent man—rather mysterious. An inventor. Colorful, you know."

"I've decided that he bores me," I said.

Roger looked past my shoulder, his expression changing. "Aw-aw," he said, "here comes your dad. Do we tell him?"

"No!"

"If he has duty for me—I'll get word to you—about tomorrow."

"Right!"

The skipper had come in with Commander McMatthews and Lieut. Commander Kirstell. His companions made for a table on the other side of the dining room. He excused himself and sauntered over to us.

Roger jumped up. "Will you join us, sir?"

I THOUGHT my father's manner a little curt, but put this down to the fact that my guilty conscience was expecting a rebuke.

"No, thanks," he said. "I'm afraid you'll have to cut this short. Admiral Westley and Captain Johnson are due in by plane any minute."

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir!" Roger turned to me: "I'll have to go at once, Phyllis. Sorry, sir!"

My father nodded. Roger clicked heels, bowed and hurried away.

"Why so grumpy with Roger, Dad?" I asked.

"Was I?"

"Decidedly. And he's bought me a nice luncheon, with champagne."

The skipper changed the subject: "Mrs. Mac is having a tea at her house at four-thirty—all the officers' wives. I want you to be there."

"Very well."

"And, for the next few days, I want you to avoid pairing off with any man on the station."

"My gosh—n-not even Roger?"

"No."

"Oh, now, Dad—"

"That will do."

He started to say something more, thought better of it, wheeled and walked back to McMatthews and Kirstell. He had never spoken to me like that before. I knew that he must have been gravely provoked. By what? Had Dolores gossiped? Had I looked so guilty that he suspected what was in my mind?

I struggled on, trying to eat. But I found it impossible.

As soon as Bosey had gone kitchenward, I got up and left the Officers' Club.

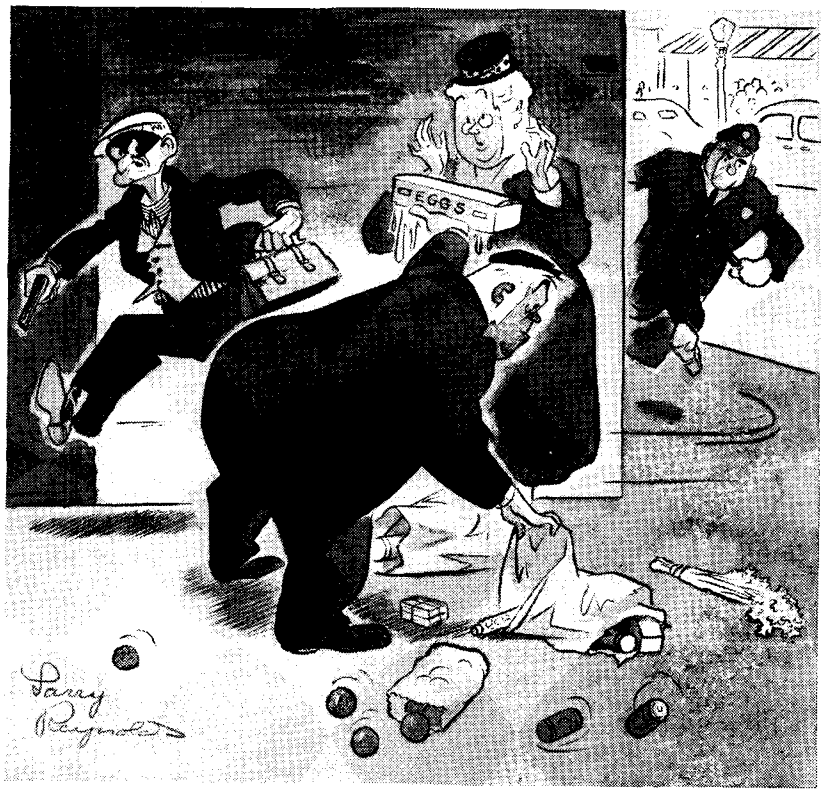
IN MY bedroom, with the door locked, the full realization of what I had done swept over me. But it did not move me to penitence. My father's attitude—first, in refusing to tell me about our traitor and then in peremptorily ordering me not to be caught vis-à-vis with any officer on the station—was no help at all. I felt abjured, cast out of the inner circle, misjudged and reduced to the status of a child. Savvy and the skipper could not do that to me. For these insults, they would be punished. Roger, now that I had bent him to my will, seemed to have no particular importance. He was merely the weapon with which I meant to strike back at Savvy.

(Note for Females Planning to Marry for Vengeance After Being Jilted: Forget the bleeding heart of the man you lust to punish and think, for at least five minutes, how you are going to feel as the bride of your second choice.)

That tea fight at Mrs. McMatthews' is blurred in my memory due to the blessed circumstance that not very much

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Just say you're sorry you bumped into her, Butch, tip your cap an' come on along"

WHY FALL FOR PIPE "BLENDS" THAT AREN'T?

IT'S PLENTY HOT WHEN THERE'S JUST ONE OR TWO OF US!
BUT OH HOW COOL THE FIVE OF US SMOKE IN REVELATION!

This great 5-Tobacco Mixture is proved far richer than six other leading popular brands!

TEST THIS in your pipe . . . REVELATION is *sensationally* different! Analysis *proves* this great five-tobacco blend has *more kinds of choice tobaccos* than six other leading brands! You'll get flavor that's *milder* — *cooler*—more *richly gratifying.* See below why it's unmatched by *any* straight or near-straight mixture:—

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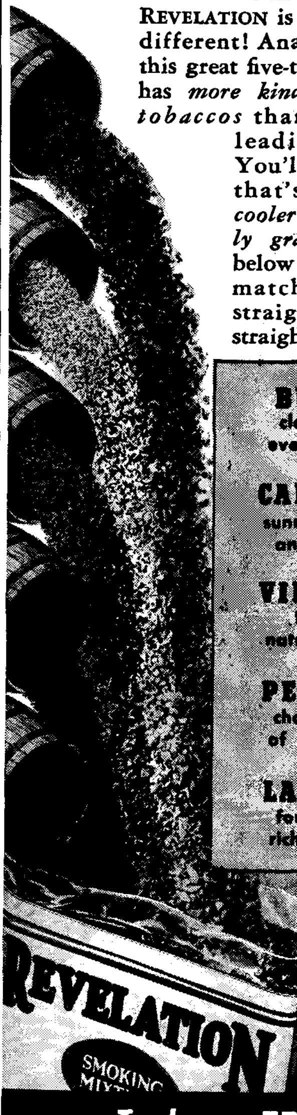

Today — TRY REVELATION PIPE MIXTURE 15¢ POCKET TIN

The Peak of PIPE SMOKING Pleasure

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

The Admiral ordered me to marry you!

1. Dear Janet: You are about to join the Navy! You can't back out, for "Orders is orders"! You see, one night I finished the First Watch on the bridge, (midnight to you, lovely landlubber) and went below for a mug of coffee.

2. "How can I concentrate on battle problems," growled a voice, "with that coffee aroma coming into my cabin?" "Don't try," I laughed. "Let the Admiral make the mistakes! You relax, and have a cup!"

3. I heard a sputtering and there stood the Admiral himself! "Confound it!" he bellowed. "There's *one* mistake I *never* make... and that's drinking coffee at night! Caffein in the stuff keeps me awake!"

4. "I love coffee, too!" he added. "This is Sanka Coffee, sir!" I insisted. "97% caffein-free...and can't keep you awake!" He tried a cup. "Delicious! But if I don't sleep...it's transport duty for you!"

5. Next day he sent for me. "Slept like a midshipman!" he beamed. "Where did you learn about Sanka Coffee?" "My girl told me, sir," I confessed. "Clever girl!" he nodded. "Marry her, lieutenant . . . at once!"

6. When I told him the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden," he gave me a month's leave. So get ready to obey orders!

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
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REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN..."WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

of P. Hartney was there. The body and the tongue went to the tea fight, but the black, wicked soul of me wandered its own via dolorosa. And a good thing, too. I couldn't have coped with my Navy sisters, otherwise. They had all gone noble on me.

I remember Mamie Cowles, though. She had chosen a new black-and-red ensemble (eighty bucks if a dime) for her rebirth, her transfiguration.

"Oh, Phyllis, darling!" she said, hugging and kissing me, "I want you to be the very first to know. Bob got his promotion! And we're going to have a baby! You should see poor, dear Bob. He's a new man. He really is—he's got his command—and we think we'll be transferred to the new Atlantic Fleet!" And so on, and so on.

Oh, yes, I recollect another sanctified apparition in the gloom.

Folks, I give you the new Josie Briscoe. I stumbled into her near Mrs. Mac's buffet table. She was talking with her erstwhile archenemies, Dot Conroy and Martha Davis. All her days at Navy Station, Josie had wanted to *belong* with the rest of us. Now, by grace of my father's orders and the Great Reformation, she did. The result was downright ghastly.

"Oh, Phyllis, my dear!" Josie said, using the artificial inflection of one who is being careful of her grammar, "I'm so glad you could attend. Will you ladies kindly excuse me? I've got all sorts of apologies to make to Phyllis."

Mrs. Briscoe dragged me into a corner. I continued to stare at her, flabbergasted. She wore a plain black dress with modest white trim. She was without any make-up whatever. Her rich, blue-black hair, always a touseled mop before, had been compressed into a Duchess of Windsor coiffure. Was this the face that had launched a thousand poisoned darts and burned the topless towers of Navy Station snobbery? What had become of Pete Briscoe's brunet babe from Brooklyn?

"I guess you think it's funny—me making up with them," she said, in a girlishly confidential tone. "But I've been all wrong. Your father and Pete finally got it through my thick head. I'm sorry for all the mean things I ever done—did. That's on the level, hon."

"*Pax vobiscum,*" I said. "Peace, it's wonderful."

THERE is no worse blight in this world than a suddenly reformed meanie. They had turned an honest Sands Street belle, full of gimp and gusto, into a simpering evangelist shining with sweetness and light.

"You still got the wrong attitude, Phyllis," Josie said, earnestly. "Your father—well, that man is a saintly character, if there ever was one. But you been in the past just like I was in the past. You say things that hurt people's feelings. This ain't—isn't any time to be going around doing that. We got to close ranks and get together. You should try and be more like your dad. Honest, you should, kid."

"Yes'm," I said.

"Your dad, he—well, he got Pete to take me back. I'll cut my tongue right out, before I ever say anything to make trouble on this station. A person should get next to theirself. You think it over, Phyllis, and I bet you'll see I'm right."

"*Si, si,* Santa Josefa," I said. "Got a cigarette on you?"

"I quit smoking. You oughta—"

"Could I *please* have a little nippy? Come on, break out that flask in your handbag!"

"I quit drinking, too. You should be ashamed—"

"A coarseness, an irreverence, a profanity!" I said. "Well, thumbs up! I shall certainly take to heart what you have said. Salud!"

I finally made my escape from the tea fight, but not before Mrs. McMatthews had given me a piece of *her* mind.

She said, "Now, whoever this traitor turns out *to be,* you must be very careful to show no sympathy *whatever* for the wretch. I, for one, shall act as if he *never existed,* and we are all determined to show a united front. Hitler is trying *to divide us* and get us to fighting among ourselves. It is your duty as the commandant's daughter not to utter one word that might be construed as *condoning treason.* The Yard is one big family, now, thank God. So be *very careful* what you say, Phyllis."

I said, "What makes you think I might condone treason, Mrs. Mac?"

She said, "One never knows *what* you will say or do, Phyllis. I'm not critical, mind you. I warn you *merely* as your friend."

SO I went on home, feeling more wretched than ever. It is hard to be a lone she-wolf when the rest of the pack have turned into lambs, especially when you are muzzled by circumstance and cannot turn on them and cut their throats.

I should like to be able to report that mine was the guiding hand that brought this chronicle of the traitor at Navy Station to a climax. It is a great temptation to do a little lying and hint that I knew what was what all along. P. Hartney, I yearn to record, might have been a flutterbrain and a mean-tempered wench, but when the chips were down hers was the winning card. I can see a grand, climactic scene in which I assemble all the officers of Navy Station in my salon.

I am *distinguée.* I am *soignée* in a green, strapless evening gown, with an emerald in my hair. I am Tallulah Bankhead armed with Somerset Maugham dialogue. I face the skipper, Lieut. Commander Kirstell and the rest of them. After a few casual and worldly quips, I say: "Ah, yes—our traitor. If there were no treason, there could be no patriotism. How sad it is that the hatred one man here feels for the United States is necessary to your own love of this country, gentlemen. His infamy rededicates your loyalty; his shame makes bright your honor; his disgrace eternalizes your glory. Stand, gentlemen, and drink to our traitor!" Then, I slowly cross the room and dash my glass of blood-red wine into the traitor's face.

(Literary Note: Like Dolores, I am a born mugger and a ham, and my dramatic taste runs to pure corn.)

Alas, it did not happen like that at all. That evening, the skipper entertained Admiral Westley, Captain Johnson and Lieut. Commander Kirstell at dinner. I sat at the foot of the table, acting as official hostess, my mind concentrated on watchfulness to see that Dolores did not spill soup in the admiral's lap. For the rest of it, I was the little girl who wasn't there.

Roger had sent me a letter just before dinner started. I had no chance to open it; in fact, I lacked the courage to open it just then. I knew it contained instructions for our elopement. I had believed my decision was fixed. But the numbness and cold rage of the afternoon were passing. I had discovered something within myself that utterly dismayed me: I loved Savvy Roberts more fiercely than before, with an awakening passion, with an intolerable pain. Revenge would not destroy it, marriage to Roger would not help me to forget. Only my pride was holding me to the compact with Roger. I did not know what I would do. I had left Roger's letter on my dressing table upstairs. I had pushed my problem away.

Luckily, I was not required to take much of a part in the dinner-table conversation. Admiral Westley, a tedious old bore who commanded our naval district, and Captain Johnson—the construction corps at its dullest—had come to inspect Savvy's rocket boat. Official tests, I knew, were to be run the next morning. But they did not talk about this or about our traitor, although I suspected from Kirstell's presence that they knew the story.

Kirstell gave all his attention to the talk between Admiral Westley and my father. The skipper and the admiral talked exclusively about the imminence of war.

Captain Johnson said: "But Congress says we're not going to war under any circumstances, Hartney."

My father looked at me. "Phyllis, this is your cue to leave the room. I want to tell these gentlemen what I think of Congress."

But our front door flew open just then, and Dutch Prentice stumbled into the dining room. He had lost his glasses and was blinking like a terrified owl.

"Excuse me for busting in like this," he said, "but you've got to stop Savvy! He's taking that guy out in the boat. Trying to trap him. It's a goofy scheme and he'll never get back alive!"

My father and Kirstell jumped to their feet.

"*Alone* with him?"

"Naw, he's got Bert hid under a thwart. But I don't trust Bert! He might double-cross Savvy—"

"Thank you, Prentice. We'll come at once!"

"Can I say you *order* him not to try it?"

"Yes!"

"I'll phone the basin guard, sir!" Kirstell said. "Save time!"

MY FATHER pointed a finger at me. "You stay here! Don't stir a step out of this house!"

Dutch galloped out the front door. The skipper followed him.

Mom Sedden, who had been up in her room, came down the stairs. "What's happened?" she said. "Did I hear them say 'Bert'? Has something happened to Bert?"

"No, no, Mom," I said.

Lieut. Commander Kirstell was at the phone. I heard his voice snap out:

"Corporal Reyvik? Hello . . . Reyvik? Commander Kirstell speaking. I want Lieutenant Roberts. Yes . . . right away . . . What? . . . He's left? . . . In the boat? Who went with him? . . . *Lieutenant Collins?* You're certain of that? How long ago? . . . Twenty minutes . . . oh . . . hello, hello, Corporal . . . make ready the crash boat. . . . The cap'n and I will be right down . . . yes, have her ready to go."

Kirstell put down the receiver with a grim click. The admiral and Captain Johnson had joined us in the hall.

"Collins? Is that our man?" the admiral asked.

"Yes, sir!" Kirstell said.

He brushed past me and lunged out the door. Mom shrieked out something about Bert. I heard, as in a nightmare, the voices of Admiral Westley and Captain Johnson trying to quiet her.

"Is that our man? . . . Yes, sir!"

I FELT very calm and detached and superior. I laughed at the two officers in the hall. I said, "Men are such fools! This is the funniest thing yet!"

Mom turned on me, viciously. "Bert told them he was the traitor!" she said. "If he does anything to Bert, I'll kill him. I'll shoot him down myself. . . ." Then: "Oh, tell me the truth. Did Bert go with them in that boat? Did he?"

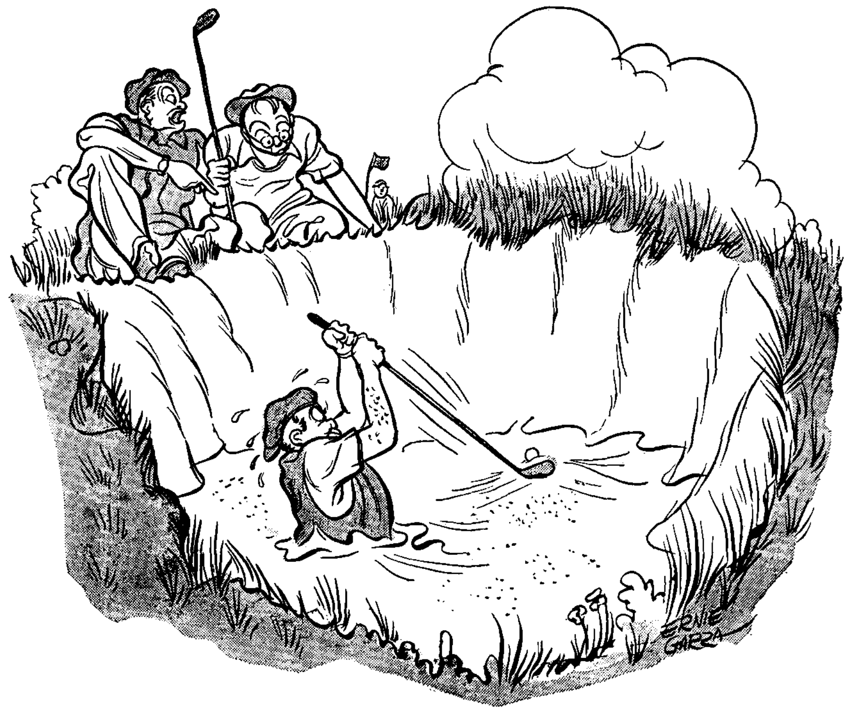
I walked straight up the stairs to my room. I locked the door. I went to the dressing table and got Roger's letter. I said to myself, "They are all crazy. I must stay sane. I must keep my head." I turned on my reading light, very deliberately placing a chair. Then, I sat down and opened the letter. It read:

"Dearest Phyllis:

"By the time you read these lines I shall either be dead or on my way to Acapulco, Mexico, aboard a Japanese freighter. I wanted to be kind and tell you the whole thing at the club. But I could not. There is too much at stake: our happiness, our very lives. It is better to shock you cruelly now and give you time to pull yourself together and consider this thing intelligently.

"Your father is a hopeless romantic, but you have always been a realist. I am depending on your ability to grasp the realities of a desperate situation. These hard facts will help me to explain and you to understand why I have done what my sense of duty has compelled me to do.

"Democracy is a dead dog. A system of government which will not or cannot defend itself by force of arms must die. Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium would not stand together and fight. They fell one by one. France

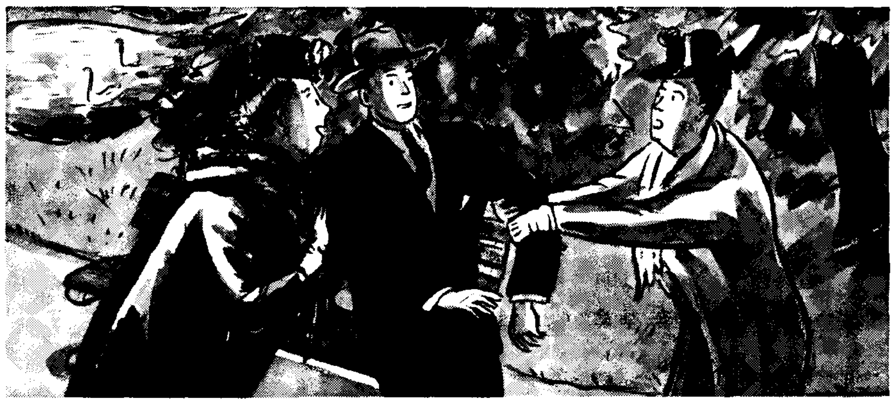


"Quicksand trap. If you don't get out in six—you don't!"

ERNIE GARZA

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson

Hettie: Why, Horace! Congratulations! We hear you're engaged!
Penelope: He doesn't seem very *happy* about it!



Penelope: Hettie, a little job for us. He hasn't any "pep appeal!" We'll take him in charge and teach him his vitamins.
Hettie: You poor boy! What *have* you been eating? You just *can't* have "pep appeal" unless you eat right—unless you get all your *vitamins*. You come with us.

Kellogg's PEP

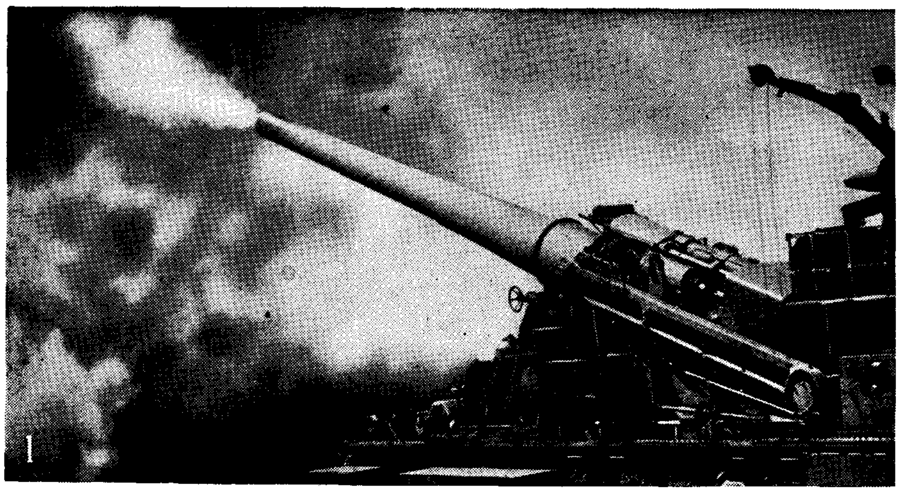
Hettie: Yessir, you'll start right with that delicious cereal — appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP. For it's extra rich in *two* of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.
Horace: *Saay!* I didn't know PEP *tastes* so delicious!

Horace: Thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. I'm taking your advice and having PEP for breakfast every morning!
Penelope: You know what they say—"Where there's pep there's hope!"

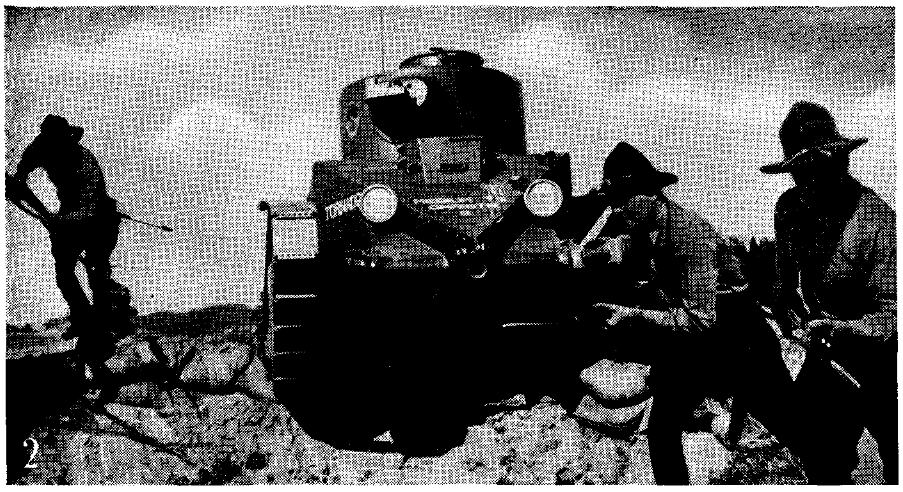
Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

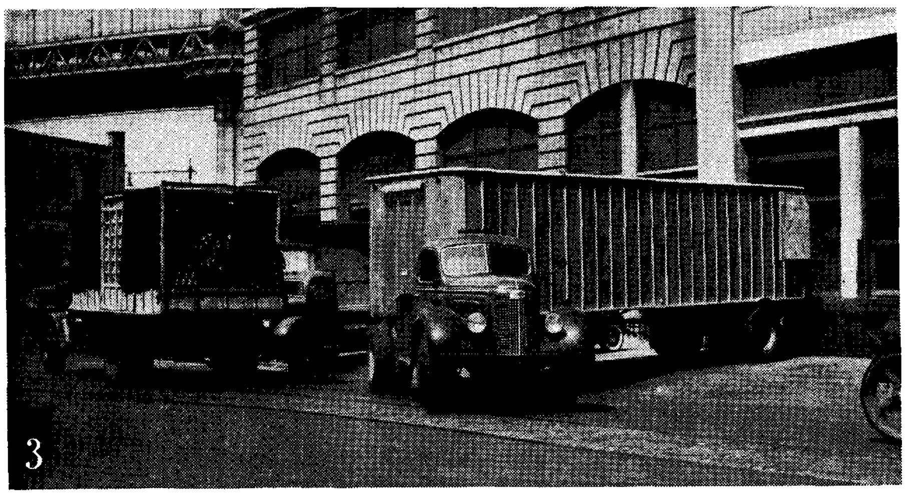
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY



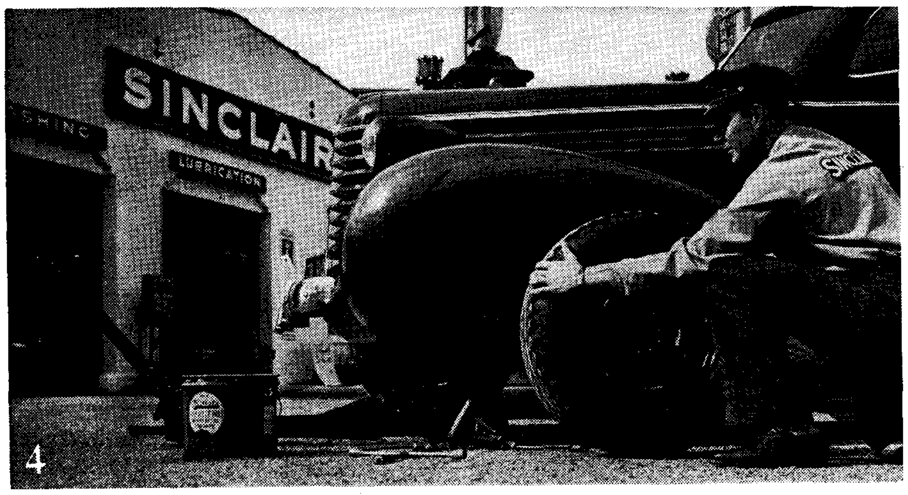
Guns must be ready to thunder along our coasts...



...tanks must be ready to roll across the countryside. But long before this comes the Battle of Production. In this great battle where transportation is a vital factor...



... many thousands of trucks and buses are Sinclair-lubricated. Trucks and buses using Sinclair lubricants travel 2 billion miles each year. To get this same expert lubrication for your...



... car see your nearby Sinclair dealer. Ask him particularly about his Sinclair-ize for Summer service. It protects your car against wear and tear of summer driving.

could not put up an honest battle—democratic factionalism ruined her before the Germans attacked.

"The British are fighting, but Hitler's air force will soon blast them into complete paralysis. I give them two months more. Hitler will continue to bomb them until they surrender their fleet. Churchill's promise not to give up the fleet is nonsense. He will be dead or in prison, along with all the other bitter-enders. Sensible, realistic men will seize control of the British empire and co-operate with Germany and Japan.

"Immediately following the collapse of England, Hitler will present the United States with an ultimatum. We must fight the combined fleets of the Axis, France and England or surrender. We will have no choice, even were we still a nation of brave men, which we are not. There is a group of realists in this country who recognize the futility of defying Hitler. He has already conquered the world.

"And why has this great man become the first real world conqueror? He was a realist in a world full of romantic fools. Democracy always has been a silly dream, never actually attained in any national group, and dissipated in its own hot air as soon as it met trial by battle. That is the final test, the only test by which any system of society can be judged. Will men fight and die to defend it? Does the system they are supposed to cherish *permit* such a defense? Hitler says, 'No. A few men are born masters and the great multitude born to be slaves. A master-and-slave state has the will and the power to conquer. No democracy can stand against it.'

"Phyllis, he is right. Such ideas may seem brutal and repulsive to you. I know your poor, misguided dad thinks them abhorrent. But Hitler is riding to triumph. Either the United States will try to put up a hopeless, suicidal fight against Germany or it will make the best terms it can with the inevitable.

"Do you begin to understand, dear, why I became what your father will call 'a traitor'? I am only one of a powerful minority of determined men in this country. We are waiting for England's fall and the ultimatum. There will be no war with Germany or Japan, I assure you. Hitler has promised us most generous terms. It would make your head swim to learn what I am to be in the new setup. I have not confined my co-operation to talk in the newspapers as so many of our group have done. The Leader values labor more than words.

"Recall how often I have spoken of 'saving' you and the skipper? I meant it with all my heart and soul, Phyllis dear. It is this thought which sustains me as I embark on my most dangerous adventure. But you and I must work hard to convince the skipper. Bob Cowles had his chance to come in. He couldn't think realistically. It is too bad.

"Which brings me to the most difficult thing of all, Phyllis. If you hear tonight that Roberts' boat and I have vanished, do not take it for granted that I have harmed him in any way. I intend to take him prisoner, if possible. He would be a most valuable recruit for our cause. I would kill him only with the greatest reluctance—"

I DID not read any further. I dropped Roger's letter on the floor.

In a churning maelstrom of terror, with blood pounding at my ears like surf, I ran all the way to the basin.

The night was very dark. I felt the sea, like some cruel, unseen abyss, beyond the bright stream of floodlights at the basin. What had happened out there? Savvy . . . had Roger . . . Savvy . . . my dear one, my life, my everything-that-mattered . . . oh, *Savvy.*

Sentries halted me at the gate in the canvas fence.

"You can't go in, Miss Hartney!"

"I can . . . you let me by . . . you get my father—"

They grabbed me and held me. Struggling, I stammered out hysterical questions.

"The boat's just come back, miss. That's all we know. Take it easy—please, Miss Hartney—your dad's orders—"

"I'll shoot you!" I yelled.

I did try to reach a pistol that one of the sentries was carrying in a holster on his hip. They yanked me back. I heard voices inside the fence, but they were blurred and merely tortured my nerves.

Then the Yard ambulance drove up. Lieutenant Leslie hopped out, carrying a doctor's satchel. I jerked loose from the sentries and ran to him.

"Who's hurt? Tell me . . . who's hurt?" I said.

"Sorry, Phyllis—"

"You make them let me in there!"

"Now, now—get control of yourself—"

WE WOULD have had a badly scratched doctor in another second. But voices sounded nearer the fence and, with dramatic abruptness, Dutch Prentice and Pat Rorabeck appeared, carrying Bert Sedden in arm-chair fashion. Mom Sedden was walking along with them, holding a towel to Bert's right shoulder.

Mom's voice sounded like a happy bell, saying: "He's all right, Doctor Leslie. Just a flesh wound—hardly bleeding at all—he's so brave . . . he's so brave—"

I gasped, "Savvy . . . where's Savvy?"

They didn't hear me. They went right on to the ambulance and started lifting Bert onto a stretcher.

I followed them, trying to speak. But my voice had quit.

It was Bert himself who took the first notice of me. "'Lo, Red," he said. "Can't you speak to a guy? It was him or me. I had to do it. I just had to shoot—"

"Now, now, don't talk, dear," Mom said. "It might start up the bleeding again—"

Dutch gave me a look and took pity on me. "Here he comes, kid," he said.

I turned. Two tall, handsome men, one of them hatless and with big bloodstains on his uniform, were coming through the gate.

"Savvy!" I said. "Oh, Savvy—"

Then I pitched forward into darkness.

(Romantic Note: Theoretically, you faint in the man's arms. You do not fall flat on your face while he is yards away from you. But the rest of it was strictly according to the best traditions. When I woke up, my head was against Savvy's knee. Lieutenant Leslie was feeling my pulse, the skipper mopped dirt and blood from a skinned nose.)

"She'll do now, sir. I'll go along with young Sedden."

"Very well. Roberts, we'll carry her to the car."

"I can manage, sir!"

"Right. Come along."

I put my arms around Savvy's neck and snuggled my face up close. He carried me out of the circle of lights, following my father to the car.

"They said . . . I thought—are you hurt, Savvy?"

"No."

"If you had been, I'd have died—right there—"

Savvy made no answer, just leaned over and kissed me on the mouth. Then we were at the car.

The skipper and Savvy said not a word going home. I asked no questions. I knew what had happened to Roger.

My father concealed his shock by being very official:

"WHY PAY MORE?"

SPECIAL DELUXE
CHEVROLET
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"WHY ACCEPT LESS?"

GIVE LOW-PRICED CARS THIS **"QUALITY QUIZ"** AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

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90-H.P. VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
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VACUUM-POWER SHIFT *AT NO EXTRA COST*	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER *WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP*	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

ONLY CHEVROLET HAS ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES

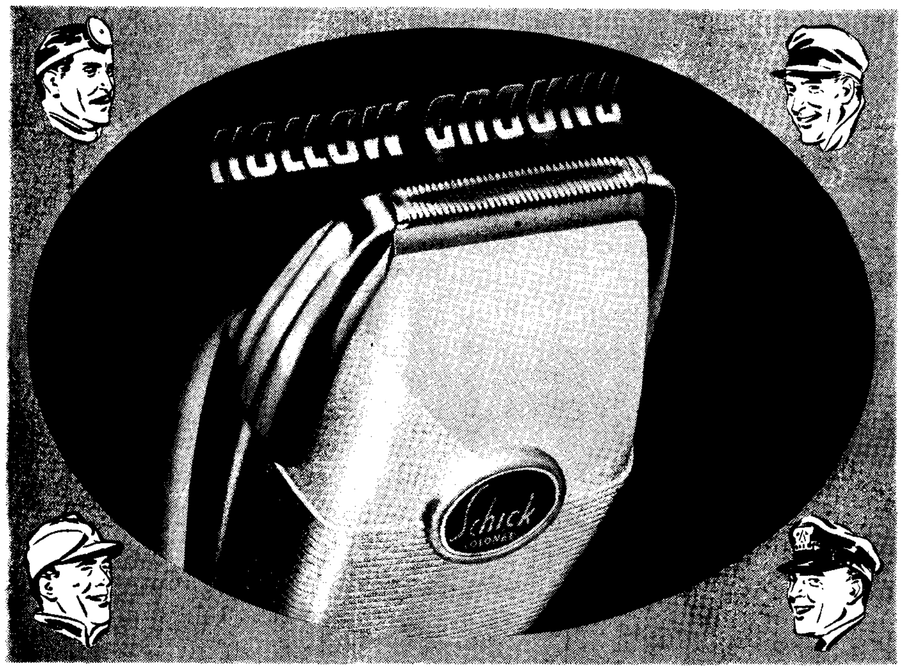
YOU'LL SAY "FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST"

AGAIN CHEVROLET'S THE LEADER!

Another half million now say:

"QUICK AS A SCHICK!"

Just try this new 2-M Head and you'll know why



Faster, smoother, closer, easier—

That's the kind of shaves half a million new faces are getting from the new Schick Shaver with the Hollow-Ground 2-M Shearing Head. And these happy faces testify further—

No cuts, no nicks, no burns, no scrape! Add these to the millions of happy faces already introduced to electric shaving by Schick!

Dealers report record sales. Whisker growers report record shaves. The ladies report handsomer and more contented menfolk.

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SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

Only Schick offers all this!

• **NEW 2-M SHEARING HEAD**—hollow-ground to arch the skin surface—makes the whiskers stand up to be cut off. That's why it gives close shaves 30% quicker, easier, *better*. • **FLYING SHUTTLE SHEARER**—powered by an improved, faster motor—performing more than 14,000 shaving operations per minute. • **WHISK-ITS**—to catch all beard clippings. • **BRAND-NEW STYLING** by Raymond Loewy—world-famous designer.

Schick prices now start as low as **$9.95** *—for the popular* SCHICK CAPTAIN *complete with straight Speed King Head and Whisk-Its.*

NEW SCHICK FLYER—*styled in handsome burgundy plastic with silver-colored Whisk-Its and packed in genuine leather case, $12.50.*

NEW SCHICK COLONEL—*executed in rich ivory plastic, with gold-colored Whisk-Its. Packed in simulated alligator case, $15.00 (or, packed in de luxe Dress Kit, $17.50).*

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ATTENTION, SCHICK OWNERS!... *Get this 2-M Head for your shaver!*

We made this marvelous new 2-M Head so that it can be used on any of the millions of Schick Shavers now in use!

And it's yours for only $3.00! You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated, and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer—or send it to the factory in Stamford—or take it to a Schick Shaver Service Office in:

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938 Natl. Sav. B'k Bldg.
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BALTIMORE
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BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
553 Andrews Bldg.
CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
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DALLAS
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DENVER
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401 RKO Hillstreet Bldg.
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619 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
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PORTLAND, ME.
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NOTHING QUICKER NOTHING SLICKER *The New* SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER

"You will dictate a written report, Lieutenant."

"Yes, sir."

"Come to my office as soon as you are ready."

"I . . . uh . . . had better change. Ten minutes, sir?"

"Very well."

"Feeling all right now, Phyllis?"

"I'm pretty weak," I said.

But Dolores, in near hysterics, had arrived to take charge of me.

Savvy marched off without further ado. My father put his arm about my shoulders and walked with me as far as the porch. "Roger was killed," he said.

"Yes. I know," I said.

"Roberts and Bert did a very brave thing."

"How long had you known h—he was the one?"

"Since the attack on Rorabeck at the basin. But we had no proof. Kirstell doubted that we would ever get a case we could make stand up."

MY FATHER hugged and kissed me, and it was like old times between us once more.

"We'll have a long talk later, eh?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Later, after I had got Dolores calmed down and had sent her to visit Mrs. Mac's Lolita, Pat and Dutch dropped in. They had come from the hospital. Bert was doing fine, they said.

I got from them a detailed account of what had happened.

Bert had suspected Roger from the start, having been tipped off by a Communist in the East who had contacts with the Nazi spy system. Bert had returned to Navy Station to warn his pal, Dutch. After Pop's suicide, Bert had told the skipper and Kirstell all he knew. This shifted suspicion to Roger. It later developed that Roger had tried to enlist Bob Cowles in his cause. Bob, worried but unable to believe that Roger really meant it, had reported Roger's vague proselyting talk to Mamie. She, in turn, had hinted their suspicions to Jack Murphy. This undercurrent of distrust accounts for the feud between Jack and Roger. As their mutual hatred grew, Roger apparently became afraid that Jack had something on him.

According to Dutch and Pat, Roger actually tried to kill Jack that evening on the beach. Cowles saved his life by threatening to expose Roger's pro-Nazi talk to the skipper. Thereupon, Roger said he would accuse Bob of treason, if Bob ever told the skipper. But Bob, following Mrs. Briscoe's denunciation, did go to my father and made a clean breast of his relations with Roger. Thus, when Roger was surprised by Pat in Savvy's tent and slugged him my father and Kirstell were convinced. They refused to let me in on the secret, however, fearing that I might show by a change in manner toward Roger that he was suspected.

(Note of Deep Humility: It is easy to see from all this that P. Hartney was left in a fog of dust at the three-quarter turn and never did catch up.)

Well, now we come to the climax. I am quoting a conversation with Dutch Prentice and Pat:

"Savvy came back from that walk with you, this morning, with blood in his eye. He said he had been to the Yard and invited Roger to a private demonstration of the scooter. He said he didn't think Roger could resist such a chance to steal the boat. The darn' fool was going out there with Brother Collins all by himself. Didn't think he'd even bother to take a gun. You must have made Savvy jealous, Angel!"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, we couldn't go for *that.* We pointed out that even if Roger made a false move and put a gun on Savvy and started out to meet a Jap freighter, so what? Savvy might knock him kicking, like he said, but what would that prove? It would be his word against Collins'. No, we didn't go for that. We said Savvy would have to take one of us along, hidden in the extra gas-storage locker in the stern.

"Bert raised a big beef. He demanded to be the one to go along with Savvy. So the upshot of it was that we rolled dice for it. Bert won. It was agreed that Bert was to hide in the gas locker. We didn't tell Savvy, but we gave Bert a .45 automatic. Damn' good thing we did. They'd both be dead right now and Collins would be on his way south with our scooter.

"Even with this setup, it was taking a big chance. What was to prevent Collins from plugging Savvy in the back? Bert might get him afterward—or he might get Bert, too. Besides, I wasn't any too sure of Bert. The kid pleaded with tears in his eyes for a crack at Collins, but it's hard to trust a punk who's been a Communist. So I got yellow on the whole thing at the last minute and came running to the skipper for help.

"It turned out okay, thank God. They'd gone out past the twelve-mile limit, when Roger put a gun in Savvy's ribs and ordered him to turn toward a blinker-light south of the Point. Bert was the hero. He jumped out of that locker and fetched Roger a clout on the head. Roger fell away from Savvy, but wasn't out cold. He went down shooting at Bert. So Bert had to kill him."

"Guess what the little guy is going to do now? Join the Navy Air Corps as a flying cadet!"

"He's getting off easy, fella. *We're* stuck to starve gradually to death for the next three years."

"How come?" I said.

Dutch and Pat exchanged glances.

"He suckered us, Angel!"

"You tell her."

"Naw, take it away, Pat."

"It so happens that we love the guy, see? So he made us promise that if he and Bert got back okay we'd devote our lives to ultrasonics."

So what? So I jumped right up and I kissed Dutch. Then I kissed Pat before he could duck.

The mugs stared at me.

"No hate us no more, Babe?"

"Can this be peace?"

"Yes," I said.

"You going to let Savvy work on that gadget?"

I shook my head. "Oh, no," I said, "he doesn't sucker *me.* He stays right here in the Navy and marries me!"

But they knew I lied. They knew that if Savvy wanted me to wait for him, I would wait.

WE LOOKED at one another, and the longer we looked the greater our wonder grew.

"Whad'y'know?" Dutch said. "We must be patriots. Yeah, we must love this stupid country!"

(Solemn Conclusion: It is not a stupid country. If I were the Germans, I would start digging a lot of very deep holes in the ground. I would start right away. I would put no dependence whatever in the ability of Nazi stooges in the United States to keep this country down. If I were the Germans, I would stop boasting about the new order. The new order is mighty apt to be a deluge of their own blood and their own tears. After it has swept over them, I do not think the Germans will try again to enslave mankind —not for a century or so, anyway. Signed, P. Hartney, Navy junior and spinster, March, 1941.)

Happier afterthought:

Savvy said: "You might as well wait for me married as unmarried, sis. I really think I could keep my mind on ultrasonics better if you were my wife!"

THE END

Three is a Crowd

Continued from page 24

to the Conference Division. All right, you look in the case file and you see that the conferee's decision is for Bartels, and you tip me! I jump over to New York—Bartels is a big New York dealer in metal scrap, Woodrow—and I go see Bartels and say, 'About that loss you deducted from your 1939 income: ask me no questions, but if you get a letter by Saturday from the Conference Division allowing you to deduct that loss and not pay tax on it, will you pay me twenty-five per cent of what you save?' He says yes, and the letter comes through and I collect a whacking big commission—and what's the matter with that, Woodrow? We don't bribe anybody, we don't know the decision is already in the bag"—he nudged Woody jovially again—"and we make a nice piece of money."

. . . She'd have a nice voice, Woody could tell, and there's nothing nicer in a nice girl than a nice voice. She'd have one. . . . But Mr. Jones was demanding all his attention. Woody wrenched his gaze from the entrancing brunette and regarded Mr. Jones again with that contemplative stare. He heard all that the plump and purplish accountant said and he wasn't interested enough either to chuckle or to chuck Mr. Jones on the jaw.

The accountant looked keenly into Woody's brooding blue eyes. "Pshaw, Gilderoy," he said with a solemnity that wasn't quite convincing either, "you understand that I'm joking! You and I won't do anything like that—though it's being done every day in the division, and you young chaps none the wiser." . . . He crouched, peered through a window. "You're going to the office, Gilderoy? Here's your corner."

Woody couldn't even get off at the front, where he could stand in the safety zone and look up into her eyes as the bus passed; Mr. Jones pushed him down into the side exit, so that he got only one more twisting look at the back of her neck gleaming against the jet-black chignon.

HURRYING on Constitution Avenue, Woody cursed Mr. Jones and yawned at the dull day before him. Cooped up, tapping out copies of tax returns and accountants' statements, watching the clock—just a meal ticket.

Woody knew what Mr. Jones had talked about. Mr. Jones had explained it to him at length, several times, one morning and another, but he didn't have to. Woody had heard of the racket. The opportunity for it was in the delay, a week to a month, between the time a tax case was decided and the time the taxpayer was notified by letter; there was much red tape to be unrolled. The conferee made his decision and then it had to go to the audit section and then back to the chief conferee for his okay and then the letter went out. And during this week to a month of delay the case file was shifting from desk to desk. What was to stop anybody from tipping some crooked lawyer or accountant to a favorable decision, letting him go to the taxpayer and offer to fix the case for him and get him a letter right out? Nothing.

Nothing, that is, except honor, and the Intelligence Unit, as the bureau's secret service is called. But it was being done, somebody was doing it! So Woody had heard. There was talk about it behind the hand.

He bolted into the Conference Division, glanced skittishly about for the supervisor without seeing him, went toward his coop vowing fervently that he'd never be late again.

Thinking of the girl, Woody paused and his gaze wandered. He passed a table on which lay case files waiting to go back to the record vaults, and saw on one of them the name RUDOLF BARTELS, the big New York junkman of whom Mr. Jones had spoken. Woody leaned over and leafed through the file, and found a copy of the bureau's letter to Bartels.

WHY, Mr. Jones was right. He had the dope. Here it was, right here: *In reference to your deduction of $100,000 from your 1939 taxable income.* So Mr. Jones knew the particulars of this man Bartels' income-tax return, and how did he know? How could he get this strictly private information unless somebody in the bureau was tipping him? He certainly wouldn't get the information from Bartels. . . . Pondering with detective thrill this evidence that Accountant Jones was in cahoots with some crooked bureau employee, Woody lifted his gaze from the case file and met the hostile stare of his supervisor. "Good afternoon, Gilderoy," said the supervisor, being sarcastic, as the time was only 9:30 A. M. and Woody was only an hour late. He hurried to his coop.

He was at his machine typing away like a good fellow, trying to get back that time, when he received strong support for his suspicions of the accountant. "Telephone, Gilderoy!" called the section chief. "Take it here." Woody spoke into the telephone: "This is Woodrow W. Gilderoy!"

"Beware of Jones," said the telephone, in a deep and muted voice, like a *basso profundo* with a sore throat. "Jones is a crook. . . . Tell Jones nothing. . . . Beware of Jones."

"Why, who is this?" exclaimed Woody. "Who is speaking, please?"

"A friend," said the telephone, and there was silence.

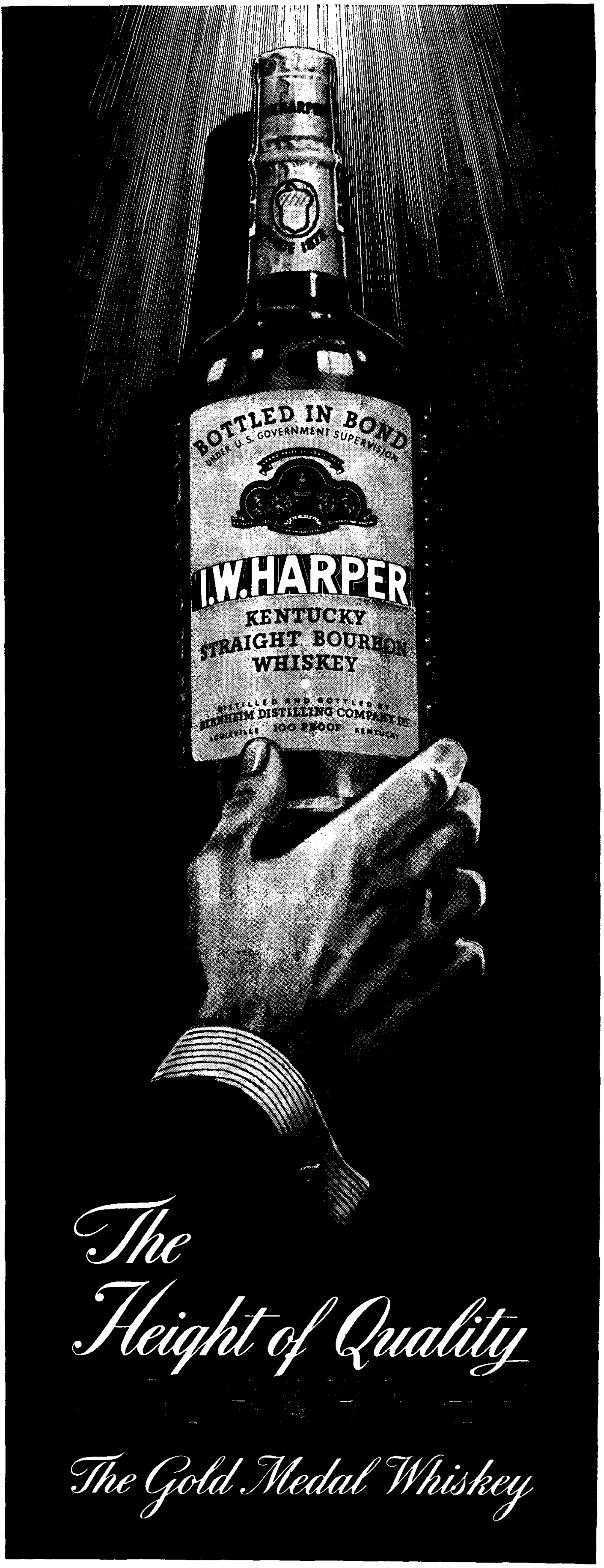
Woody returned to his place, startled, meditating. Who could that have been? Somebody who knew Mr. Jones, evidently, and knew that he was engaged in monkey business. But why should he call Woody up? Why didn't he go to Chief Conferee Conniff with whatever he knew? Funny. Well, the best thing for Woody to do, before he got himself in all kinds of trouble, was to go to Mr. Conniff himself. Tell him about Mr. Jones' kidding talk on the bus. Let Mr. Jones tell Mr. Conniff that he was only kidding about wanting advance tips on decisions.

"Gilderoy," said the supervisor, "Mr. Conniff wishes to see you at once." Which fitted in very neatly, but Woody didn't like it. He had never liked that supervisor, him or his cold and nagging voice either. He got up and went to the chief conferee's office.

MR. CONNIFF, ordinarily a very affable gentleman, was looking depressed and forbidding as Woody entered. Mr. Conniff hated to fire anybody, even a young loafer who walked in nearly an hour late every day in the week.

Mr. Conniff had Woody's personal folder before him. In the government employee's personal folder his superiors put down their private opinions. Woody revered Mr. Conniff but seeing the folder before him he was afraid. What had the supervisor put in it?

Mr. Conniff had scanned this secret document for a frank verdict on Woody; but the jury didn't agree. It said that Woody had a brilliant mind and attrac-



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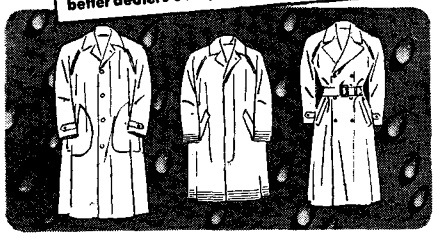

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tive personality, that he was tardy, tardy, *tardy*.

"Mr. Gilderoy," said the chief conferee, regretful but blunt, "I have decided to transfer you to payless furlough at once, pending separation for the good of the service. To take effect immediately. You have shown the utmost perseverance in coming late in the morning. Have you anything to say?"

"Only, Mr. Conniff," blurted Woody, flushed and resentful, "that whoever wrote in that folder that I'm the one gives out confidential information he's a darned liar and I'll tell him so to his face!"

"How's *that*, Gilderoy?" The chief conferee's voice sharpened. He ran through the folder again, pushed it away and spoke coldly: "Gilderoy, why do you deny something you've not been accused of? We will leave that matter to your own conscience. You have my decision. You are separated. Good day, sir."

Redfaced, outraged, Woody stalked back toward his coop. He was fired.

For the good of the service—the same thing they'd say if he burned down the Internal Revenue Building and shot Mr. Conniff running out. Just what they'd say if they thought he was tipping crooked lawyers and accountants to information but couldn't prove it on him: they'd trump up some fake excuse, such as that he wasn't getting down in the morning, and they'd let him out. That was it, all right! He could tell by the *way* Mr. Conniff looked. All right, he'd show them. They could have their dumb job—he was sick and tired of it anyway—but he'd show them!

He stalked back to the coop and got his hat and coat.

OUT in the street he went to a drugstore, called Mr. Jones at his home on fashionable Massachusetts Avenue and got him.

"Woodrow W. Gilderoy, Mr. Jones! Say, I been thinking over things you said to me, and if you mean business I'm with you! Were you just kidding about wanting to be tipped to decisions, or what? Because if you weren't, I've got the stuff for you. You asked me about the Bartels case. Well—"

"Shush!" ejaculated the accountant over the wire as if sneezing violently. "You been drinking, Gilderoy? Where are you? Can you come here?"

"Coming!" Woody went out to the curb and caught a cab. It was only an extra dime, Massachusetts Avenue being in the twenty-cent zone, and Woody felt reckless.

The cab sped northward to Massachusetts Avenue and halted before one of the stately old residences that have turned of late years into select guest homes. The accountant met Woody in the doorway and ushered him into his apartment, saying when Woody tried to talk, "Shush!"

Mr. Jones was in the quick-and-easy money and had a neat and even gaudy bachelor apartment. The spacious library of the old mansion was his living room and was ornately done up. There were easy chairs, standing lamps, smoking stands, a cabinet radio. and a dozen volumes of drugstore editions for a bookish touch. A coal fire burned beneath a great mantel of carved mahogany; over the mantel was a gold-framed oil painting of an opulent lady reclining nude, named "Phryne." The room was big but the lady was bigger in proportion and the effect was rich and roguish.

"First off, Mr. Jones," said Woody, sitting stiffly on the edge of an easy chair, "I want to tell you something very funny. Somebody called me up on the phone in the office this morning and said, 'Beware of Jones; Jones is a crook.' That's all he said, and he wouldn't give his name, and I was wondering who he was."

"Hey?" exclaimed the accountant nervously. "'Beware of Jones; Jones is a crook!' That's all he said, and he wouldn't give his name? Queer." He reflected shrewdly. "This is evidently somebody, Gilderoy, who knows me, and knows the business you and I are working on. But why would he call you up? If he wanted to make trouble, why didn't he take his stuff to Rufe Hyams of the Intelligence Unit? Somebody trying to make trouble between you and me, but not wanting to go to the Intelligence Unit. . . . That's all you know about him, Gilderoy?"

"Well, I bet I can tell you what he looks like, Mr. Jones," said Woody. "He is a kind of a big, stout man that likes his beer, I bet anything. I don't know how it is but I was always good at judging people by their voice; I get a kind of picture right away. Once I won twenty dollars on the radio, solving a murder mystery, picking out the murderer, and all I heard was his voice."

"Pshaw," said the accountant. "Though he is a pretty big fellow, if he is the fellow I'm thinking of he might be trying to cut himself in and not go to the Intelligence Unit. Well, let's bear that in mind. What have you about Bartels?"

"I looked in the Bartels case file soon's I got in this morning. Mr. Jones, and it was just as you said! You had the dope all right and I knew you weren't kidding. Bartels is claiming to take a loss of a hundred thousand dollars on his 1939 income, just as you said, and—and what is it worth to me, Mr. Jones?"

"A fair question," said the accountant. "Well, Taxpayer Bartels has a very large income and if he's allowed to take the whole loss he claimed he should save about fifty thousand. If everything goes well and Bartels retains me to fix the case for him in the Conference Division—oh, say a couple of grand for you."

"Well, Bartels is allowed to take the whole loss he claimed, Mr. Jones! I saw Mr. Conniff's decision and that's what it was. Say, you mean you're going to pay me two thousand dollars just for telling you that? Just for looking in an office file? Say, Mr. Jones, I'll make my fortune, because this is only the beginning!"

"Don't shout!" shouted the accountant affrightedly. He spoke lower but threateningly still: "For heaven's sake be more discreet, Gilderoy, if not for my sake for your own. The jail is yawning for you! You are playing with fire! . . . How much time have I got to work on Bartels? Has Chief Conferee Conniff okayed the decision yet?"

"Mr. Conniff? He wrote 'Approved' on it yesterday, Mr. Jones."

"Then the letter may go out to the taxpayer any day. You're sure there wasn't a copy of the letter in the file, Gilderoy? . . . Oh, there wasn't. Then the letter hasn't gone out yet." He ruminated. "It may be close work but there's a nice piece of money in it. . . . But that letter to Bartels might even go out today yet. . . . You're in the typist section and you can watch the case file."

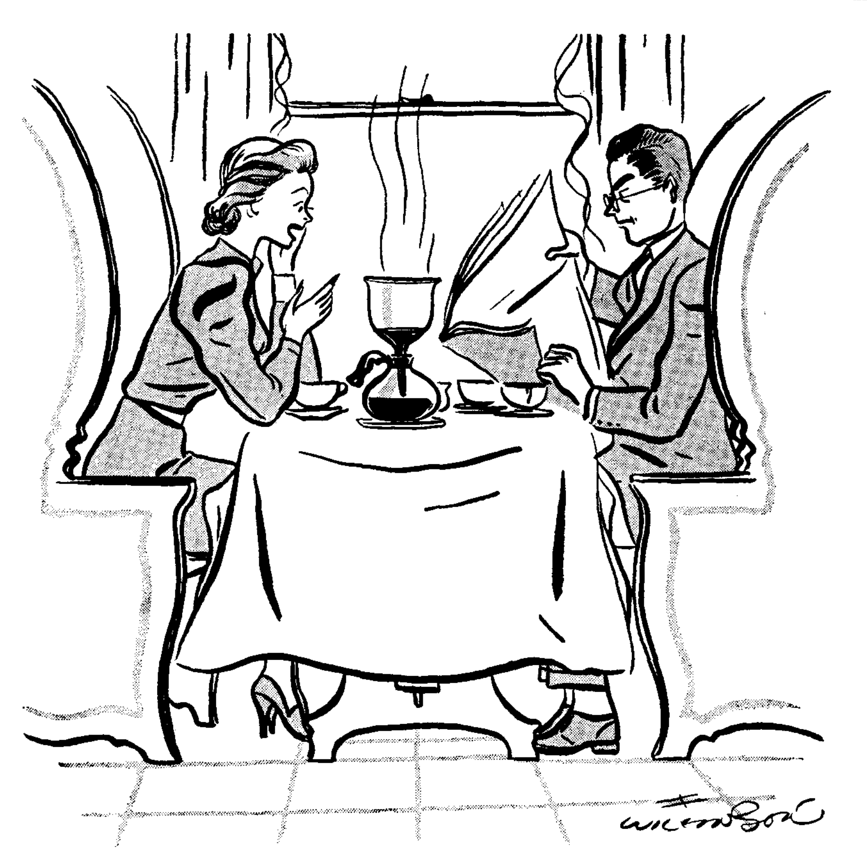
"That's what I was thinking, Mr. Jones!" said Woody eagerly. "I'll watch the case file and then I'll ring you up and we can talk it over on the phone and you can give me instructions!"

"You'll do no such thing," grumbled the accountant. "For your sake, Gilderoy, control your instinct for getting in trouble. The less you have to do with it, the better for all concerned." He glanced at a clock. "I'll have to jump right over to New York if I'm to see Bartels today. Come along over to the airport while I think up the best way for you to communicate with me in New York."

HE GOT up and hurried into another room, calling "Herbert!" When he returned in street dress, he was followed by his valet-butler-chauffeur Herbert, bag in hand. The three men went out to Mr. Jones' elegant and commodious car in the street. "Washington Airport, Herbert."

They were at the airport, which is across the river, in Arlington, before Mr. Jones made up his mind how Woody was to communicate with him in New York. They were walking to the plane, which was warming up.

"I'd want to talk to Pfefferschnaufer, anyway," he yelled pensively against the roaring of the plane, "and get his



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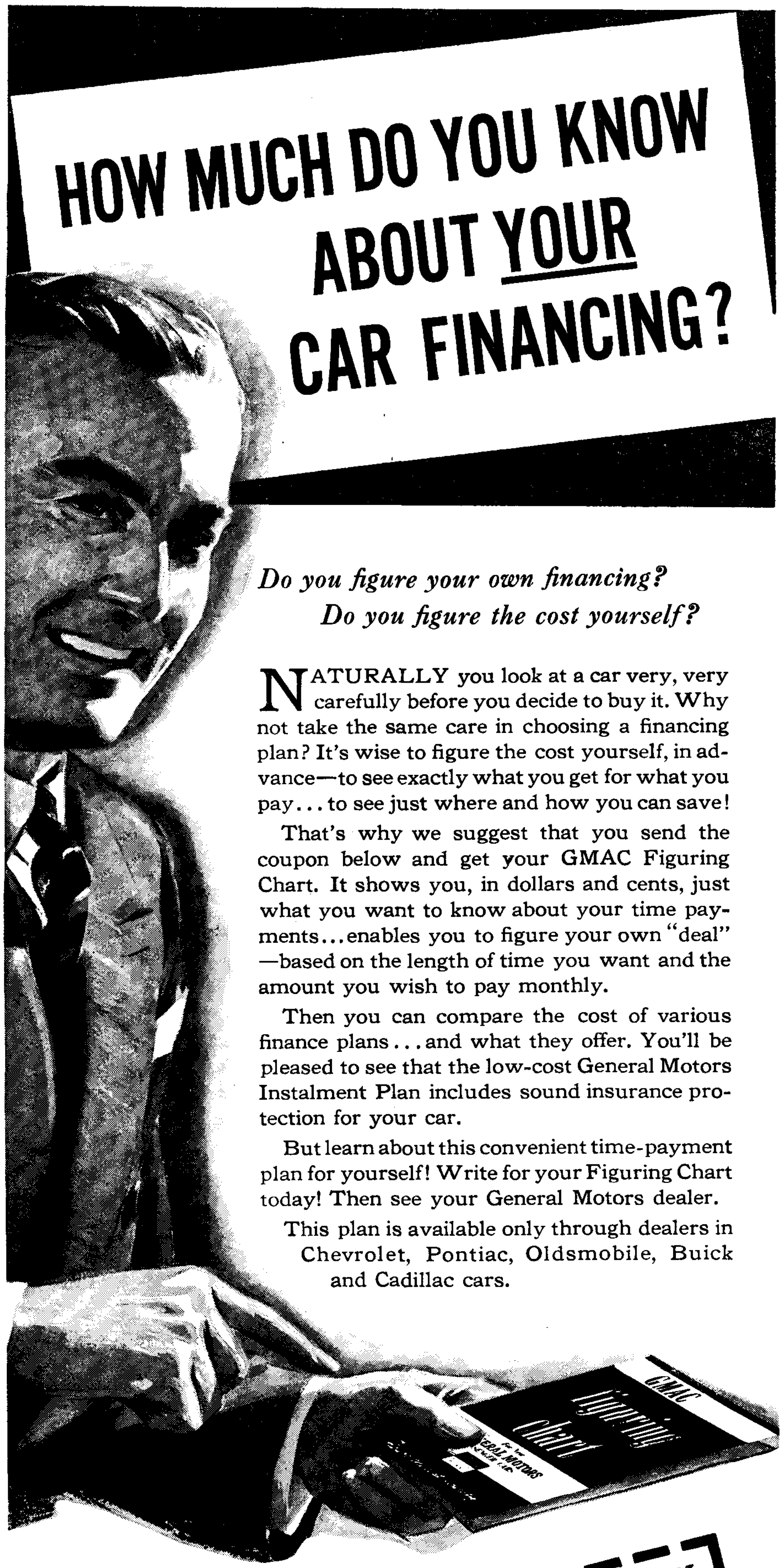

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lug on why he gave you that funny phone call! He's the one all right; couldn't have been anybody else! You go to Monty Pfefferschnaufer in Accounts and Collections—he used to be in the Conference Division but he was transferred, which is why I had to warm up to somebody else—and you give him what you've got on the Bartels matter and tell him to ring me in New York! Get along back now and watch that case file! . . . What? How do I spell it? Hell's bells, Gilderoy, can't you even spell?" He spelled it, twice over, and finally wrote it on a slip.

"And what number will he call in New York and when, Mr. Jones?" bawled Woody confidentially.

"Never you mind! Gilderoy, do what you're *told* and then lay off—refrain—play dead! Please don't be helpful!"

Mr. Jones entered the plane. The door was shut, the plane trundled down the field, raced, lifted and was up and away for New York City. Woody hurried from the field, got into Mr. Jones' car, clutching the slip on which was the name of the accountant's accomplice. "Internal Revenue Building, Herbert!"

ARRIVED at the Internal Revenue Building, Woody went at once to Accounts and Collections, a large and growing unit, and found his way to Mr. Montague Pfefferschnaufer, recently secretary in the Conference Division, Income Tax Bureau. Woody recognized Mr. Pfefferschnaufer on sight, knew him as a man who used to get up betting pools in the division, where he was commonly known as Sniffy. Pfefferschnaufer, or Sniffy, had collected various quarters and halves from Woody, and was probably the person who had fingered Woody for Mr. Jones as a lively candidate to succeed him as tipster.

Woody sidled to Sniffy's desk, spoke in a still-lipped prison whisper: "Mr. Jones wants you to call him up in New York very important, Sniffy."

Sniffy coughed and moved his chair to cover a frightened start, put his trembling hands into papers on his desk and riffled them. "You're young Gilderoy from upstairs, aren't you?" he asked in a conversational tone. He was a pudgy man but his voice was light and effeminate. "What the devil are you mumbling and tiptoeing for? Trying to call attention? Snap out of it. . . . What about Jones?"

"Shush," hissed Woody, and looked out of the corners of his eyes for eavesdroppers. "I just gave Mr. Jones the decision in the Bartels case and he jumped over to New York to put the bite on Mr. Bartels. Took the plane; you can ring Herbert and ask him. Mr. Jones wants you to call him up, important."

"Speak natural, will you? . . . Did Jones say what it was?"

"Well, it's about that phone call you gave me this morning as much as anything, I guess. Say, Sniffy, you're good! The way you disguised your voice, I'd never know you. . . What? It wasn't you? Oh, come off. Mr. Jones and I put our heads together and figured out it was you. You said like this, 'Beware of Jones. . . . Jones is a crook. . . . Tell Jones nothing. . . . Beware of Jones.' Got you right, haven't I, Sniffy?"

"Almost," said Sniffy, paling and twitching his shoulders as if a cold wind was breathing on the back of his plump, pink neck.

"Call Mr. Jones and have a good talk with him, will you?" pressed Woody. "He wants to ask what you're sore about, I guess, so talk it all over. When will you call him and what number in New York?"

"Shut up, you dope, Gilderoy," said Sniffy, forcing a smile. "And get out of here. Walk out natural; don't creep out on your hands and knees." He rose, caught Woody's hand, shook it; his own was icy. He spoke more loudly: "A very good suggestion, my boy! I'll mull it over and give you the reaction. Good day!"

Woody looked around in alarm, got the idea, grinned back at Sniffy, and sidled out.

HE DELAYED for a cup of coffee and a sandwich before going to the Intelligence Unit. He needed to think the situation over, to be able to suggest to Mr. Rufus Hyams the best way to handle it; it hadn't developed quite as he had planned though he had tried to shape it cleverly. Mr. Hyams, chief of the Internal Revenue's secret service, would have ideas of his own, no doubt; but there was no rush. Mr. Jones wouldn't get to New York for an hour, and Sniffy couldn't call him until he got to New York.

Having thoughtfully ingested his ounce of barbecued ox, Woody returned to the Internal Revenue Building and went to Room 3000. This was an anteroom, a rail, and three girls beyond. "Mr. Hyams is in conference," said one of the girls; but she added, after speaking Woody's name into her telephone: "Mr. Hyams was expecting you, Mr. Gilderoy, and wants you to wait."

Woody thought it was polite and nice of the crowded chief of the department's secret service to say that he was expecting him, and when he was admitted to Mr. Hyams' room after a ten-minute wait he was not surprised to find that the dread foe of those who tried to *help themselves* from the country's internal revenue was a charming and considerate person. In manner and bearing, the big man behind the desk was a gracious combination of a driving sales manager and a "Y" secretary; he contemplated his young visitor with interest and an undercover smile.

WOODY put on the desk the slip given him by Accountant Jones. "There's the name of the man I'm pretty sure has been tipping information on taxpayers' cases in the Conference Division, Mr. Hyams! He has been working with an accountant named Gilman Jones to shake the taxpayers down. Well, Mr. Conniff fired me this morning because he thought I was the one, so I went right to Mr. Jones and tipped him on the Bartels case, and Mr. Jones got right on a plane for New York to shake Mr. Bartels down! Before Mr. Jones went he gave me Sniffy's name—we called him Sniffy, Mr. Hyams—and Sniffy is going to call up Mr. Jones in New York and talk it over. Well, my scheme was to get two of us talking it over on the phone, and you could listen in, but I couldn't find out when Sniffy is calling Mr. Jones or what number in New York, so what I thought, you could have somebody hiding in Mr. Bartels' office, and you could shadow Sniffy and tap his wire, and pardon me?"

"What was the decision in the Bartels case?" repeated Mr. Hyams.

"Oh. . . . It was against Bartels, Mr. Hyams. I saw a letter that Mr. Conniff wrote Bartels yesterday in the case file, saying that Bartels' claim of a loss was disallowed and that Bartels would have to pay fifty thousand dollars more taxes. But I didn't tell Mr. Jones that! I told him Bartels' claim of a big loss had been allowed, but the letter hadn't gone out yet, to get him to go and shake down Bartels, see? . . . But, Mr. Hyams, you want to get busy right away! I thought you could put a tail on Sniffy and shadow him till you caught him telephoning, tap in, and—pardon me, sir?"

"How did you first get acquainted with Jones?" asked Mr. Hyams, who seemed to have all the time there was. "Give me the background."

"Oh. . . . Well, he used to take the

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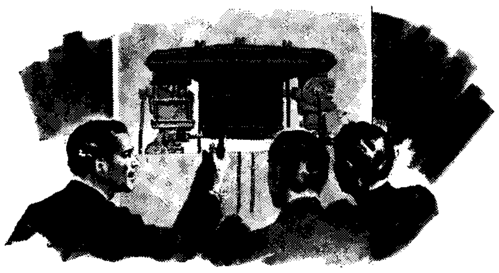

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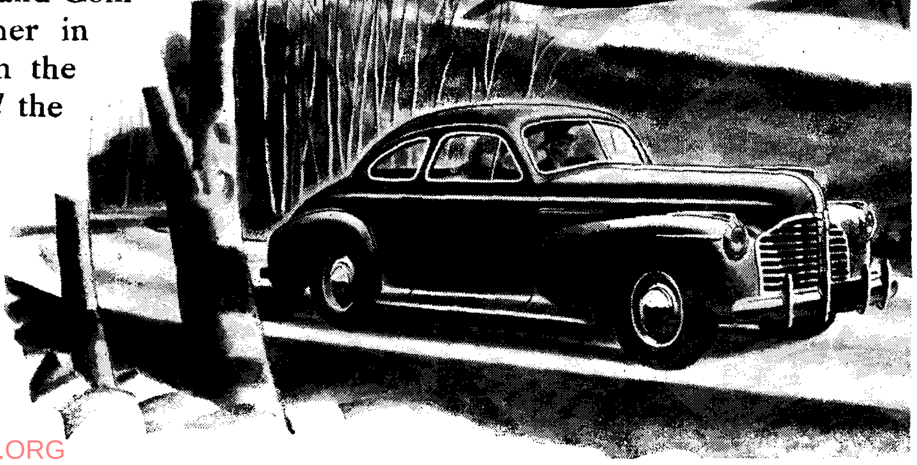

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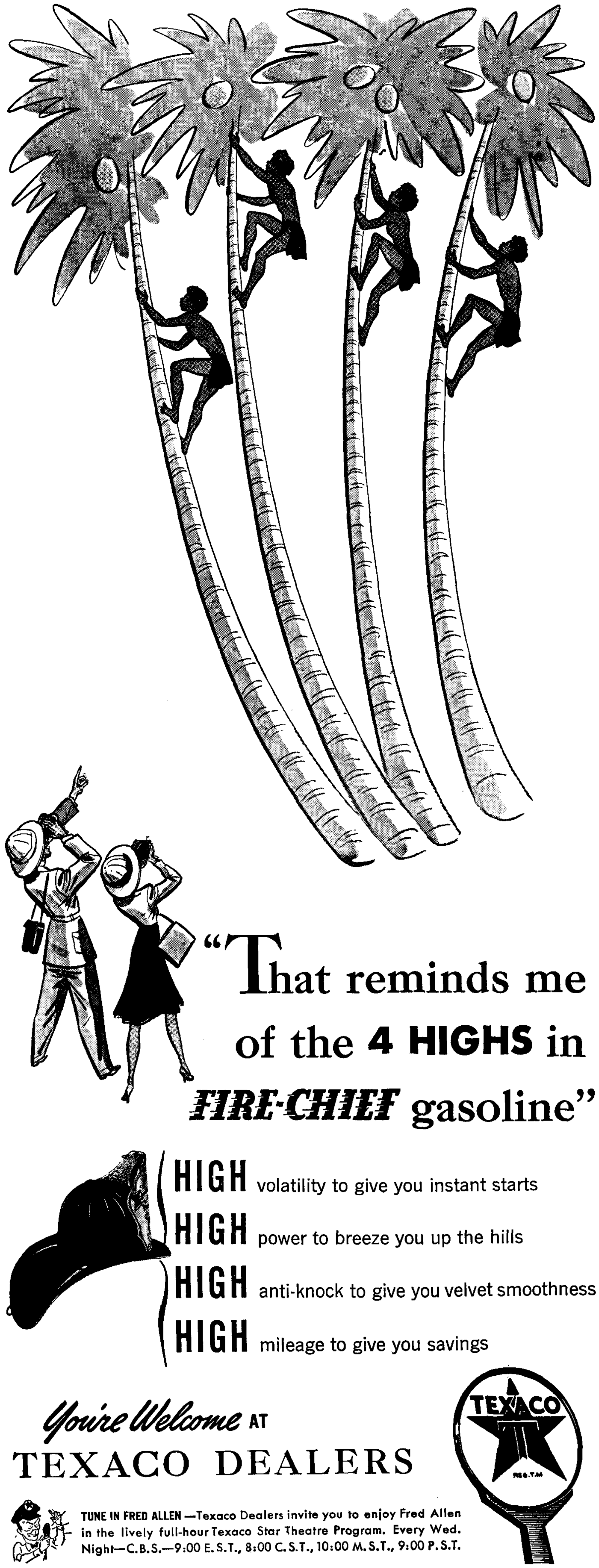
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same bus every morning and was very friendly and talked a tin ear on me but I never paid him much attention at first because—I had other things on my mind." Woody then gave Mr. Hyams a detailed account of his day, naming Mr. Jones, Mr. Conniff, Mr. Pfefferschnaufer, and omitting only the attractive brunette who always took the same bus, since that was purely a personal matter and had nothing to do with it.

"You think that the person who telephoned you this morning and warned you against Jones was Pfefferschnaufer?" said Mr. Hyams.

"Oh, yes, that was Sniffy! Mr. Jones said that was the only one it could be. I guess Mr. Jones did Sniffy out of money that was coming to him, or something. Sniffy disguised his voice on the wire but I always get a good idea what a person is like by his voice and I could give Mr. Jones a pretty good idea of what he looked like. Once, Mr. Hyams, I discovered a murderer only by hearing him talk! I could tell he did it. I don't know, it's a kind of a gift."

"A wonderful gift," said Mr. Hyams. "But if you hear again from the person who telephoned you, let me know. . . . But perhaps you have also a gift for undercover work—you seem interested in it. You got excellent results this time, though you evidently didn't intend them all. Are you a stenographer? . . . What is your speed? . . . I understand that you are at liberty."

Mr. Hyams shifted an afternoon newspaper on his desk and Woody saw that it had hidden the Rudolf Bartels case file and the personal folder of Woodrow W. Gilderoy.

"You're not fast enough for wire supervision—that's listening in on a tap—but you can work up to it. We can always use a good stenographer; I'm using two this afternoon on this Jones case. . . . You surely threw a scare into that rascal Pfefferschnaufer! He's sharp, and he guessed from your manner or something you said that you were not on the level with Jones; and then you told him about somebody else calling you up and warning you against Jones, and he decided that he'd better turn peoples' witness, if he could. He came straight here and made a full statement implicating Jones—and implicating you too, incidentally, but you've cleared that up. Landing Jones should be easy; the taxpayers whom he shook down will be delighted to testify against him. . . . Would you care for a temporary appointment here? The salary is somewhat more than you've been getting in the Conference Division."

"Would I care for it!" glowed Woody. "To be a detective? You mean you'll give me a chance? Oh, Mr. Hyams, I'll show you something!"

"I trust you will give us a chance to show you a few things, too," said Mr. Hyams, dismissing him. "Report here tomorrow morning, Gilderoy, at 8:30."

IT WAS late in the afternoon before Woody's pride and joy in his new job was dampened. He had to get over his first happy daze, and he had to stop into the Conference Division and mention a few times that he was being transferred to the Intelligence Unit beginning tomorrow at more money. He wanted that supervisor to hear him say it and wince. But it was Woody who winced, when he got it across to the supervisor at last and the supervisor, like a serpent giving his dying sting, repeated Mr. Hyams' very words and put poison in them, saying venomously, "Tomorrow morning, Gilderoy—at 8:30!" . . . Gosh, that's right—8:30. The girl!

He might never see her again. He didn't know her name or anything, and the only place he knew he could look for her was on that bus that passed Pea Street at nine o'clock. . . . Could he take a chance and come late for the new job on the very first morning, just that once? No, he couldn't. Ah, no.

WOODY went out into Constitution Avenue, to the safety island and bus stop in the street. It was half-past four now and the rush hour, and the busses were getting crowded, homeward bound, but he let the first one go by, and just one more. He was scanning the passengers, hoping desperately to see her—and then he saw her. Just his luck, the "Bus Full" sign was out and even that supervisor couldn't have wormed his way in—but there she was, looking from an open window, and the lights gone red.

"Hello!" he cried, laughing up into her shining eyes. "What's your name and where do you work and where do you live—quick!"

"Tomorrow morning!" she called down. "How'd you make out with that nasty Mr. Jones that was always asking you to give him information? That's how I knew your name and where you were!"

Her voice was just as he'd known it would be—sweet. He knew!

"Not tomorrow morning!" he insisted, jerking a glance at the lights. "He's getting arrested—and I'm getting transferred to the Intelligence Unit at more money! I found out who was tipping him off! Somebody called me up and warned me on him and I went and told him and—"

"'Beware of Jones?'" she queried in a deep organ tone, an organ with a bad cold. She lengthened her oval face, pressed down her chiseled chin to get depth, but her black eyes were laughing, she was just as nice, she—she looked fit to eat. "'Jones is a crook. Tell Jones nothing.' I fooled you!"

He gaped at her. "Were you the one called me? Say, then you were the one! Well, I'll be— But where can I see you? Quick!"

"Same bus tomorrow morning!"

"No, no!" he implored. "I can't ever take that bus any more—I have to be down on the job at half-past eight!"

"You do? So do I!" The lights went green; she spoke rapidly as he hurried along beside the moving bus: "Only reason I always took that late bus was because that was the one you always took! Am I glad that I won't lose my position—because they warned me if I ever came late again—but now—Pea Street—eight o'clock—tomorrow morning,—Woodrow?"

"Woody!" he corrected. "What's yours?" But the bus was speeding and he was waved back to the safety zone by the traffic officer's energetic arm and shrilling whistle.

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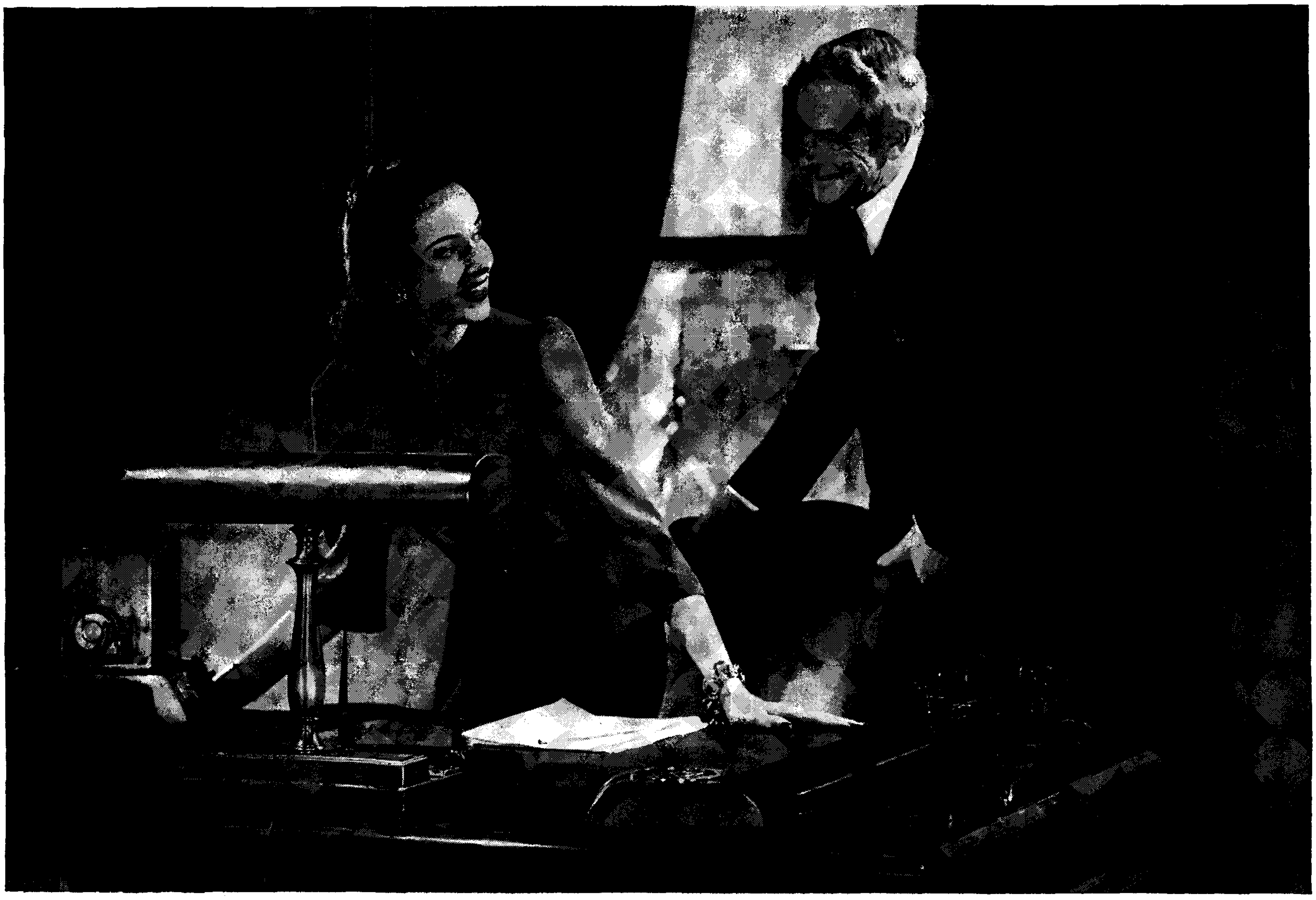

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ROYAL

WORLD'S NUMBER 1

TYPEWRITER

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The Flower of Illusion

Continued from page 12

South's destitution. Wyat halted abruptly, stopped by a further and more calamitous discovery—the secret about Calista's dress was a secret to him no longer.

That renegade had bought it for her.

A general indignation changed to sharply direct anger. A disapproval, at most contempt, for Daniel Gingel became cold animosity. The elevation of Calista's pure being, he felt, had been assailed. In future, Captain Grove addressed the image of a gastronomic Atalie, the Jeyses might find it necessary to subsist without Gingel. Again in his room over the drugstore Wyat went mechanically about in preparation for bed. . . .

In the morning, Wyat Grove proceeded, an inspector of ordnance, along the Canal to the Tredegar Iron Works where, opposite Belle Isle, the uproar of gun-making resembled its ultimate employment.

There he listened contemptuously to base rumors of peace. The South, he told himself, defended to its last battalion, would rise victorious from cypress swamps and thickets of mountain laurel.

Seated at noon with Major Hudson in the neighboring Volksgarten, Wyat ignored the surrounding clamor of dark predictions for the large white radish, cut ornamentally in a spiral, and glass of lager beer that served him for dinner. An arm blown away in the Stonewall Brigade had relegated Hudson to the Department of Richmond, a forced inaction that he contained in rigid silence and a uniform, Wyat acknowledged, even shabbier than his own. Struck by their shameful difference from a table of opulent civilians, he surveyed them with a fastidious animosity that unexpectedly encountered Daniel Gingel.

MR. GINGEL finished a conserve of black cherries and whipped-up cream; he drained a brandy glass and, rising, made his adieus. After that a man whose face jutted gauntly from carefully tended locks that swept his shoulders resumed an interrupted harangue. The loudness of its unguarded and arrogant attitude was damnably plain to Wyat Grove.

"The President's message on Mexico," he asserted, "was conspicuous for its omissions. Jefferson Davis and the Congress, in secret session, have already moved to put our general staff and troops at the Emperor Maximilian's disposal. An alliance with Mexico will establish a power superior to the designs of Europe. The vast wealth in metals, the fearsome defiles of Mexican peak and plateau, ports beyond the blockade, will enable us to plow under the American nation and sow its cities with salt."

Wyat Grove deliberately quitted his chair and approached the table of lavishly nourished civilians. "I am Captain Wyat Grove," he informed the advocate of Mexico, "Gilham's Virginia regiment of Volunteers and later attached to Purcell Battery, Major General Holmes' division, army of the Potomac. That record, I believe, hasn't been questioned, but I'd sooner black Old Abe's boots than see the Yanks licked by greasers."

At his side Hudson said: "Major Thomas Hudson, the Stonewall Brigade, now staff officer to General Elzy, and I couldn't abide an Austrian, the Emperor Maximilian, set over the commonwealth of South Carolina."

"My very dear sirs," the speaker with flowing locks smoothly replied, "it's plain you are officers and men of proved honor, but I addressed practical men and issues. They are immediately required for the Confederacy. Your service was handsome but unhappily that's no longer vital. On the contrary the South's present state shows heroism to be insufficient."

Wyat Grove bowed shortly, Captain Hudson bowed, and they returned to their meager fare. In the unanswerable exposure of his maimed and useless being, Wyat turned to the vision of a Calista, a shining portent of the South's invincibility and his secure joy.

SWEPT away from mundane earth, with nothing that required his presence at the Tredegar Iron Works before morning, Wyat was irresistibly driven to his love Calista Jeys. It was not the day or hour for that sovereign felicity, but, Wyat Grove felt, Calista was his; he was Calista's at any and for all time.

Melekin Jeys answered the optimistic sound of the knocker on his front door. He was large and fat with a heavy white face that grotesquely resembled Atalie's. In shirt sleeves his fatness, an appearance at once furtive and solid of greed, was overwhelming; and to that his expression now added an uncertain but marked displeasure.

"How be you?" he asked, conventional and temporizing, blocking the doorway.

"How are you?" Wyat reiterated with a different, rising emphasis. "Are the ladies home?"

"Well," Melekin admitted, "Mrs. Jeys is about. I couldn't answer for Calista. She might be lying down with one of her headaches."

Wyat Grove faintly heard the closing of a door. Mrs. Jeys' insistent tones sounded from the back of the hall. "If that's Captain Grove," she called, "he can walk right out with the family. Don't stand there, Captain, like patience on a monument. Times I don't know what comes over Mr. Jeys. It's the Jeys blood, I always tell him and Atalie. Sluggish. Different from what I'm used to. Now Calista, she's like me, a Cutbread all through."

The front parlor was tightly closed against the hall, and Wyat Grove went directly back to the dining room and intimacy of the Jeys home. A bay window held a red-plush rocking chair on springs and a dilapidated mahogany sewing stand from an earlier, better era; and there Hesper Jeys vigorously rocked her spare body in a wadded, green silk wrapper with an India shawl about her head to keep off, she explained, the draughts. She talked continually in a high, metallic voice that had, apparently, little if any connection with the objects of her thoughts or gaze.

"I declare," Mrs. Jeys said, glancing at the shut door from dining room to parlor, "the way you surprise a person is a caution. If I was Calista it would make me awful nervous. I'd want time to clear out the other beaus before you arrived." Melekin Jeys coughed. "To hear him," she swept on, "you'd think there was lung fever in the family."

There was the distinct sound of a chair scraping over the front parlor floor. Melekin Jeys rose hastily.

"Have a drink," he urged Wyat; "none of that fancy stuff in bottles—not by a jugful of corn." He took Wyat Grove's arm, propelling him toward the kitchen. "It'll go better," he explained, "out of the tin cup hanging on the pump."

The pump in the narrow back yard had a wooden housing convenient to sit on and Jeys, seated, pressed another drink on Wyat Grove. "Take your time now we're rid of the blast inside," Melekin advised him. "Damn' if I see where it comes from," he confessed. "No bigger than a feather. Falls asleep talking and wakes up with a running start. Well, a knife ain't wider." He drank. "I'd back Mrs. Jeys to beat Grant just firing off her mouth." Jeys grew confidential. "You're powerful young," he informed Wyat, "and full of pretty ideas. Specially about women." He jabbed Captain Grove with a thick finger. "Get rid of 'em."

"Do you mean Calista?" Wyat indignantly asked.

"What I mean's for you to find out," Melekin Jeys declared. "Get shut of 'em is what I said. Go back to war. It's a lullaby compared to what I could mention. About canaries, so to speak."

"You're drunk," Wyat asserted.

"Not yet," Melekin contradicted him.

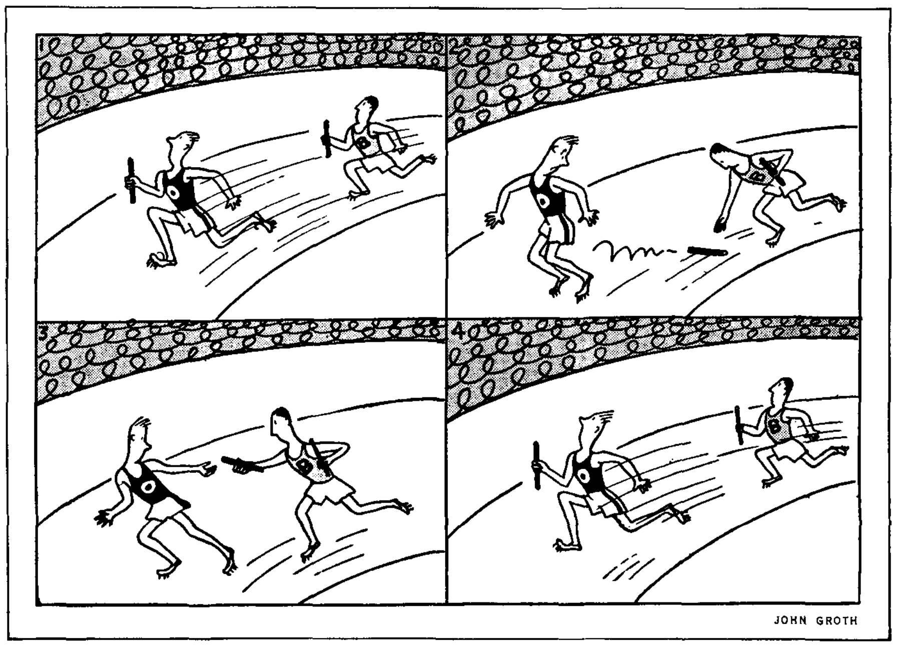
"Calista's father," Wyat said solemnly.

"And her mother's husband," Jeys continued; "what you are is a dumb galoot."

"Her father," Wyat Grove reiterated aloud but, obviously, to himself. That, his air suggested, excused all.

"Have a drink," Jeys insisted; "after all, as Mrs. Jeys said, you're a soldier; I hate to see you slaughtered."

Wyat's resentment vanished before



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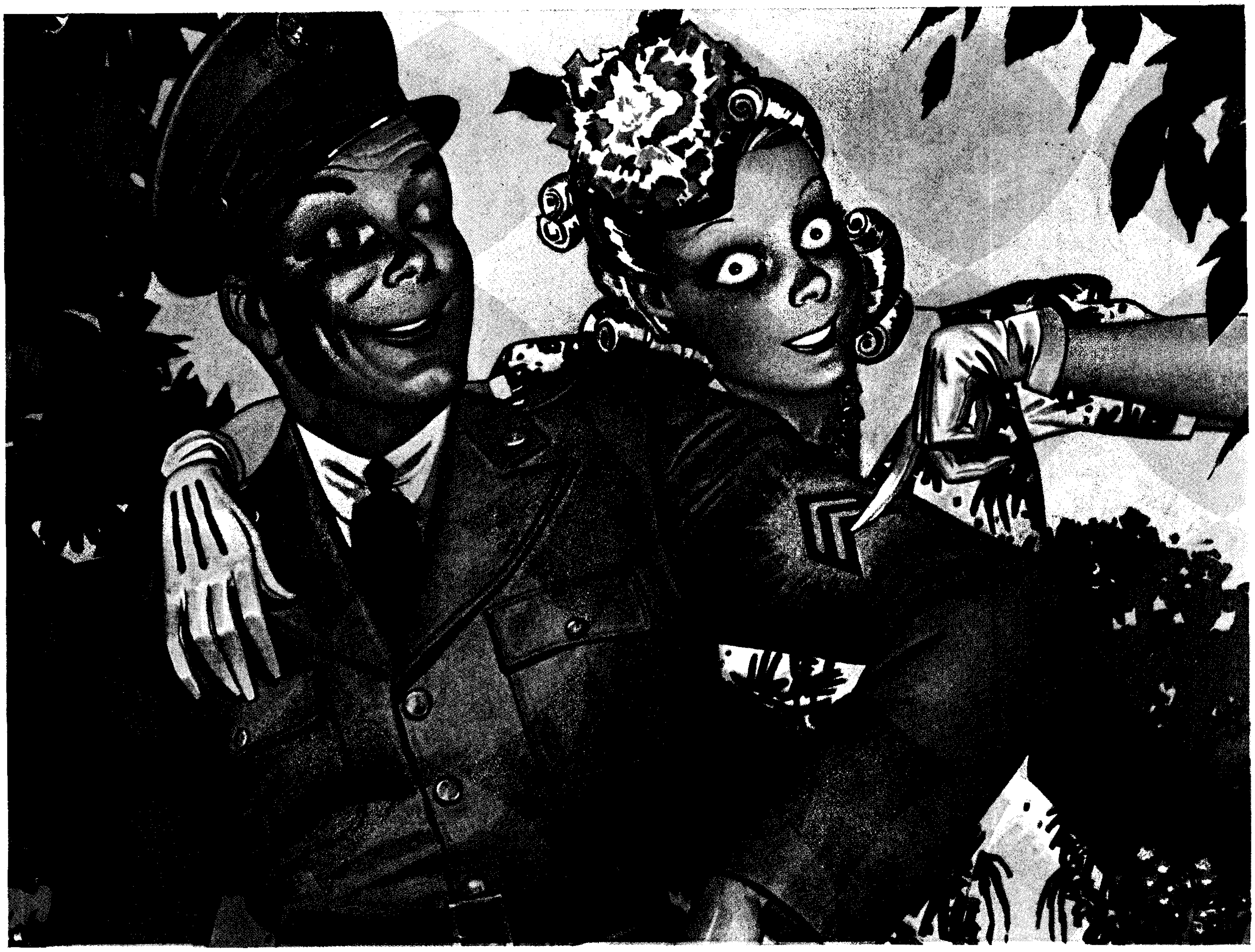

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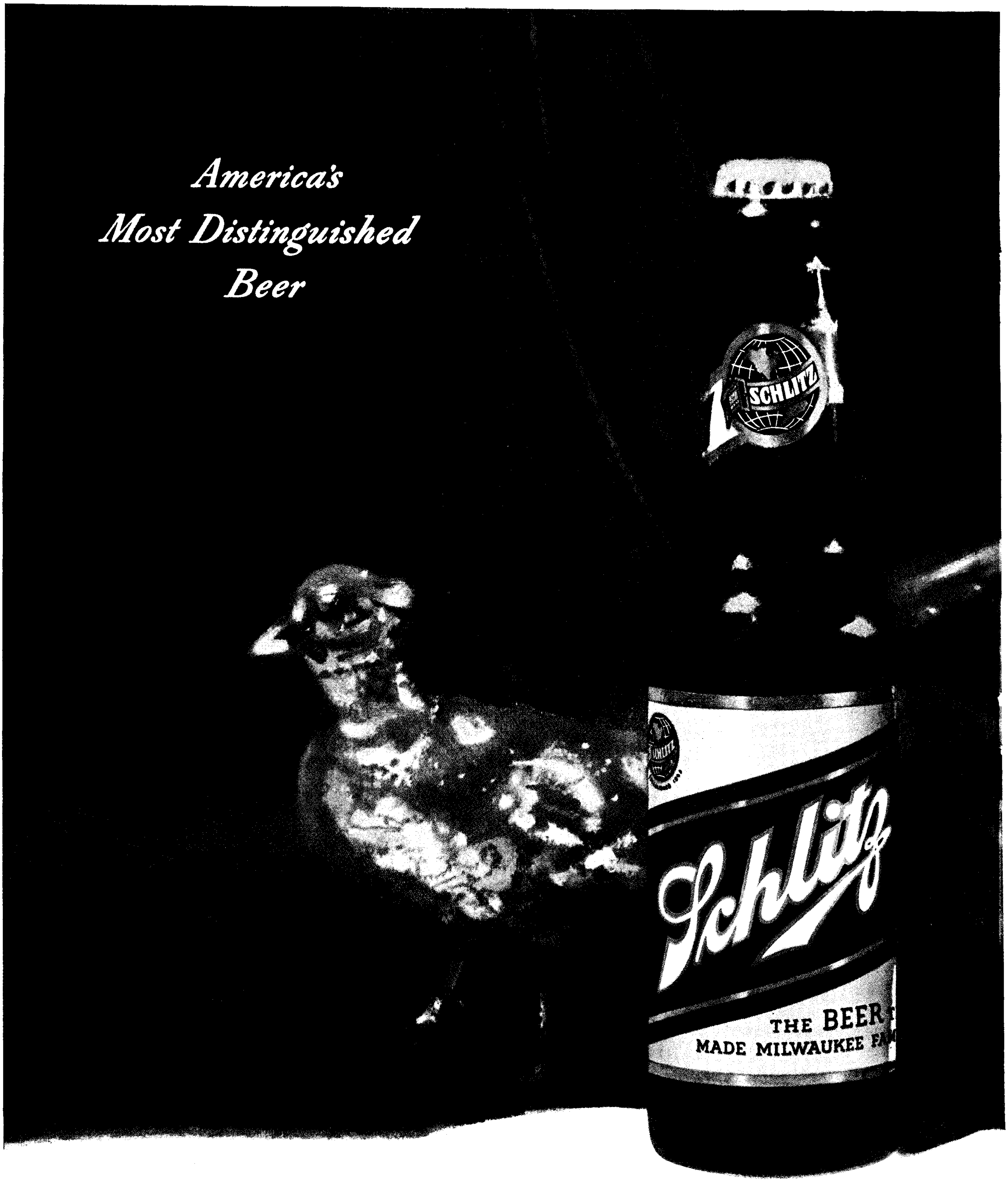
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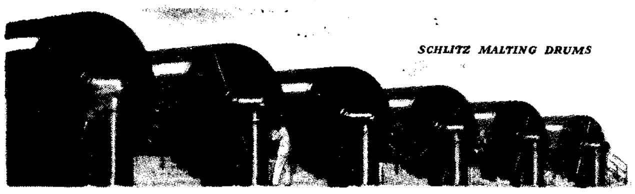

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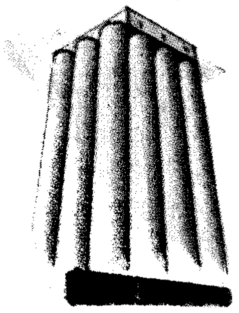
Barley is hard to get to know. The University of Wisconsin, for example, has collected over 3,000 varieties . . . very few of which will make good beer. Moreover, only the top grades of *these* particular strains possess the virtues that make *perfect beer.*



Even choice barley must pass many exacting tests if the beer is to be perfect. Its shell, for instance, must be just so thick . . . its protein content must be within specified limits (too much and the beer will be unstable; too little and it will lack body). But even perfect barley won't make perfect malt unless it has been aged. The huge Schlitz grain elevators where this exceptional barley is stored and mellowed are a "must" sight in Milwaukee. Working with the finest ingredients the world affords, the mature genius of the famed Schlitz Brewmasters achieves that famous flavor that has set Schlitz apart from all other beers.

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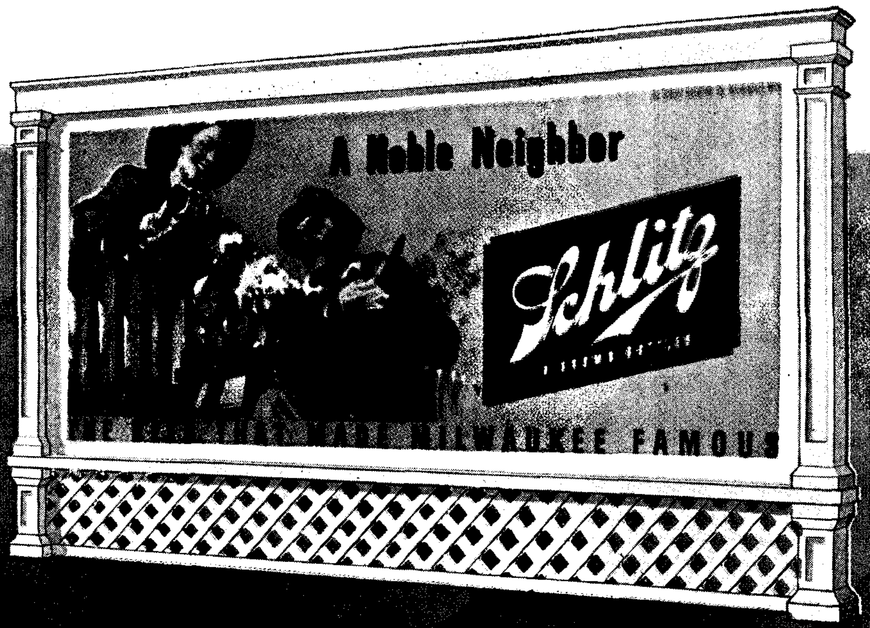

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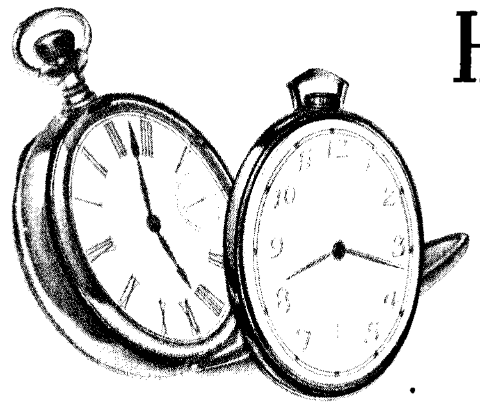
Here's What More Power Per Pound Means!



The picture at the left helps you understand what Mercury's *more power per pound* really means. One watch, you'll notice, is a bit on the weighty side. The other is trim, modern and efficient—streamlined from core to case. Mercury is a lot like that second watch. It's built an entirely new way . . . to principles of aircraft engineering that provide greater strength without excess weight, and give Mercury more horsepower per pound. Modern in conception . . . different in design and basic construction . . . Mercury fits today's driving needs *exactly!* It's the aviation idea in an automobile! That's why Mercury has more *live, responsive* power and spirited get-up-and-go. That's why it sweeps down the highway and needles through traffic with amazing pep and vitality for so big a car!

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MORE ROOM ALL-ROUND. No cramped quarters here! Broad, deep seats . . . heaps of leg room and "top-hat" head space . . . all contribute to the *extra* comfort of Mercury's spacious interiors. It's a BIG car—with big-car luxury throughout!

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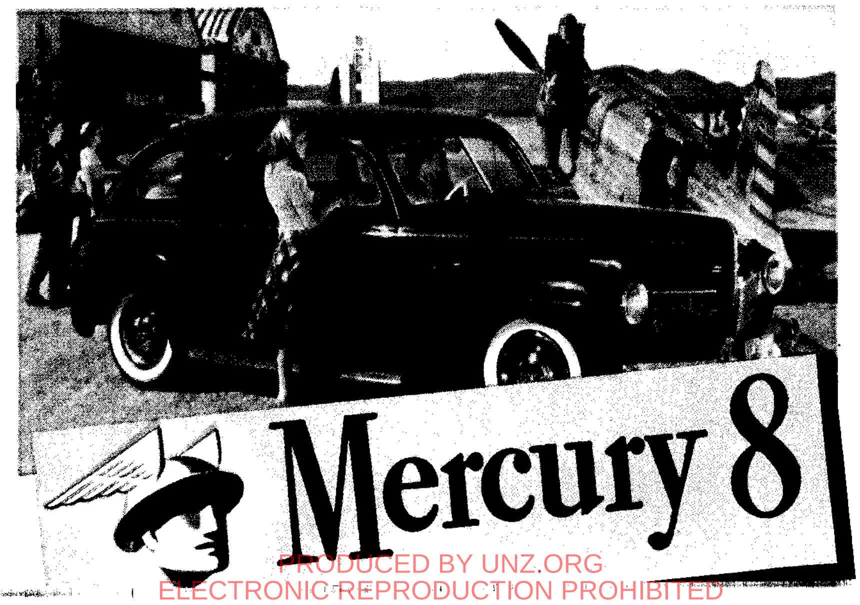


BETTER TRACTION. New larger, wider-tread tires grip the highway with sure-footed traction. You get finger-touch handling ease—greater safety on wet roads—better anchorage on curves. And Mercury's bigger tires ride easier—wear longer!

the perceptible honesty in Melekin Jeys' voice; he was, suddenly, wholly sober; he wanted nothing more to drink. A feeling of insecurity replaced the happy confidence that had taken him headlong to Calista. The shut parlor and scrape of a chair assumed a falsity, an implied betrayal, that he sharply dismissed. Boyishly formal, he bowed slightly and returned to the house.

Calista in soft rose-colored wool, a wide black ribbon at her waist, stood beside her mother. The door to the parlor, Wyat Grove saw, was now ajar. Atalie appeared, complaining about the lateness of dinner. There had been company, her mother said indefinitely, the lameness of that explanation clear in Atalie's disregard for the company visible.

"It's Calista," she announced ill-naturedly. "She won't say yes and no to the right ones."

"You're a horrid, greedy little thing," Calista observed dispassionately.

"Gingel, dingle, Grove can dangle," she chanted.

Melekin Jeys, arriving unsteadily from the yard, slapped Atalie's face, and, enraged, she bit his hand. He stood thunderstruck by the blood on his fingers. Mrs. Jeys spoke rapidly.

"Calista," she directed her eldest daughter, "bid the captain to the front parlor, the Cutbread part of this house. Leave me, and take notice from it, with the man I married for love."

The afternoon had darkened in the closely curtained front room. Calista's face was vague and ineffably lovely. Wyat Grove kissed her.

"Do you love me?" he said.

"Of course, honey, darling."

Her face was pressed close to his.

"Utterly?" he demanded passionately.

"Utterly," Calista breathed.

THE weather changed and winter, a violence of wind and snow, black ice, enveloped Richmond. Wyat Grove, muffled in an old wool shawl, with raveled scarlet mitts, was in the post office at the Spottswood Hotel. He was locking the leather mail bag, marked Official, of the Tredegar Iron Works, when the President's secretary, Mr. Harrison, John A. Campbell from the War Department and a senator, Orr, on the Foreign Affairs Committee, came in.

They amiably requested him to have a companionable toddy, and at the bar Wyat followed their considered opinions of the Richmond Examiner's latest attack on Jefferson Davis. It was no longer possible, John A. Campbell pronounced, to abolish Congress and summon the convention of Southern states that the Examiner demanded.

"The railway between Augusta and Charleston's gone; tonight's train is like to be the last on the Staunton line, and the packet basin, the Lynchburg packets, demoralized by the press of human panic and goods."

An awkwardly tall man with a gaunt face projecting from finical locks that swept his shoulders profanely blasted the Confederate war measures. The South, he said, must nullify the blockade, keep open the flow of supplies, or perish in the mumblebumble of military glory.

"I am a contractor," he answered Burton Harrison's frigid inquiry. "Gygee Dynes from Mississippi, associated with Gingel and Company, British goods. We see to it the army's shod."

John A. Campbell regarded him disdainfully. He did not, he said curtly, recall Mr. Dynes; it was Daniel Gingel who appeared for the firm.

"You're liable," Gygee Dynes explained, "now and on, to see more of me. Daniel is marrying himself to an artful piece in Linden Square."

"That is," Wyat said, "a black lie."

"No," Dynes assured him, "it's the scrupulous truth." He gazed fixedly at Wyat Grove. "Well," Dynes exclaimed, "if it ain't Captain Grove, the Army of the Potomac in person, who tickled some of us at the Volkesgarten. Gave the Mexican project Sam Hill. Where, Captain, mote you be located?"

"At Banks' drugstore on Main Street," Wyat replied.

Bowing stiffly, Gygee Dynes thanked him. "Thank you, that's all in order. Gentlemen!" he saluted the men with Wyat Grove, paid his shot at the bar and departed.

"I've heard that name," Orr acknowledged, "but not in a way to inspire confidence."

He would be honored, Judge Campbell answered, to act for Captain Grove.

Wyat refused gratefully, explaining his reluctance to involve the War Department in a duel, a responsibility that later Major Hudson serenely took for granted. "It's apparent," Hudson asserted, "that you must kill this rodent or he'll kill you. Evidently he is dangerous."

"Perhaps," Wyat said indifferently.

It was Sunday afternoon, the encounter with Gygee Dynes arranged for the following morning, and when the major had gone as usual on the Sabbath, Wyat proceeded toward Linden Square and dinner with the Jeyses. He walked deliberately in threadbare shawl and scarlet mitts, the visor of his kepi deep on a composed face; nothing apparently had changed; yet Wyat Grove knew that his life's whole structure and simplicity were threatened.

There was a perceptible constraint throughout dinner that was not, as Wyat first thought, the reflection of his own misgivings. Melekin Jeys' gloom, the cryptic air of Mrs. Jeys and Atalie's staring curiosity were plainly artificial; innocent of hoops and correspondingly reduced, Calista unexpectedly resembled her mother.

THE Jeys family, it occurred to Wyat, had learned from Daniel Gingel about the impending duel; but a lack of any reference to it, Calista's satisfied air, made that unthinkable. A sudden comprehension of the Jeyses' odd behavior recalled Wyat's feeling of insecurity—he was surrounded by thinly hidden animosity. It grew imperative to scotch the insidious doubts multiplying their treason in his heart and mind.

"It's evident," he said with a firmness slightly harsh, "that we'll fall back from Richmond. Richmond's lost. For that reason," he addressed Calista particularly, "we ought to fix on the future. You know my condition, disabled with little beside constancy and a measure of honor, yet some have held that to be enough.

"If I return in a week's time, Calista," he went steadily on, "will you marry me? Will you leave French finery, Madeira wine and ease to go down with me into Armageddon?"

"I never heard the like," Mrs. Jeys shrilly asserted; "the idea of him worthless, you might say, with that injury and all, expecting a stylish vestal to wed death and destruction."

"Will you marry me, Calista, if I return in a week's time?" Wyat repeated.

"That's awfully short," she told him. "Really, Wyat, I don't know as I could be ready then. It's hard, too, speaking out this way before the family. Can't we wait?" she stammered. "The front parlor. My face is burning right up."

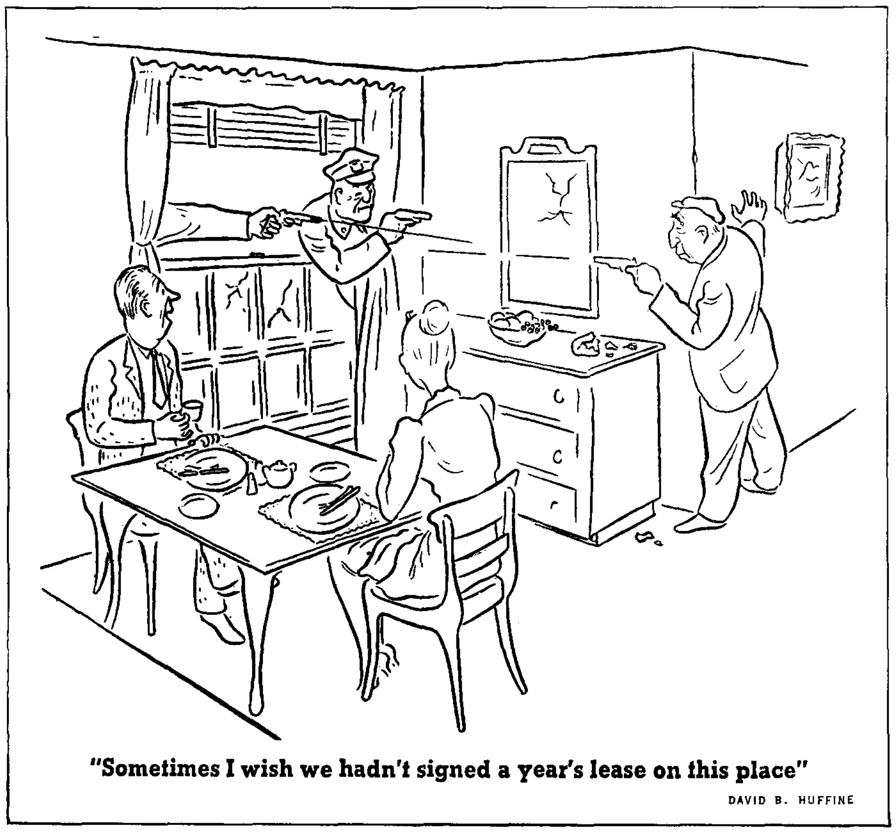
"So's Atlanta," Melekin Jeys said explosively, "and if the captain knew his P's and Q's parlors are what he'd be quit of. It's the Cutbread part of this house where hell's loose. Captain Grove asked right out would Calista have him and I'd breathe somewhat better with the music faced."

A BURST of cannon fire was followed by musketry on the city's outskirts, and Wyat smiled haggardly at Calista Jeys. "I asked would you marry me," he said once more.

"The trouble is you're so hasty-minded," she insisted. "Can't we wait till there's just you and me, Wyat, as in a dream? You have no call to look that way at me. I—I want to marry you, more than anything, and maybe, when you came back, later, even this week, we'd find our dream was true."

"That does to tell," Atalie said spitefully, "when this very day I heard with my own ears what you said about Gygee Dynes and Providence. Mamma too agreed he was a wonderful shot. That was a mercy, she said, with nothing else to stop the way Calista was carrying on."

Wyat Grove saw the narrowed glitter of eyes in Calista Jeys' pinched face that stabbed at Atalie and shifted to him. She knew about the duel, Wyat realized starkly; to Calista it had the



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welcome aspect of a Providence almost guaranteed by her mother; and in a bitterness of pride that even transcended his utter dismay Wyat rose from the table.

"I bid all good day," he said evenly, "here and hereafter. You brought me heaven, Calista, and hell, and tomorrow's *nothing to fret over*. You're safe from the death in a lie, but it's a mortal strange Providence, Calista, for you're the liar and the lie. So put a ribbon to your hair for Daniel Gingel and the men he fed with maggots and maggots he fed on men."

Calista Jeys clamped her hands over her ears and screamed.

ABOVE the drugstore Wyat Grove lighted the kerosene lamp and then, realizing that his room was still bright with day, put it out. The clatter of his army shoes across the Jeys wooden stoop, a panic made audible, mocked at him. Addressed to the final destruction of his joy he saw that, all the while, Calista planned to marry Daniel Gingel. At most he, Wyat Grove, had been useful to that end. A memory of Calista's utter loveliness, the sweetness of her lips against his lips and her perfumed body ravaged Wyat with a flare of intolerable pain that, retreating, left him sitting and bowed.

She had never loved him, Wyat Grove continued; the springtide of her beauty was a mask for the winter of her heart. His wretched doubt and the countless intimations of her deception—Gingel shut in the front parlor when he had unexpectedly gone to the Jeyses—now were transparent realities. Wyat Grove laughed stridently until the key of his mirth struck him silent. It held the insistent shrilling of fifes.

He saw again, starlike above the battlefield, a vision of Calista leading on silver wings the Confederacy to eternal triumph; the skies blazed with glory and then portentously darkened; under a saffron pall the broken gray line of a lost cause was obliterated in methodical carnage.

The burden of that calamity was undiminished when, on the morning of his encounter, he woke at the moment of reveille. His room was dark and cold but the sky above Richmond showed the beginning light of an immaculate dawn. A firm knock summoned him to the door; with Major Hudson he descended to the street. Horses and orderlies, a Colonel Delescure, late of Beauregard's command, waited below. Delescure saluted Wyat gravely.

The officers cantered easily through the city to the seclusion of Shockoe Hill. The ground selected was rough but level and, at that hour, out of the sun's direct rays. The frozen earth under Wyat's feet was like iron. Mr. Dynes, he saw, already present, stood casually with his seconds; a third man in a silk hat was evidently the doctor. The contractor's seconds advanced to meet Hudson and Colonel Delescure; a short conversation followed and the pistols, taken from their case, were loaded; a cold light gleamed along the burnished steel barrels and shone on the ornamental brass of their butts. It was Delescure who announced the duel's procedure and code.

"The principals," Delescure announced, "at ten full paces, will assent to their readiness. Then, after the word present, they shall present and fire. If one fires before the other, the opposite second shall say 'one, two, three, fire,' and if that should still fail the chance is lost."

Wyat Grove took the pistol Major Hudson bore to him. It was heavy—the barrel, he thought, sixteen inches—but its balance was precise. Ten paces was a fatal distance. The word to present sounded abruptly on the still, pure morning, and, instantly firing, it seemed to Wyat that the paired shots were simultaneous.

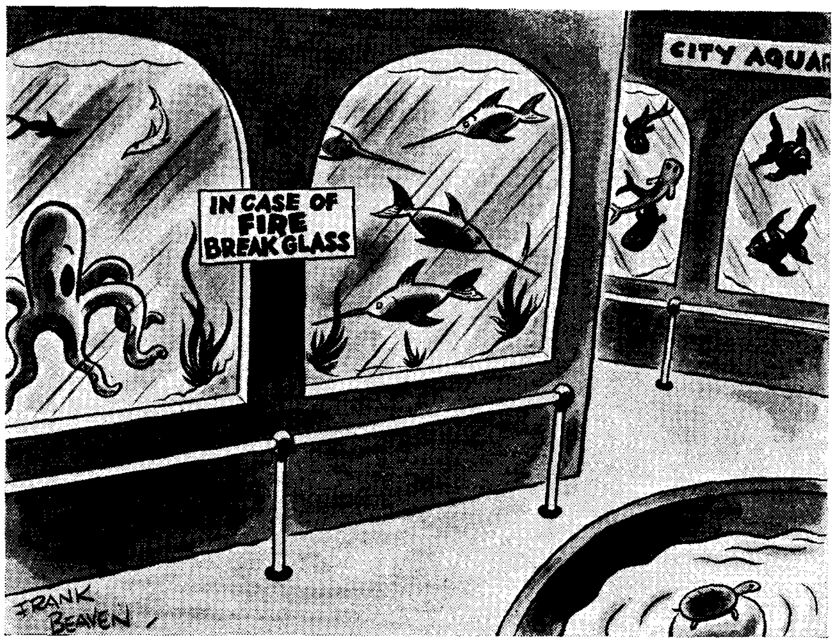
Gygee Dynes, however, was on the ground.

The doctor, rising, shook his head negatively. He repaired the gloss of his silk hat on a sleeve. "Gone," he told them. "Buttoned to eternity."

The seconds bowed meticulously and Wyat Grove walked steadily toward the tethered horses. The tempest of war perished and its insolent valor, the duplicity of earthly passions, fell away from his burdened and weary spirit. Returning from Shockoe Hill, Major Hudson disclosed the precautions taken against the difficulty facing them: Mr. Harrison naturally would speak to President Davis; his support, the provocation, were beyond question; and, surrendered to General Elzy, Wyat would be safe from Governor Letcher's civil administration.

"In the morning," Delescure added concisely, "proceed to your duties at the Tredegar Iron Works."

A light fall of snow covered the city; the cold persisted; it snowed again Tuesday afternoon, and Captain Grove burned the last of his wood. It made a warmly brave show. He found a likeness in the rekindled stove to Jehovah's eternal presence, and cried out in his heart for the mountains, the deep ancestral valley, where mists of illusion were rent by the rock of faith.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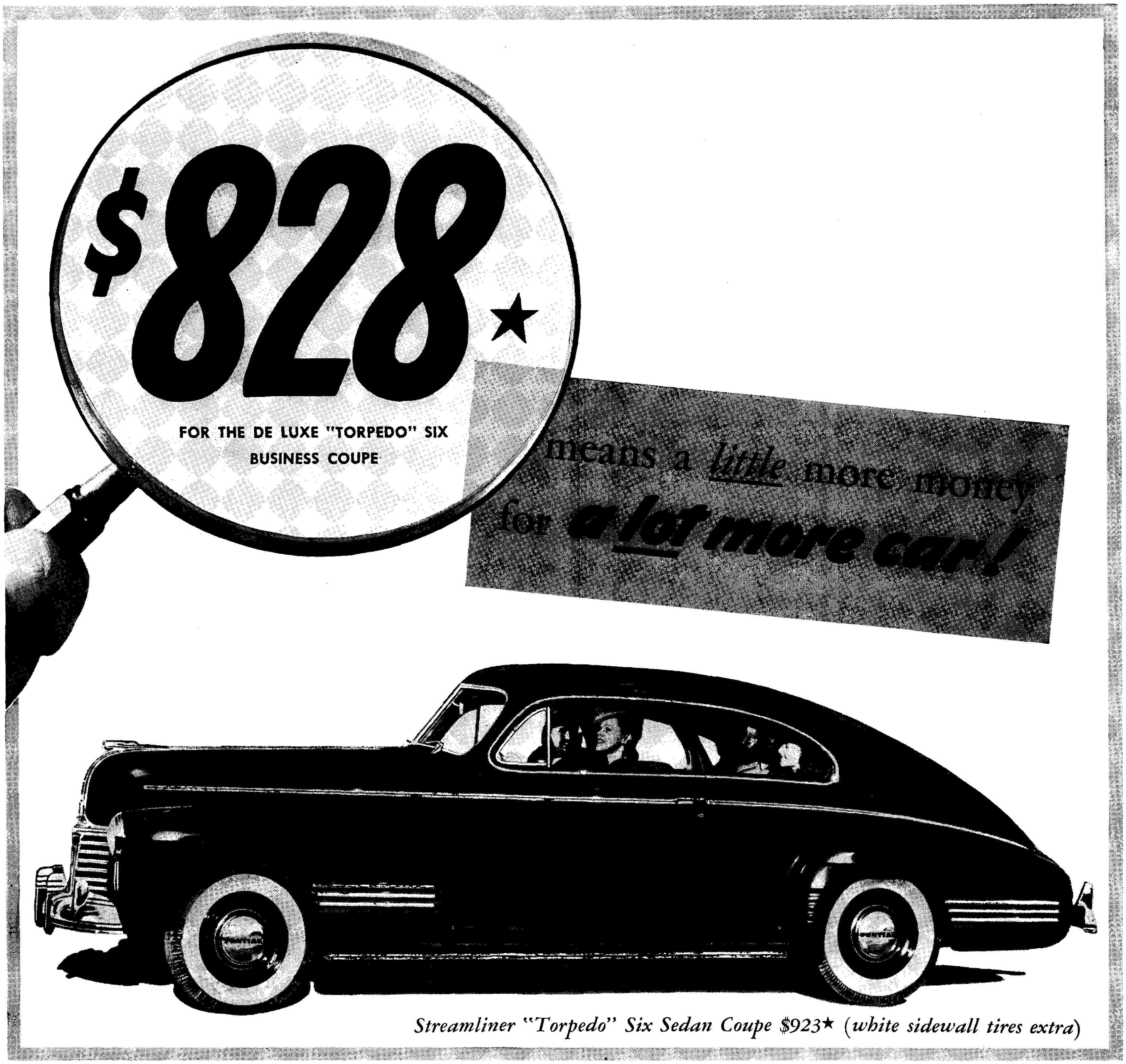
FRANK BEAVEN

FRANK BEAVEN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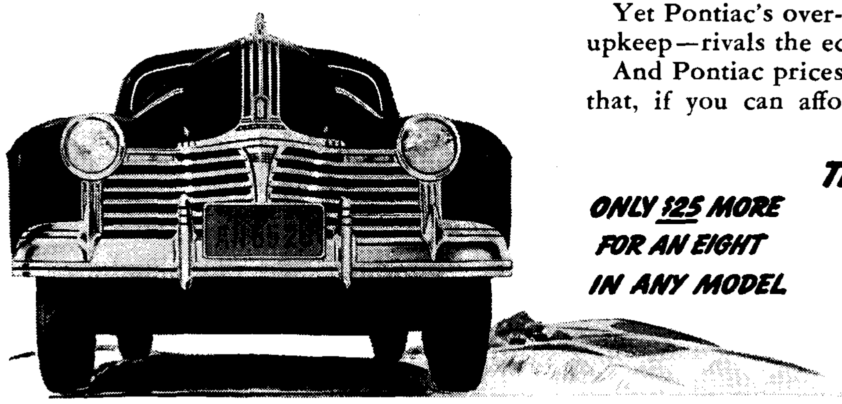

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Getaway Money

Continued from page 22

talking horse and, when he finds out I been around, he asks me if I can dig him up something that might pop in there at a price."

"Well, you could get lucky." McKenzie was mildly hopeful. "Should be some nice prices around these last two days. That three hundred ain't carrots. Maybe you might parlay the thing into a drugstore and a nice cut off the top for yourself."

"Got one you like in your barn, Dan?" Steve asked. "This kid'll be out today. You know how it is with a Johnny-come-lately. They can't wait."

McKenzie rose and reached for an overcoat on a wall rack. "Maybe I might hear something." He was warily cautious again. "Be seeing you, Steve."

BY MIDMORNING the track was crowded with galloping horses. Steve propped his elbows on the rail at the home-stretch turn and there studied the works for a sign of winning condition. He was thus absorbed when he felt the grip of a hand on his arm. Now, turning away from the rail, he was warily prepared to welcome Eddie Bristol to the special mysteries of racing. Eddie was lankily built and naïvely young. He was comfortably clad for sport in slacks and a leather jacket.

"I fixed it up to get off work." Eddie was eager. "Sure didn't want to miss a chance to get a look at racing from right behind the scenes."

A girl clung lightly to Eddie's arm. Her hair, thickly grown and golden brown, was wind-blown now. She swept the track with a look of delighted discovery.

"My fiancée." Eddie was awkwardly proud. "Miss Prescott."

The introduction was only briefly acknowledged. The girl moved close to the rail and gave herself up to the thrills of power and speed.

"I told Sally about the talk we had," Eddie said. "About the smart way to bet is only when you've got inside information."

"Yeah?" Steve was skeptical.

"We figured the whole thing out," Eddie confided. "Sally lives with her grandmother and grandfather in Glendale, sort of takes care of them. The way things are now we might not be able to get married for years. But if I could only buy out Mr. Murchison—"

He paused. The nature of this present barrier to ambition was obviously forbidding.

"Well, we're both willing to take a chance," he defiantly continued. "Especially when it's like you said. You don't really take much of a chance, do you? Not when you know what's going on."

Steve masked his relief. "Information's the only thing to bet," he smoothly agreed. "You got no edge, just handicapping 'em. But if you know where the smart money's going you're always on a hot horse. Stands to reason, don't it? You can't figure these owners out here are just in business for their health."

"And sometimes they tell you when they're ready to make one of those big killings, huh?" Eddie's prompting was anxious.

"Like it is with any other business," Steve confidently picked up the cue. "After you've been around a while you know who your pals are. You do them a favor and when they get a chance they pay off. All I want to know is when they're shooting, when the stable's got its own money down. Whenever they give me that go signal I don't worry any."

"Did you hear that, Sally?" Eddie demanded. "Mr. Emery says when they practically know they're going to win—"

"Oh, Eddie!" Sally's gasp was ecstatic. "Look! Isn't he beautiful?"

She pointed to a stake horse, beginning a mighty charge at the stretch turn as his jockey asked for speed. Steve noted her excitement with a tolerant amusement.

"Like to see 'em go, huh?" he grinned.

"It's in my blood, I guess." Sally laughed a little. "My father was always crazy about racing."

"Oh, say!" Eddie was suddenly contrite. "I meant to ask you, Mr. Emery. All the time you've been around the tracks maybe you knew Sally's father. Did you ever happen to meet up with him?"

"I got a bad habit," Steve apologized. "I always muff a new name, the first time out. What was it again?"

"Prescott," Eddie advised him. "Sally Prescott. Her father's name was Steve Prescott."

There was a long moment of silence.

"Prescott," Steve presently mumbled. "Steve Prescott, huh?"

"He used to be at the track a lot. I thought you might have—"

"You got a match?" Steve hoarsely interrupted.

Now, accepting Eddie's offer of a light, Steve glanced again at Sally Prescott. She was enchanted still by the spectacle of the track at rehearsal time.

"Gotta see a guy back at the stables." Steve turned back to Eddie. "Said he might have a real good thing for me. Goes tomorrow, he said. Maybe I'll see you back in town tonight, huh?"

"Tonight!" Eddie protested. "You said we'd make at least a couple of bets today."

"That was last night, kid," Steve swiftly explained. "I was all over the joint this morning, before you was out of bed even. There ain't a thing goes today that's set. So we'll wait, huh?"

"I can't get off work every day," Eddie said doubtfully.

"Save your bank roll, kid," Steve ordered. "If I get the word on a shoo-in for tomorrow you won't have to get off work. You can lay it in town with a bookie. So we'll save up for that big one, huh?"

"Well, okay." Eddie was reluctant still. "If you say so."

"Don't let nobody tell you different, kid," Steve advised, as he turned and walked away.

NIGHT. Dan McKenzie was moving toward the bar of the Pines Café in Arcadia when Steve hailed him from a wall booth. He motioned McKenzie to a seat on an opposite bench.

"Sit down, pal." Steve's speech was thick. "What'll it be?"

"Beer." McKenzie wedged his weight behind the table.

A waiter approached. Steve shoved an empty whisky glass across the table. "Same for me," he ordered. "Beer for the boy scout."

The waiter moved back to the bar.

"Playing saloon, huh?" McKenzie grinned.

"I had a few," Steve admitted.

"Must be you had a good day," McKenzie chuckled. "Maybe you picked up that drugstore even, huh?"

Steve stared at McKenzie, was silent for a moment. "I gotta talk," he blurted suddenly. "Gotta talk to somebody. How's about it, Dan?"

McKenzie sighed and glanced at his watch. "Okay." He was resigned. "Shoot."

Steve fished for a wallet in an inner

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pocket of his coat. He fumbled for its contents and was presently rewarded with two fifty-dollar bills. He placed them carefully on the table.

"Dug yourself up a price, huh?" McKenzie nodded at the bills.

"Case money, pal." Steve was owlishly shrewd. "Gotta scrape the barrel, before I come up with them."

He continued his search of the wallet, discovered a worn and thumb-marked snapshot. He slid the picture across the table so that McKenzie might easily examine it. It was the photograph of a baby.

"Cute kid." McKenzie made the normal comment.

"My kid," Steve said. "Sally Prescott."

"Yeah?" McKenzie was tactfully impressed again. "All grown up and married now, huh?"

The waiter returned. Steve reached for his drink. "Anybody's gotta talk, Dan," he argued still with some inner torment. "You gotta spill it to somebody. Once in a while you have to."

McKenzie was now well advised by an instinct. "Come on, kid." He was honestly sympathetic. "Let's have it."

STEVE drained his glass. He summoned his energies to command coherence. "I got a job," he began, "when this thing happens, I mean. I'm only a young punk at the time and I'm not getting that dough in buckets. But every week I'm getting it. And I got my foot on a ladder that goes places. Okay, pal?"

"Okay." McKenzie was entirely agreeable.

"So it's winter." Steve was apparently irrelevant. "It's winter and the job I got takes me down to New Orleans. They're running at the fairgrounds then and one day I went out for my first look at 'em. My luck is all out that time, Dan. All day they run wrong for me."

"Did you go overboard?" McKenzie grinned.

"I win ninety slugs," Steve grimly declared. "By the end of the day I'm three weeks ahead of my job. The hours are nice, the fresh air is okay and I wonder how long it's all been going on. I'm in one of those crazy streaks, Dan. I can't miss. By the end of two weeks I'm a grand in front and I wire the boss he's gotta dig up a new boy. He did."

He chuckled. For a moment then he seemed ironically concerned with the sometimes curious nature of fortune's comedy.

"Well, it's like I said," he presently resumed. "I'm young at the time and I got that zing. It's all a laugh, no matter what. Those bucks ain't dough to me then. They're only chips. When I like something I chunk 'em in. It's maybe chicken one day and feathers the next, but as long as I can dig up those laughs I always figure I'm out in front of 'em."

"They always help," McKenzie agreed. "Those laughs."

"They're running in Maryland." Steve was oblivious. "By then I'm around the tracks for three years. I'm in one of those hot streaks again and I'm stabled nice in Baltimore. I'm still up in the chips when I run into one of those people, Dan."

"One of those people?" McKenzie was curious.

"She's tops," Steve explained. "And it was like that—boom! It's me for her and her for me. Her folks don't like it any when she goes for a horse player, but we got no time for old people. When they ship from Maryland we're married, on our way to those summer meetings in Kentucky."

A silence again. Steve's eyes were vaguely puzzled, as if reason was baffled still by some old and absurdly simple problem.

"Something happened," he muttered. "After I'm married, I mean. Those bucks ain't chips any more. Now, when I'm sendin' 'em in, those bucks are grocery money. They're rent money. Chickens one day and feathers the next ain't a laugh like it was before. I can't take it like I used to, Dan. My nerve was gone."

The waiter answered a signal for a fresh drink.

"We're in Maryland again," Steve went on. "When she had the kid there we've been married a year. She died, when the kid was born."

The fact was simply stated. Pain was gone with time.

"I got no way to stable a kid," Steve sighed. "The old folks took her."

"It runs like that," McKenzie managed an awkward sympathy. "Sometimes it does."

"I went hustling again," Steve continued. "And now I'm a real horse player, Dan. I'm on my heels, talking to myself. I'm always selling myself on that big streak I got coming up. And I got things on my mind. Maybe she died on account of I'm shy the ready for a right doctor. Maybe, if I can set the kid up right, I can square myself. When it's night, and I'm alone somewhere in a room, I got all those things in my mind. The only way they'll ever get outta there, the way I look at it, is if I hit that big streak again. When I'm on top again I can maybe pay off. And then it might not be so tough any more, when I'm alone in one of those rooms."

He clung to concentration with a visible effort.

"So then it was all feathers," he went on. "That next year it was. I don't send the old folks a dime. It ain't often I even write, on account of I'm half crazy trying to hit that streak again. By the end of the year I'm still broke, and I'm back in Baltimore. I went out to take a look at my kid again. She's gone, Dan. The old folks pulled up stakes, just went away from there. There ain't nobody knows where they headed for even. They're dealing me out, the way I look at it."

"Maybe." McKenzie grudged the admission.

"I don't blame 'em any," Steve said. "So I deal myself out. But good, Dan."

"How do you mean?" McKenzie asked.

"I looked up ahead some," Steve explained. "Maybe some night my luck will be out and I'll drop off a freight the wrong way. Maybe I might get a bust with a bottle in some gin-mill battle. Maybe, when the kid grows up, she might bump into Steve Prescott's name on that kind of a messed-up finish. Twenty years now, Dan—since I switch to Steve Emery."

McKENZIE judged that the tale was now complete. For a moment he was in search of some suitable words of comfort. "Maybe you got nothing to worry about," he presently suggested. "People get along. Somehow they do."

"They do," Steve agreed. "Remember that Eddie Bristol I told you about?"

"Oh, sure," McKenzie recalled. "The new bank roll, huh?"

"He was out there this morning," Steve said. "And my kid was with him, Dan. They aim to hook up together, if they can make this drugstore."

McKenzie's eyes went wide with astonishment. "Did they—?" he hesitated. "Did she know? Did you tell her anything?"

"Not me, brother." Steve shook his head. "She was only six weeks old the last time I see her. Maybe I blew all the rest of it, but now my kid's grown up she ain't gonna look at a race-track bum and know it's her old man. Not from me she won't know it."

The waiter approached again with a full whisky glass. Steve gulped at the

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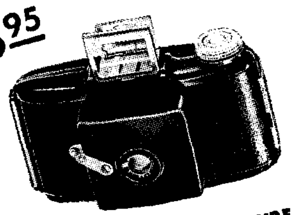

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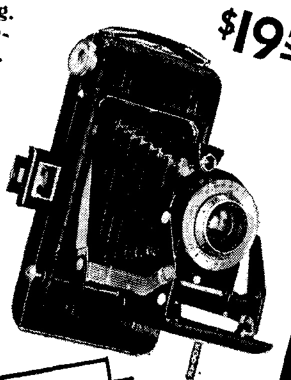

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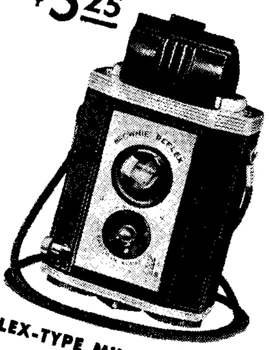

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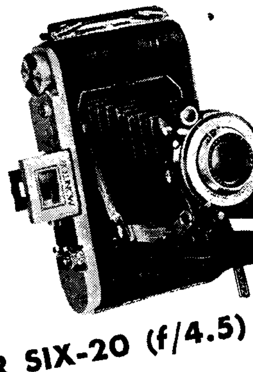

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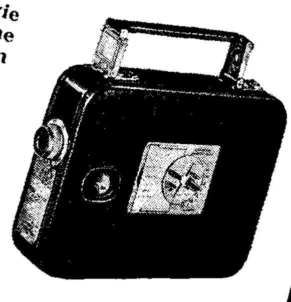

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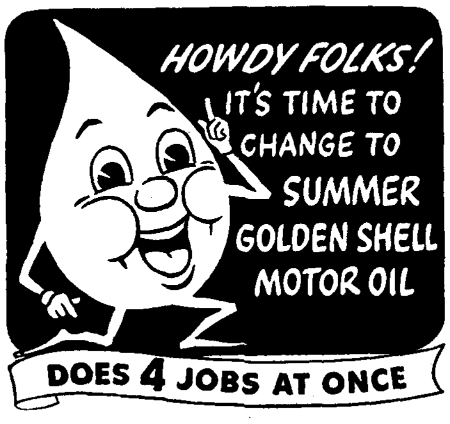


HOWDY FOLKS! IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO SUMMER GOLDEN SHELL MOTOR OIL
DOES 4 JOBS AT ONCE

drink, avidly welcomed its promise of release from recollection.

"What do I do, Dan?" he mumbled then. "About this Bristol and my kid, I mean. I'd like to get 'em that drugstore and maybe a good thing would do it. But my kid was already messed up once with that quick money. If I start this Bristol off now with an easy touch, it's odds on he's a horse player from here on in. How do you fix that one, Dan?"

Steve lurched a little, struggled to free himself from the bonds of weariness. It was a losing battle. Vitality was suddenly gone from his body. Now he slumped loosely forward to the table, head down on his folded arms. He was soon asleep.

Dan McKenzie, immobile for a time, was a grave observer of Steve's collapse. He presently noted that Steve's wallet, the two fifty-dollar bills and the little snapshot were scattered still on the table. He gathered these few possessions together for safe keeping. Now, while he stared again at Steve, there was an honest compassion in the look of McKenzie's eyes.

"I dunno," he sighed then. "No, sir, I don't. If I was you, old-timer, I wouldn't know what to do."

DECISION came to Steve with the morning. It was irrevocable. He wanted a continent between his present self and the living links with the hurt and baffled man he had buried in the long ago. Sally was a stranger to him. It was a startling fact, but utterly true. She had no real relation to the illusion he had guarded so long in a battered wallet. There was no common memory, no shared experience that might bind them together now with affection.

"It's in my blood, I guess," Sally had said. "My father was always crazy about racing."

Steve treasured the comment. The old folks had obviously been kind. They had devised some story of his disappearance that would not offend his daughter's pride. She could speak of the father she had never known without bitterness, with a tolerant humor. There might be pity in the look of her eyes, or even scorn, if she was suddenly met with shabby reality. It was a prospect that Steve could not abide.

Now, hustling the stables again, Steve was attended by desperation. Rumor of good things was often and easily come by, but when the morning was late Steve winnowed his information and discovered no values that would meet the test of judgment. It was nine o'clock when he called at Dan McKenzie's barn. McKenzie was giving some last instructions to Willie Mayfield, the boss man among McKenzie's colored stable help. Willie was Kentucky born and oddly wise with many years of vagabond living. It was occasionally McKenzie's notion that Willie knew what a horse was thinking about.

"How's about that Lady Alone you got in the third today?" Steve asked when McKenzie was free.

"She's a nice mare," McKenzie conceded.

"Should be a price in that company," Steve said. "Could she do it?"

"Apt to be crowded some up front," McKenzie warned. "The entry in there figures to be on top."

"Be a tough bet against 'em," Steve agreed.

"We might take some of it," McKenzie said. "Third, maybe."

"Might be odds-on back in the show hole," Steve sighed. "I gotta go for a price, Dan."

"Why not check with me at the paddock?" McKenzie suggested. "Some of the other boys might tell me something."

McKenzie turned away, but was halted by a sudden thought. "I was thinking about that Bristol," he said. "Figure he might be around today?"

"Maybe," Steve shrugged.

"I got a kind of an angle on him," McKenzie said.

"Yeah?" Steve was curious. "What?"

"Why not steer him on a stiff?" McKenzie explained. "Might cure him good, if he dropped the three hundred on one play."

Steve's eyes were briefly ironic. "Be a new one," he chuckled. "Hustle a chump and then put him on something you know can't win."

McKenzie was now awkwardly hesitant. "How's about your own kid?" he presently inquired. "Aim to see her again before we ship?"

Steve shook his head. "That's a train I missed," he flatly declared. "That one's over, Dan."

"M'mm." McKenzie was judicial. "Well, maybe you're right."

NOON. Steve was still shy of information that had the comforting feel of a solid tip and now he was fighting panic. But abruptly then, by sight of a competitor in the hustling trade, his instinct for a good thing was sharply aroused. Tony Marchetti, when Steve saw him first, was taking his leave of Dan McKenzie's tackroom. It was a hurried exit, obviously prompted by elation. But as he noted Steve's approach Marchetti too elaborately slowed his gait. Marchetti was darkly slender and nattily bundled now in a belted raincoat.

"What do you hear, kid?" Steve asked the stock question.

"Save your money is all they tell me." Marchetti was gloomy. "Tough card for getaway money."

Marchetti passed on, continued an apparently aimless stroll. But presently, when he neared some telephone booths beyond the cafeteria building, he quickened his pace to a dogtrot. He entered a booth and yanked the door shut behind him. Steve discreetly made note of this tardy urgency.

"The wop's got one," he was warily certain. "Burning he was, to get to them phones—so's he could give it out."

It was like an intangible puzzle, and reward would follow upon the proper arrangement of its various pieces. Marchetti, by the word of envious stable rumor, was hustling for some of the flush gamblers in the Hollywood studios. Dan McKenzie demanded a cut from important money, a percentage of the profits on winning information that came from his own stable. Steve had been bluntly so advised, before he had revealed to McKenzie the modest nature of Eddie Bristol's bank roll. These were key pieces of the puzzle, anchors for judgment and the canny groping of a track-wise intuition.

"The mare's ready," Steve concluded. "Dan's shooting for a price, laying it away from the track."

The morning line was a third piece of the puzzle. My Wish and Top Star were paired as an entry. The track's price maker marked them up as the favorites at odds of 6 to 5. Blazing Heat, a colt who could come from behind at a distance, was the second choice at 3 to 1. Lady Alone was a third choice at 6 to 1.

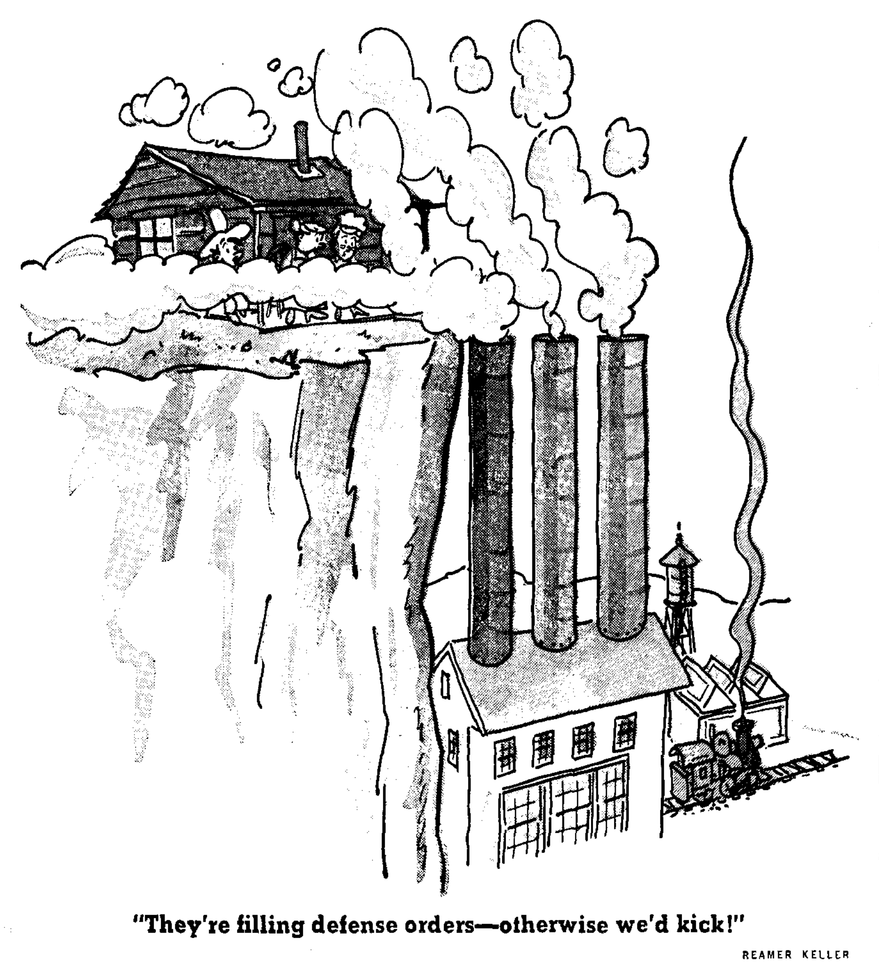
"That one fits," Steve assured himself. "Whenever that price maker's got 'em as good as third, they always got a chance to be banging around up there in front."

Money flooded the mutuel windows. The result of this speculation was presently revealed on the odds board. The entry dropped to even money. Blazing Heat, at 2 to 1, also showed evidence of heavy support. Lady Alone was neglected in the betting. She drifted up to 10 to 1, lingered briefly there and was then reported as no better than a 12-to-1 shot.

A NEIGHBOR of Steve's on the mezzanine deck of the grandstand gave earnest attention to a Racing Form. He presently checked his conclusions with a glance at the odds board. Now he was obviously startled and he turned to Steve for some support of a theory that was suddenly attractive to him.

"How do you like that McKenzie thing?" he asked. "Looks like a nice overlay at that price."

"Should be 50 to 1," Steve instantly



"They're filling defense orders—otherwise we'd kick!"

REAMER KELLER

PTR
Shaft o am
World A un
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TRUE TEMPER

Roll Call of True Temper Championships

Major Golf Tournaments of 1940 Won by Players Using Clubs Fitted with True Temper Step Down Golf Shafts

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CHICAGO OPEN
ST. PAUL OPEN
LOS ANGELES OPEN
OAKLAND OPEN
SAN FRANCISCO MATCH PLAY OPEN
BING CROSBY TOURNAMENT
PHOENIX OPEN
TEXAS OPEN
MILWAUKEE OPEN
ANTHRACITE OPEN
MIAMI ($10,000 OPEN)
NATIONAL AMATEUR
NORTH & SOUTH AMATEUR
MIDWEST AMATEUR
MASON-DIXON CHAMPIONSHIP
WESTERN AMATEUR
WOMEN'S NATIONAL
NORTH & SOUTH WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP
WOMEN'S SOUTHERN
WOMEN'S TRANS-MISSISSIPPI
WOMEN'S WESTERN OPEN
WOMEN'S WESTERN DERBY
WOMEN'S WESTERN CLOSED

NOTE: Because of world conditions, we have been unable to obtain a report on golf tournaments played abroad. For the five years preceding the war, however, all important tournaments abroad were won by players who used TRUE TEMPER Shafted Clubs.

TRUE TEMPER Step Down Golf Shafts for 1941 are the finest ever made—strongest—sweetest in action—matched for weight and balance, and tops in yardage, accuracy, durability and value. Forged from seamless tubes of super-alloy steel by the *exclusive* TRUE TEMPER *Step Down Process,* more finely tempered than a Damascus blade, to transmit super power and spirited action.

Every Golf Club Maker uses these shafts in his finer clubs. Every Golf Professional is glad to recommend them.

To add extra joy, and satisfaction—to gain superb confidence for your game in 1941, select the fine new clubs of your favorite make—shafted with TRUE TEMPER Step Down, The Golf Shaft of Champions. Produced only by the Makers of TRUE TEMPER Products, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Baby Ruth
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"QUINTS" GET FIRST CANDY

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CURTISS
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RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY
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Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose—as well as other nutritious ingredients—helps overcome between-meal hunger and fatigue.

An American Favorite

Naturally, Baby Ruth was selected as the first candy for the carefully nurtured Dionne Quintuplets! For Baby Ruth is pure, wholesome candy made of fine, natural foods.

You'll love its smooth opera cream center; its thick layer of tender, chewy caramel; its abundance of plump, fresh-toasted peanuts; its luscious, mellow coating.

There's deep, delicious candy satisfaction in every bite of Baby Ruth. It's rich in flavor, freshness and good food value. Join the "Quints"—enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

dissembled. "The entry oughta come one, two."

Steve deserted his dubious companion and moved toward an exit that led to the paddock. The hunch that Lady Alone was meant for all the money now completely possessed him. Dan McKenzie's invitation was an added buttress for this conviction.

"Why not check with me at the paddock?" McKenzie had suggested. "Some of the other boys might tell me something."

This was a tricky piece of the puzzle, one with a special appeal for an artisan in the craft of skilled conniving.

"Dan wouldn't give it to me early," Steve chuckled. "He was worried I might get lippy."

He found a place against the rail of the paddock gate, was patiently attentive there while he waited for a glimpse of the single piece that was missing still from the puzzle. The horses were circling the paddock with their handlers. Jockeys and trainers were in conference in a center space of the paddock ring. Dan McKenzie presently deserted this group, strolled to the paddock gate and sighted his gaze above the heads of the crowd that was gathered there. He seemed to search for some friend who had failed a rendezvous. Steve, immobile against the rail, gave no sign that he was aware of McKenzie's nearness.

"Got 15 to 1 hung up against you, Dan," a voice called from the crowd. "Could the mare take it at them odds?"

McKenzie chuckled. "She goes," he answered. "Should be a horse race."

McKENZIE found his pipe in an overcoat pocket. He tamped the bowl tight with tobacco and searched among his various pockets for a match. Presently he glanced at Steve.

"Oh, hello, Steve." He affected surprise. "Got a match?"

Steve obliged. McKenzie cupped the match in his hands, bent his head to its flame. Steve was close to McKenzie now, could hear the wheeze of the pipe as McKenzie sucked on its stem. And abruptly then the puzzle was completely arranged.

"Go bet your coat!" McKenzie whispered.

The clear call of Boots and Saddles. Steve abandoned a mutuel window while the horses were moving out to the track. He was holding hard to two fifty-dollar win tickets on Lady Alone. He oddly regarded these tickets for a moment before he fitted them to a compartment of his wallet.

"Be right, Dan," he whispered. "Please be right."

He drifted with the crowd. But presently he paused and gratefully lounged against the solid support of a grandstand bar.

"Gonna have one?" a bartender demanded.

Steve fingered some coins in a trouser pocket and thus secretly totaled their value. He grinned again at the bartender. "Why not?" he said. "Bourbon. Straight."

Steve dallied with the drink. He raised his glass and silently wished Lady Alone luck.

"Where've you been, Mr. Emery?" Eddie Bristol's voice was a sudden shock to Steve's hearing. "I've been looking all over for you."

Steve stiffened against the bar. Now, when he turned to Eddie, an alibi came swiftly to his tongue. "How are you, kid?" he said. "I guess we missed connections, huh?"

"I was working last night," Eddie said. "But I looked for you late at the Pines."

"I checked out early," Steve explained.

There was a pause. An anxious question was frankly revealed in the look of Eddie's eyes. "I waited," he presently declared. "Like you told me. All day yesterday I didn't make a bet."

"Nice going, kid." Steve's congratulation was overly hearty. "Got smart, huh? You know what they always say around the track. It's only suckers can't wait for the right spots."

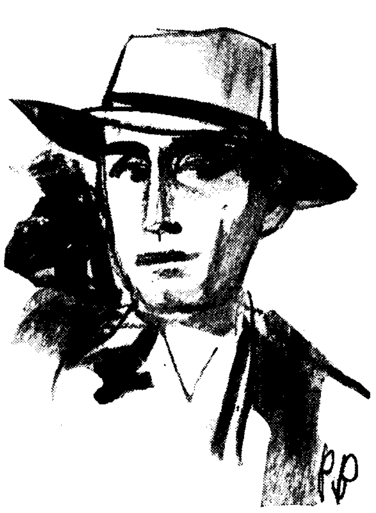
"Did you see that fellow?" Eddie was hesitant. "Yesterday, I mean—at the stables? Did he tell you anything?"

"Ain't a thing around you can pin down, kid," Steve answered. "This mud's got 'em all winging."

Eddie was now obviously embarrassed. "I saw you buying some tickets," he presently managed to say.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 37



Perry Barlow lives in Westport, Conn., and signs many of his drawings with his initials only, because nobody can decipher his signature (see opposite page for horrible example). He is a fairly tall Texan who forsook the range to become an artist despite the fact that at the Chicago Art Institute he discovered he's color-blind. Reads poetry and studies music—and vice versa.

"Oh, sure," Steve was expansive. "Always gotta have a two-buck ticket on something. No bang in the thing, not unless you got a deuce out there on the nose anyway."

A silence again.

"Sally couldn't come out today," Eddie began once more.

"No?" Steve concealed his relief.

"But I told her I'd be here," Eddie said. "And I told her—"

He was awkwardly diffident again.

"I drew it all out of the bank," he earnestly continued. "I'll bet all I've got, Mr. Emery. And I'll split with you. You must think you've got a pretty good chance to win, if you're betting your own money. Even if it's only two dollars you wouldn't be just throwing it away."

STEVE could no longer dissemble. His face was livid now with a sudden anger. "You and your nickel-and-dime bank roll!" he abruptly raged at Eddie. "I don't want it. All I'm asking is you just leave me alone. You hear me, chump?"

"Why, what's the matter?" Eddie was startled. "I only said—"

"I know what you said," Steve blazed. "I know what you said for three days now. You said you wanted to get something for nothing. You figured you could maybe dig up a soft touch like that at the track. Well, now you'll listen to what I got to say. You'll listen to me good, while I tell you what time of day it is. There ain't anything you get for nothing, not anywhere there ain't. Write that down in your rule book, sucker. And don't ever forget it."

A loud-speaker blared from a high deck of the grandstand. "The horses are nearing the post," the voice of the track announcer chanted its mechanical warning. "The horses are nearing the post."

Steve's anger was abruptly spent. Now, as he took his leave of Eddie Bristol, his shoulders were sagged with the weight of an inner weariness. He seemed suddenly humble and vaguely helpless.

"You work for a living, kid," he pleaded with Eddie then. "You hang on to your job, work hard for that swell girl you got. She rates it, kid. She rates a guy better than some chiseler trying to dope out a way to live for nothing. Don't ever forget that, kid."

NIGHT again. The vagabond army of the track was en route once more. The long train was rolling north to Bay Meadows, the next battleground for the seasoned and hardy troops in the rear cars of the train. Willie Mayfield, in the car assigned to Dan McKenzie's string, was done with his evening tour of duty. The horses were bedded for the night and quiet. Willie eased his weight to an army cot which swayed a little against a side wall of the rocking car. A second cot was set against an opposite wall. Willie noted that the blanketed figure there was rolling to a more comfortable position.

"Sho was mean luck y'all had today, Mistah Steve," Willie said. "'At Lady Alone was pickin' 'em up an' layin' 'em down out there. Way she was feelin' today she jus' had to win."

"It was one of those breaks," Steve said. "I'm in line at the window, all set to buy myself a nice piece of the thing, when the bell rang. They drop the window on me and I'm shut out, can't make a bet."

"She was a steal at 15 to 1," Willie grieved. "Sho would've been nice getaway money, Mistah Steve."

Steve chuckled. "Don't worry about me, kid," he said. "I'll always get away from a track as long as Dan McKenzie's got a stable. Ain't ever turned me down yet when I had to go deadhead." He yawned. "I could use some shut-eye. Aim to switch that light pretty soon?"

"Yassuh," Willie said.

The darkness then was murmurous with the creak of moving steel. Steve was serenely relaxed. This was home. He was content.

"Getaway money," he whispered happily to the darkness. "I'll say."

THE hour was late when a messenger boy entered old Mr. Murchison's drugstore in Arcadia. Mr. Murchison was occupied with some prescription work in the rear of the store. Eddie Bristol was stacking a row of glasses in the narrow space behind the counter of the soda fountain.

"For me?" Eddie was puzzled.

"What it says, don't it?" The boy pointed to the envelope.

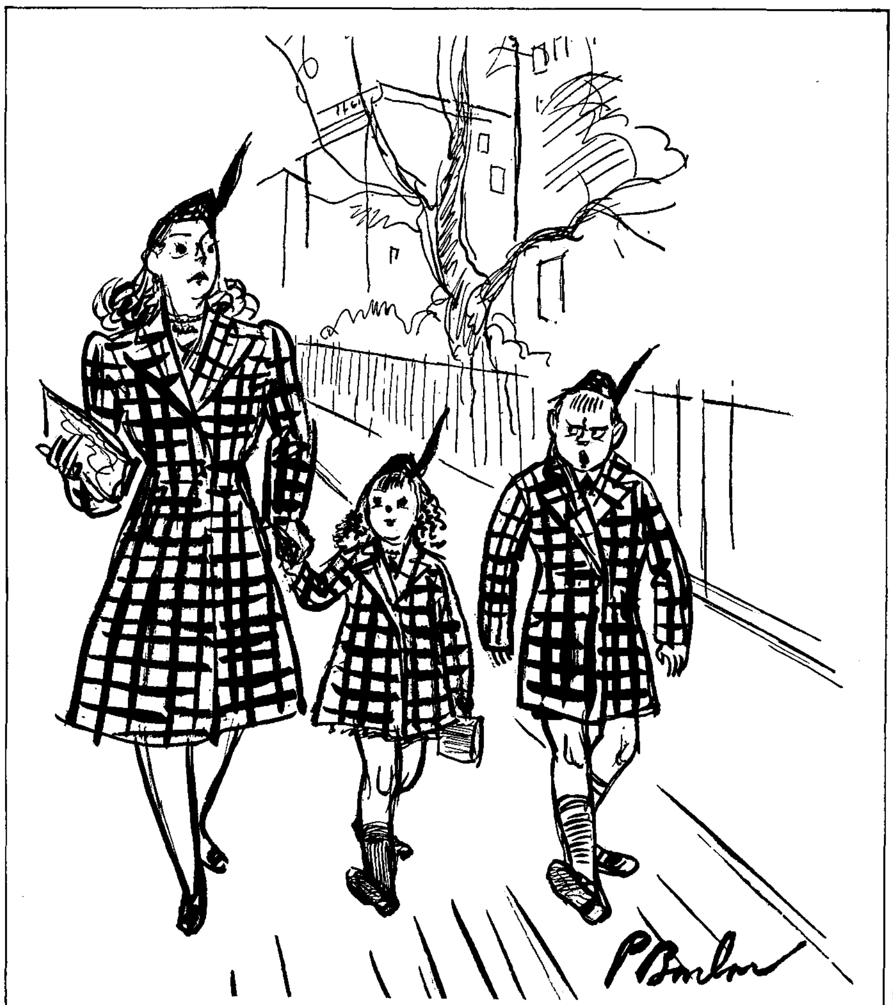
The wire was signed with Steve Emery's name.

"Steve Prescott was my pal," the message read. "I was with him when he died in Kentucky, twenty years ago. I owed him money then and I promised I'd pay off some day to his kid. I'm counting on you to pass this along to Sally. Maybe she'll want to throw in with you on that drugstore."

The money-order form was entirely factual. It stated that the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, payable to Edward Bristol, was being held at an Arcadia branch of the company's main office.

Eddie's eyes were glazed. His hands began to tremble. He stared wildly toward the rear of the store.

"Mr. Murchison!" his voice cracked. "Mr. Murchison!"



"You say it's the latest style! I say it looks like we're advertising something!" PERRY BARLOW

PICTURE OF A PEDIGREED DOG

The Cocker Spaniel—developed for hunting on marshy ground. Selection of the finest strains has resulted in this perfect pedigreed beauty.

FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED
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PICTURE OF A PEDIGREED GIN

Fleischmann's—the first American gin—has been the first choice of millions for smooth mixing since 1870. Distilled from the finest ingredients, it well merits its reputation as a *pedigreed* gin. It stands unsurpassed at any price. Try it, as millions have ...and see if you, too, don't agree it's better!

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

A Pedigreed Gin for Prize-Winning Drinks
Distilled from American grain—90 proof

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Is your HAIR DULL, LIFELESS HARD to MANAGE?

Awaken lazy scalp with new finger-massage machine

● Does your hair lack lustre, vibrant beauty . . . because scalp circulation is sluggish? Your own doctor will tell you: daily *fingertip* massage is the sensible thing to do to help.

Easy with Vitalator — amazing machine that imparts to *your own fingertips* the correct *rotary* vibration of Swedish massage. You need no special skill. Vitalator does the work, as you relax.

Use Vitalator, too, to apply your favorite face cream with professional technique, to soothe tired nerves. See it, try it, own it! At cosmetic, drug and appliance counters everywhere.

The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn.

SCALP CIRCULATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS . . .

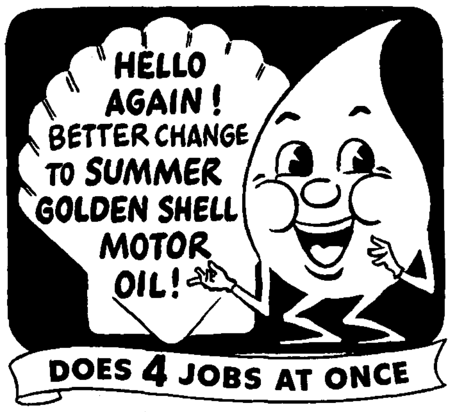
GILBERT Vitalator

CHROME FINISH $8.95 COLORFUL PLASTIC $9.95

Such beautiful teeth!
Perfectly rounded, smooth, and trouble-free!
Oh, Ace Hard Rubber Combs, eh?

ACE HARD RUBBER COMBS

AT DRUG AND DEP'T. STORES EVERYWHERE


HELLO AGAIN! BETTER CHANGE TO SUMMER GOLDEN SHELL MOTOR OIL!
DOES 4 JOBS AT ONCE

For Dear Old Sweeney

Continued from page 14

the gang staggered into the clubhouse and just sat there, feeling swell and warm and pleasantly tired after winning a good one.

Sweeney knew all these things, and more. So what? So he was, Sweeney reflected, a sentimental slob. For ten years he had been living and feeding on a memory, pitching his heart out for bush-town teams for twenty-five dollars a game, when he could get it. Pitching the identical baseball worth ten, twelve grand a year in the big league. Sweeney was fed up with chasing pipe dreams. Sure, he would throw the game for Mellish, the first bloke in ten years to give him a break.

"I got a little proposition right up your alley," Mellish had told him. "We got a big ball game Sunday with this Elton team. My boys beat them early in the season and people around here think we're pretty hot stuff. With you pitching for us, the odds on the game will be two, maybe three, to one."

Mellish leaned back in his chair and examined the ceiling. "That's a mighty nice price on a ball game," he said.

Sweeney didn't get it. He sat there, kneading his big wrists and hands sticking out of the coat which didn't quite fit him.

"The job is worth a hundred bucks," Mellish added, still looking at the ceiling.

"For a hundred bucks I'd beat the Yankees," Sweeney said.

"For my hundred bucks you lose," Mellish rasped.

That was when Sweeney should've hit Mellish on the point of his double chin. But Sweeney just sat there listening to the hollow echo of words which ran through the corridors of his brain on spiked feet, remembering the last time a baseball man had sought him out. The thread of memory led him unerringly to that day in the commissioner's office ten years before. That was the day they killed everything in Sweeney but the power of remembrance.

"You're through with baseball. You're out for good," the commissioner told him that day, brutally, savagely. "I'm barring you from organized baseball for life."

WHEN you were twenty-two you didn't believe those things could happen to you. When you were twenty-two, the world was your oyster.

You met a lot of people when you were twenty-two, especially when you moved into that hotel in the Loop after you won six games in a row and the ball club raised your salary from thirty-five hundred to five grand.

Yeah, you got around in those days and one of the people you bumped into a lot was this Falaschi. Okay, Falaschi was a racket guy. So what? Falaschi was a pal. He wouldn't let you drink rot-gut in joints he sold himself. He steered you to the right tailor and barber; he always picked up the tab on parties and he gave you a swell five-buck tie every time you worked a nice game. He even squared you with that gold-digging blonde and when you tried to tell him what a great guy he was Falaschi laughed.

"That's all right, sweetheart," Falaschi used to say. "What's a pal for?"

Sure, Falaschi bet on ball games. Everybody did. But Falaschi never asked you for tips and he never told you which way he was betting. Until that time you were nursing the first sore arm of your life. You had to lay off for two weeks and one day Falaschi, just to make you feel good, asked when you would go again. You told him you'd be ready to give it a try in the series with the Phillies coming up.

"That's a laugh," Falaschi said. "I drew the Phillies in the thirteen pool. I can kiss the dough goodby with my pal pitchin' against my team."

You didn't like the crack, even if it was supposed to be a gag, but you didn't want to pop off and get in a jam with Falaschi, so you tossed it off and said you didn't know about the Phillies. The Phillies in those days weren't a soft touch; they had a helluva hitting club.

You did know all about the thirteen pool, though. Sixteen guys got together, each drew a major-league team and paid a certain amount into a pool every day until one of the teams scored thirteen runs in a game. Thirteen runs on the nose—no more, no less. It didn't happen very often; sometimes the pool would go two or three weeks until a club hit the jack pot. Everybody in Chicago played it—the punks for a nickel or a dime a day. Even at those prices it added up to good dough when the pool went a couple of weeks. Big shots like Falaschi played it for ten bucks a day and this particular time no team had hit thirteen for almost a month. There were about four thousand bucks in Falaschi's pool and that wasn't hay.

If somebody overheard Falaschi's crack he could make trouble for you, but you were worried about your arm and you forgot it. Three days later the Phillies gave you a chance to test the flipper when they began to knock down all the fences at Wrigley Field. The starter got his lumps in the first three innings and two relief pitchers were no improvement.

They sent you to the bull pen to warm up in the fifth inning and you went in when the score was 12-3 in the seventh. The ball game was lost but they were watching you closely to see if your arm was okay and whether you could take your regular turn.

You didn't know yourself, but you soon found out. Your arm felt swell, and it still was 12-3 at the start of the ninth. Before going out to the mound you glanced into the stands and you saw Falaschi, sitting in his usual box, grinning at you.

WHAT the hell? you figured. What was a pal for? The Cubs were cooked anyway. It made no difference whether they lost by 12-3 or 13-3, but it did mean four grand to Falaschi, your pal. If the Phils made another run you'd still have a nice three-inning stretch and you would've convinced them you were right again. That was the big idea in the first place.

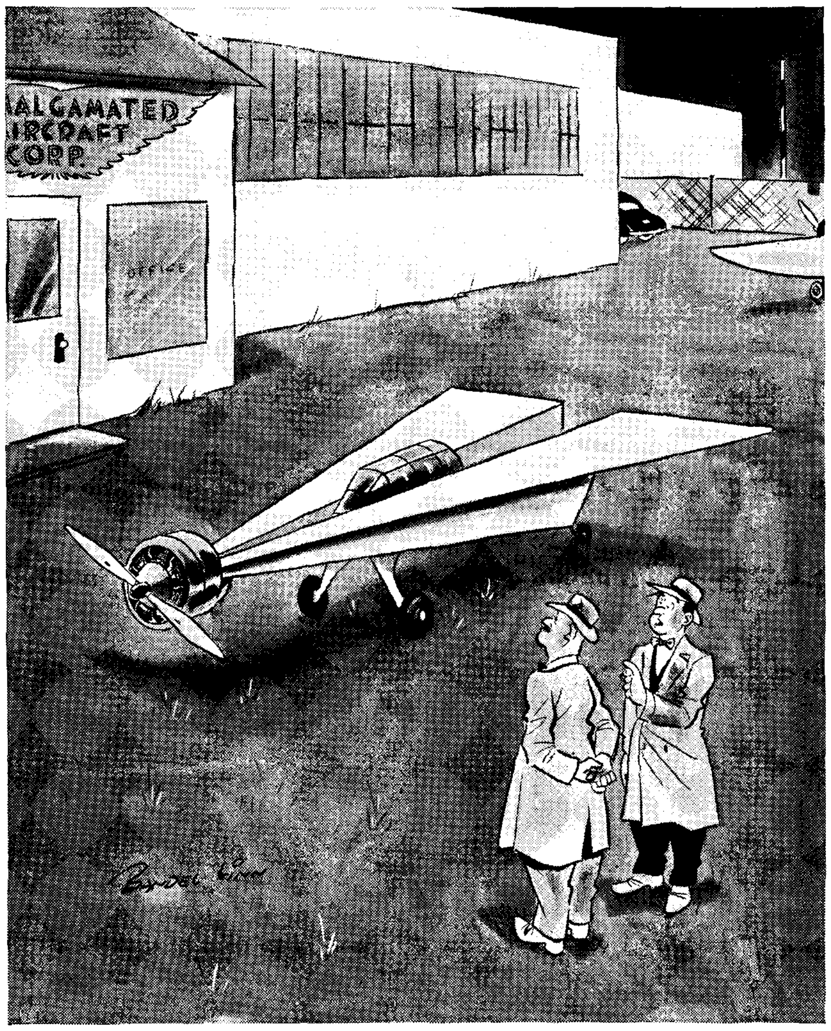
You decided to give Falaschi and yourself an even chance, though. You'd try to throw your high, hard one past Klein and if you struck out the big loogan there'd be no doubt about your arm. Klein murdered a fast ball unless there was plenty on it. You put everything you had on the pitch, but Klein teed off and belted it over the right-field fence for a home run.

The phone awakened you early the next morning. "Good morning, sweetheart," Falaschi said. "It's a lovely day."

"How would you know?" you yawned into the receiver. "It's the middle of the night for you."

Falaschi said, "Look out the window."

You thought it was a gag, or some-



"One day I was sitting in the office—and the idea just came to me!"

BANDEL LINN

"SURE...I KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS... but I was wrong . . . all auto insurance is not alike!"

"Here I've been proud of myself as a good provider for my wife and youngsters—insuring the car so our savings couldn't be wiped out by a bad accident. And I also thought I was a good business man—and that's where I was wrong. For years I had the stupid notion that it didn't matter what company I insured in. Then I discovered it does make a difference . . .

"In ten minutes one evening I got educated—and it's saved me money ever since. A State Farm Mutual representative told me about their Membership Plan. When you insure your car with State Farm you can renew the same policy from year to year—like life insurance. It costs the company less to operate this way—and savings are passed on to policyholders in better service and more protection."

How State Farm's Membership Plan Gives You

MORE AUTO INSURANCE FOR YOUR MONEY

by G. J. MECHERLE

Founder and Chairman of the Board State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

"It costs quite a lot of money to write a new auto insurance policy each year. That's why when we founded State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company back in 1922 we decided to do away with this expensive practice.

"Instead of issuing a policy that has to be rewritten annually, we designed our policies so they can be renewed—just like life insurance policies.

"This is only one of the many economies we pioneered in our Company. We did away with a lot of other red-tape practices.

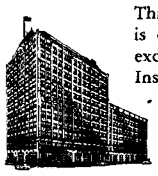
"The net result has been that over 19 years we've been able to save in excess of $40,000,000 for more than a million policyholders in the cost of their auto insurance.

"And in addition we have been able to give them broader protection and better service.

"There isn't room here to go into detail. For the complete story, I invite you to mail the coupon at the right. It will take you just 15 minutes to read how State Farm's Membership Plan gives you 'more auto insurance for your money.' Your request will place you under no obligation."

This is NEWS to many car drivers!

- State Farm Mutual is the largest exclusive writer of automobile insurance in the world. More than a million car owners have been insured the State Farm way.
- Last year State Farm settled agreeably over 200,000 claims—a claim was paid every 2.6 minutes!
- State Farm does business today in 39 states, in the District of Columbia, and in the Province of Ontario, Canada.
- More than 7,000 State Farm representatives are ready to serve you in case of an accident. These men are located all over the country so they can come to your assistance whether you are thousands of miles from home or in your own driveway.
- State Farm is a mutual company and is operated solely for the benefit of policyholders. *State Farm Mutual policies are absolutely nonassessable.*
- This is the home office building of State Farm Mutual in Bloomington, Illinois. This enormous building is owned and occupied exclusively by State Farm Insurance Companies.



STATE FARM
Insurance *Companies*

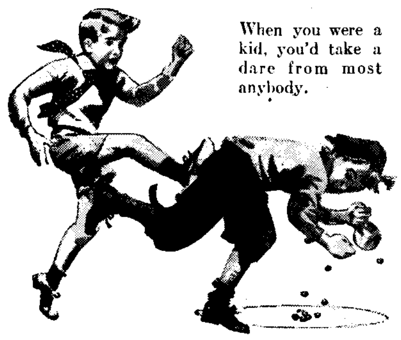
Bloomington, Illinois

Mr. G. E. MECHERLE C-41
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Mecherle: Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "The State Farm Common Sense Way of Buying Automobile Insurance at Actual Cost."

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

EVER TAKE A DARE
Just For The Fun of It?



When you were a kid, you'd take a dare from most anybody.

Remember the tough kid? And the time "Skinny" dared you to slip up and whang him one? Your heart was in your mouth, *but you did it!*

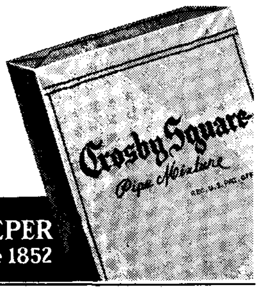
Here's Rich *Pipe* Flavor With *Cigarette* Mildness!

How about taking a dare to try Crosby Square? We'll take the risk. Smokers have discovered that this blend has what they've been looking for — the mildness of a cigarette with the full flavor of a real pipe tobacco. If you don't find that Crosby Square fills your "pipe-bill," you can get all your money back.

"Take-a-Dare" Offer — Send us 6c in stamps to pay part of packing and mailing and you'll get a generous sample. Write Crosby Square Div., 100 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.

Mention name of your tobacconist.

AT YOUR DEALER 15¢



CHRISTIAN PEPER
Tobacco Co. Since 1852

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Don't Gamble
Guard against trouble from Minor Injuries—
Burns, Cuts

Scratches, Bruises or Scalds. Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL (formerly Oil-of-Salt). Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Works four ways: Combats infection; helps check oozing of blood; stimulates healing; quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50c at your neighborhood drug store. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today on this guarantee.

BEG PARDON-
IT'S TIME
FOR SUMMER
GOLDEN SHELL
MOTOR
OIL
DOES 4 JOBS AT ONCE

thing, but you looked. Down at the curb in front of the hotel you saw Cheesy, one of Falaschi's trigger men, sitting in a fine new roadster.

"All I see is Cheesy waking up the neighborhood with a foghorn on a land-going yacht," you told Falaschi. "Is he stiff?"

Falaschi howled. "Nah, he's waitin' to give you a spin in your new car. From me to you. I like to give little presents to pals who do favors for me."

That was at nine o'clock. At noon Sweeney was in the commissioner's office and ten minutes later he was out of baseball. For life.

THEY said there was no sentiment in baseball when they let out Ruth and Alexander and Johnson. They didn't have to draw a blueprint for Sweeney. Sure, he'd throw the ball game for Mellish.

"Don't make it look too raw, but don't let there should be no mistakes," Mellish said hoarsely. There was an oily film of perspiration on his face. "This here Elton pitcher ain't too bad. We'll get three, maybe four runs off of him. Make sure they get more. Even Hubbell has his bad days." Mellish showed his crooked, decaying teeth in a smile. "I don't want to tell an expert how he should run his business, but I got a coupla friends outside just in case the expert gets bright ideas. Four thousand dollars is a lotta money."

Sweeney went out to the familiar scene; nothing ever changed on the Squeedunk circuit but the distances of the shaky, unpainted fences from the plate. Everything else was the same. The crowd spilled out of the ramshackle, postage-stamp stands up the sketchy foul lines and there was a full house of kids in the trees behind the fences.

Sweeney discussed signals with his catcher, a tall, serious kid built like Dickey, and it was the same old song and dance. One finger for the fast ball, two for the curve. He went out to warm up and he knew he had his stuff when he started to bear down.

Mellish gave him a big hello as he went to his seat near the dugout. They gave the discouraged grass of the infield a final once-over and Sweeney walked to the mound wondering why his stomach didn't feel as if it had been kicked by a horse. He missed the tight, nervous sensation he always had just before he threw the first pitch and the absence of the symptom puzzled Sweeney. Then it dawned upon him why he didn't have it. For the first time in his life he knew the result of a game before it commenced.

STANDING there on the mound, Sweeney reverted to his habit of comparing the batters to major-leaguers he had known. *Memory was his only* link with the past and strengthening it gave Sweeney a sublimated sense of importance every week for two hours.

That Elton lead-off man, for instance: Sweeney had not watched infield practice, but he guessed the skinny kid was the shortstop, a noisy holler guy who kept up a steady stream of chatter and was a cutie in the field and a bust at the plate. Sometimes that kind did all right.

The kid probably could throw the ball farther than he could hit it. Sweeney figured him for a bunt and chuckled to himself when Noisy choked up on the bat and started to break from the plate before the ball got there. From the yelp of the crowd, Sweeney gathered the youth had a local reputation as a fast man. That meant he would try to please his public and bunt again. Sweeney threw a hard one too high to dump on the ground and the sucker pushed a soft foul to the third baseman.

The second man looked like a setup for a curve outside, and he was. Who did he think he was, standing so far from the plate? Hornsby? Sweeney remembered he had a job to do and walked the third batter. There was a swelling roar from the mob and Elton's clean-up hitter strolled negligently to the plate, tossing away bats as if they were toothpicks. Sweeney recognized the type. No brains but plenty of beef. His nickname was Butch or Slug and he fancied himself as a very tough gent indeed. They always did. This one's neck seemed to have slipped down to his chest and Sweeney studied him for a moment, trying to peg him in the archives of his memory. It wasn't difficult. The guy was a pup out of Hack Wilson. Same build, same pigeon-toed walk, same batting stance.

Hack always could belt a fast ball waist-high out of sight and mind. Sweeney shook off his catcher's sign for a curve and threw one down the middle, a trifle inside so that Butch could pull it to the left-field fence and get Elton going in the run department. But the pup wasn't the original. The pup had a hitch in his swing and he lofted an easy fly twenty yards short of the fence.

The second inning was a breeze and by the end of the third Sweeney was beginning to suspect the Elton bums couldn't hit him if he walked past the plate with the ball in his hand. Mellish was glaring at him from the stands, but what was he supposed to do, pitch underhand, or something?

"You sure got these fellas hawg-tied," his catcher said after the third inning. "The ball looks no bigger'n a pea to them."

"There's still a long way to go," Sweeney said evasively. "The arm feels good, but it can tighten up any time."

The boy's face fell. He nodded sympathetically and then began to worry about his twenty dollars all over again.

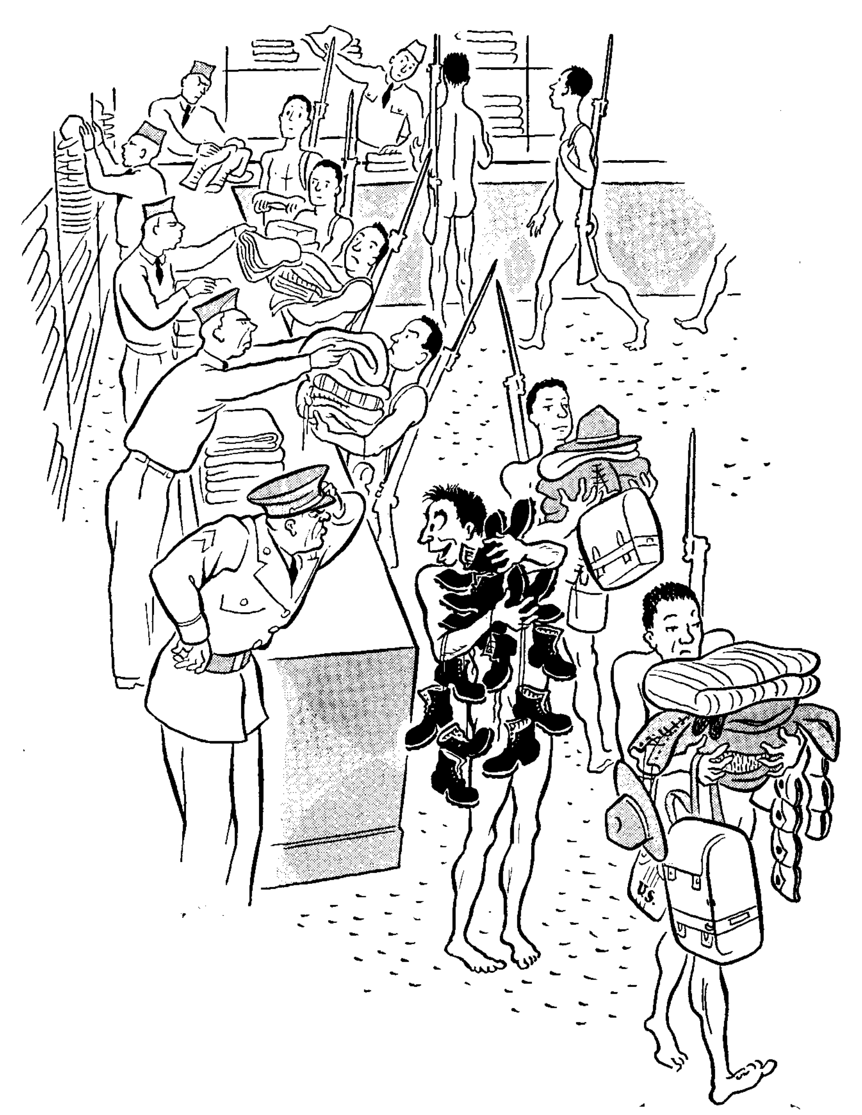
Sweeney wondered idly how good a game he really had in him when the meat of Elton's batting order went down without a struggle in the fourth. His fast ball was alive, even at three-quarters speed, and although he tried to make his curve a mere wrinkle, it was dipping around the plate as if it were rolling off a table. Sweeney felt great, nice and loose and easy.

He did everything but throw the ball over the grandstand in the fifth, after his side got two runs for him, but it still was no dice. The chattering of his infield, yelling the customary, unintelligible encouragement, irritated Sweeney when he went out for the sixth and Elton's refusal to accept the game he was trying to give away infuriated him. He was seized by a numbing feeling of impotence when four muscular characters sat down with Mellish and gave him the fishy eye. Was it his fault that Elton was so lousy he couldn't lose?

Sweeney cursed Mellish for putting him on the spot; before the black rage left him, he struck out the catcher and the pitcher, the bums who couldn't hit an elephant with a shotgun. The lead-off man was up, the swiftie who could only bunt and bellow.

Sweeney threw a perfect ball for a bunt, low and over the inside corner, and started to pull a phony fall so that he wouldn't be able to field the ball. But the chump couldn't even bunt. He rapped the pitch back to the mound and Sweeney instinctively flung up his hands to protect himself. The ball stuck in his glove. He wheeled and threw it to first.

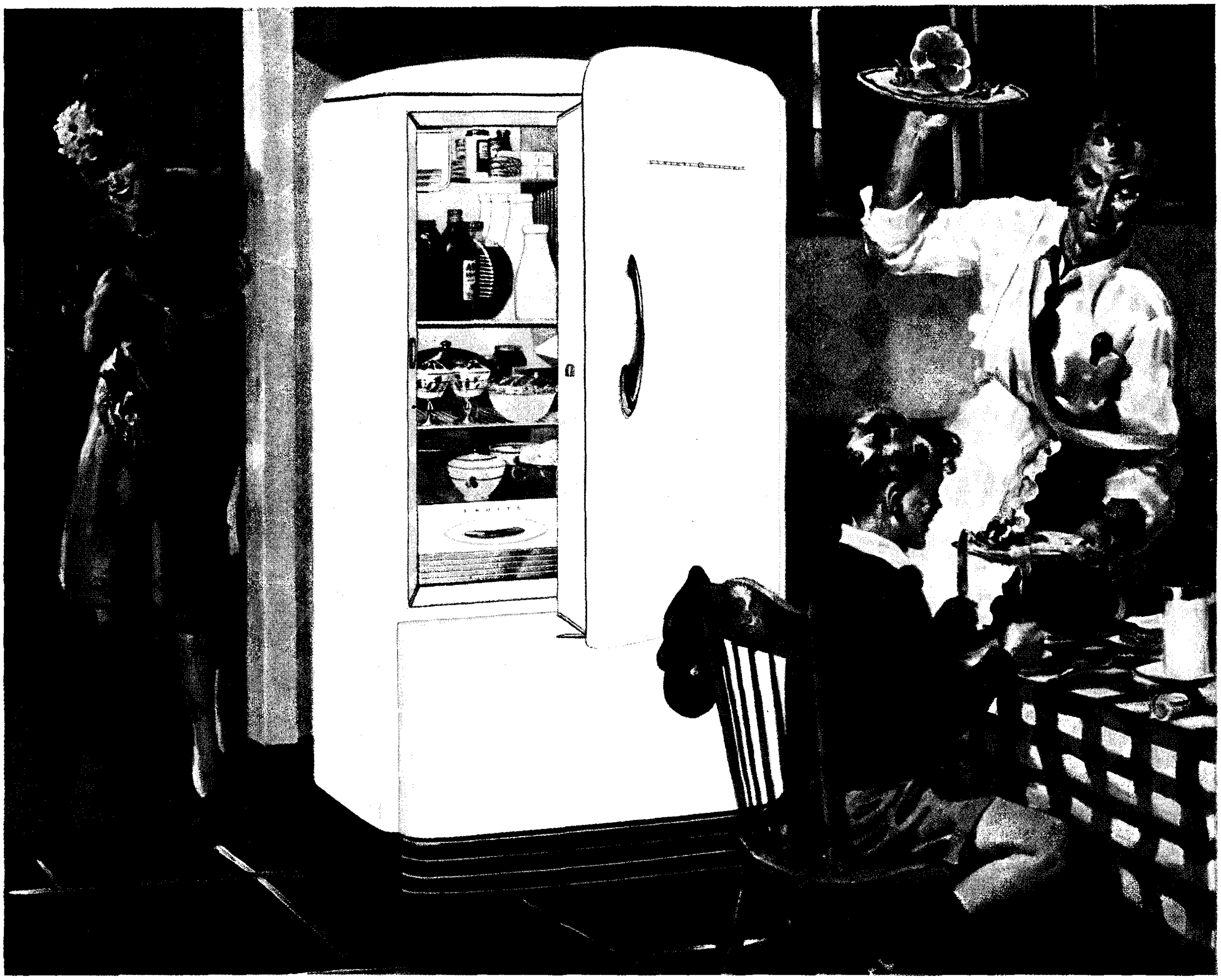
THE customers howled and gave Sweeney a big hand as he walked off the field. They kept up the racket after he ducked into the dugout and Sweeney, going to the water bucket, wondered



"I thought there was something wrong but I didn't like to say anything"

DANIEL ALAIN

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A GENERAL ELECTRIC



What Should You Pay For a Refrigerator?

Regardless of what you invest in a new electric refrigerator right now, you get just about twice the value that the same dollars could have purchased a few years ago. And you get a far better refrigerator, too!

★ Both the purchase price and operating cost of good electric refrigerators are so low today that almost any family can easily afford the very best. But to be sure of getting the most for your money . . . see them all! Remember that in selecting a refrigerator, you get only what you pay for!

★ Choose both *make* and *model* carefully! Pay enough to get a refrigerator sufficiently large for future needs . . . one with the many new conveniences that become increasingly important with daily use . . . one that is built by a reputable, thoroughly experienced electrical manufacturer.

★ If you choose wisely you won't be buying another refrigerator for a long time to come. So get one that will be a source of pride and satisfaction day in and day out, year after year!

★ Of course we believe the General Electric Refrigerator is by far the best you can buy. That's because we know how well it is built and what generous and honest value it gives for your money. We know, too, that G-E Refrigerators are famous for dependable, economical performance—and that impartial surveys prove more people prefer a General Electric than any other make.

★ Today's refrigerators are all priced about the same. So be sure you see the new 1941 G-E models before making your selection. See how their improved interiors make it easy to store food of all kinds . . . and how "conditioned" air keeps this food better, *longer!* Also see the newest refrigerator feature . . . the "butter box" that keeps table butter just right for spreading.

★ You're sure to find a G-E that fits your requirements. There are more than a dozen new models. Prices as low as $119.95* for the big 6-cu. ft. size.

If you are planning a home, write for G-E's booklet "Your New Home and Your Pocketbook". Address General Electric Co., Dept. XG-194, Bridgeport, Conn.

* Prices subject to regional differentials and change without notice.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Babies begin Life on Dextrose Sugar

Human life begins at conception. Suddenly, after a period of preparation, birth delivers the baby ill-placed after nine months of protectiveness. His con- state is disturbed, his body temperature dimin- exaggerated, his tissue acidotic, birth disturbances, various de- devised as the first feeding birth shock living. At years

maturity. Superior infant feeding accelerates maturation. Whether the baby is breast or formula-fed, he must be provided with the fifty nutrients essential for life and these must be properly adapted to his digestive capacity. The infant's nutritional requirements are usually met by the use of simple mixtures of milk, water and sugar. Milk alone does not provide enough carbohydrate to fulfill the baby's needs, hence the addition of sugar. Whatever the type of sugar added, it either contains *dextrose* or yields *dextrose* on digestion.

D*extrose is thus the fundamental food-energy sugar that composes, directly or indirectly, the first feeding* *fant.* Incidentally, it was the dextrose and dextrose-

forming sugars of Karo which attracted this well-known Table Syrup to the attention of the medical profession as a valuable component of infant-feeding formulas.

Food Industries Are Invited to Investigate Merits of Dextrose

Soft Drink Bottlers, Bakers, Confectioners, Ice Cream Manufacturers, Meat Packers, Fruit and Vegetable Packers and others are among the great industries which use Dextrose sugar to advantage.

Other industries may find that Dextrose improves food flavors, textures, keeping qualities and other desirable characteristics of their products. The inclusion of

Dextrose as an ingredient of a processed food provides manufacturers with a new sales argument. of this fact on the label

CORN PRODUCTS

17 Battery Place

The Ad that Caught a Mother's Eye

...and what it made her realize

The mother's name is "legion" . . .

She knew that most modern babies "Begin Life on Dextrose"...She knew that, even though breast-fed, today's infants are given supplementary feedings from birth . . . that "milk modifiers" are composed either of pure Dextrose or Dextrose-forming sugars . . . that Karo Syrup with its rich Dextrose content is typical of the products prescribed.

But the ad that caught the mother's eye made her REALIZE that the end of infancy does *not* end the body's need for Dextrose.

On the contrary! Everybody needs Dextrose every day of life, regardless of age. For practically all the body's energy is derived from Dextrose. All other sugars must first be changed *into* Dextrose before the body can utilize them as "fuel" for activity. That's why Dextrose is known as the fundamental sugar of the human body.

But how can a mother give her family the benefits of Dextrose?

Today the commercial production of Dextrose has been perfected. This vital food-energy sugar is available to food processors in sparkling white crystalline form, mildly sweet, cooling to the taste. And progressive manufacturers are using Dextrose in the processing and packing of many of today's finer foods and beverages—canned fruits, fruit juices, vegetables, ice cream, candy, bread, meat and soft drinks.

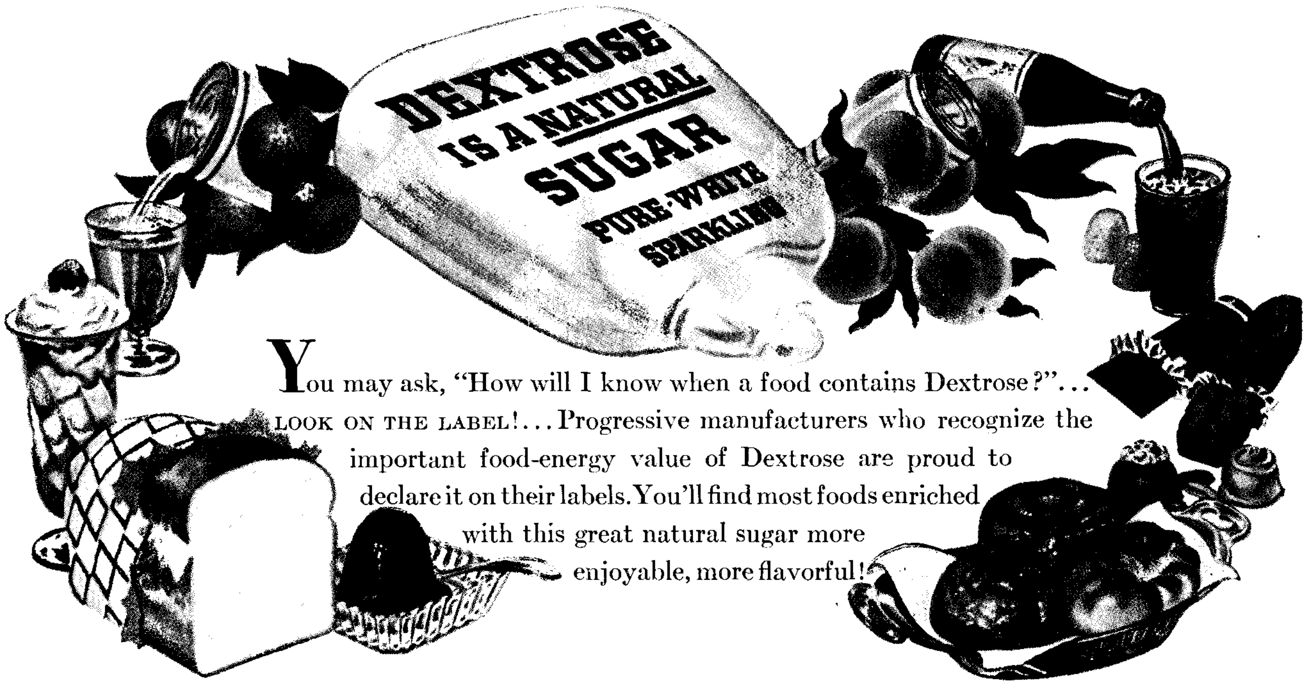
Any American mother can secure for her family Dextrose-enriched foods no matter where she lives. All she needs to do is look for "Dextrose" among the ingredients on the label.

The use of Dextrose in foods and beverages not only increases their food-energy value but adds greatly to their flavor and enjoyment.

☆☆☆ *America can supply every pound of Dextrose Sugar needed for American consumption. Dextrose, derived from America's greatest grain—golden Corn, is wholly, completely American. It is refined in American factories by American workers and distributed by American companies.*

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY · 17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

One of the producers of pure Dextrose



You may ask, "How will I know when a food contains Dextrose?"... LOOK ON THE LABEL!... Progressive manufacturers who recognize the important food-energy value of Dextrose are proud to declare it on their labels. You'll find most foods enriched with this great natural sugar more enjoyable, more flavorful!

why they were still screaming. The players were acting screwy too. They were nudging and whispering to one another and staring at him.

"I saw Feller pitch one in the opening game last year," Sweeney heard one of them say excitedly as he lifted the tin dipper.

"Shut up, you dope!" the catcher muttered fiercely. "You want to put the whammy on him?"

Sweeney started to drink and then the water was running down his chin and his neck and the front of his shirt. Sweeney suddenly got it. He knew why the mob was screaming and why the players were whispering.

He had a no-hit, no-run game!

Sure, that was it! While he had been concentrating on throwing the game he had forgotten he hadn't given a hit. Sweeney absently wiped his chin with the back of his hand and sat down on the bench, overwhelmed by the realization that he had it in his grasp. A no-hitter.

Suppose he *was* pitching against humpty-dumpties in the bush. They had bats, didn't they? Anybody who went up there and took his cuts had a chance to get a base hit, even if he swung with his eyes closed. A no-hitter was the best there was; a lot of great pitchers had never worked one, guys like Dean and Gomez and Ruffing and Derringer. And here he was within grabbing distance of the first one of his life after trying to throw the game for six innings.

SOMETHING inside Sweeney sang in time with a pulsating, compelling rhythm. A no-hitter! Go ahead and try to figure baseball. It was a cockeyed, unpredictable game, but that's what held men in a vise and wouldn't let them go. Sweeney sensed, without understanding, that a moment like this was compensation for ten years of misery and tortured thinking of what might have been.

Strength and stamina had become very precious to Sweeney. He sat down on the bench and stretched his legs. The little cool spots under his knees, where his stockings clung damply, felt swell. He looked at Mellish, who was trying to disguise his fear and rage and was making a miserable job of it, and laughed.

Nuts to Mellish and his hundred bucks and his gorillas. They could give him a going over, separate him from a couple of teeth. But they couldn't take away his no-hitter. That would stay with him forever. Sweeney cupped his hands to his mouth.

"C'mon, gang!" he yelled. "Let's get some runs."

Nine outs to go, once more through the batting order. Sweeney was glad he had loafed through six innings. Sweeney knew he needed all the breaks. Pitching once a week on the Squeedunk circuit didn't get a man's legs and arms in shape for nine good innings. Sweeney also knew he shortly would be entertaining a visitor, the little boy who always climbed aboard his back for the last innings of a ball game.

The crowd gave him a nice send-off when he walked to the mound, like a man treading on eggshells, for, the seventh.

Sweeney got the first two men in the seventh with his fast ball, but a tentative throb flashing from his fingers to his elbow warned him his arm was fading. The pup out of Wilson didn't know that; he was looking for the Sunday pitch. The pup got a fast ball, too wide to hit, and then Sweeney threw his big jug, the slow curve, three times and everybody sat down.

The hitters weren't bums and ribbon clerks in the eighth. They were ballplayers and they had big, menacing bats in their fists to knock his brains out. The first man bit at a bad ball and was a dead duck. And then it happened. The second baseman, the kid who needed the rent money, fumbled a sharp grounder. He grabbed at the ball convulsively, missed the stab, and by the time he found the handles on the ball the batter beat the throw to first.

Sweeney wanted something hard and brittle in his hands to grind into powder. It had to be an error, he thought wildly; it couldn't be anything else. The kid had choked in the clutch on a ball hit straight at him. The scorer might have seen it differently. Maybe the scorer, a local yokel, didn't know an error from a hole in the ground. Sweeney forced himself to turn and look toward the press box behind the screen. He saw the scorer raise his arm and make a little circle with his thumb and forefinger. Error.

Sweeney's shoulders sagged with relief—and from the weight of the small boy who had leaped upon his back. The little boy who was always there in the last inning dug his heels into Sweeney's ribs, grasped him by the throat, buzzed in his ear. Sweeney was tired.

When a pitcher is tired his head and his heart are allies of his arm. Sweeney pulled the string on his change of pace and he tantalized the hitters with lazy curves and he got them out.

Sweeney identified the distant roaring in his head as the noise of the crowd when he went out for the pay-off, the ninth. He felt as if the little boy had bored a hole in his shoulder and was pouring fatigue from a bottomless bottle into him.

A strange face at the plate puzzled Sweeney until he realized the added starter was a pinch-hitter for Elton's pitcher. When in doubt you always threw your curve on the outside corner. Sweeney put it there and the sucker fouled it to the catcher. The dope should've taken a couple of pitches. He might've known a small safe was attached to Sweeney's arm.

The cutie, the bunter, was up. Sweeney dug deep down within himself for a fast ball and tore off the mound to field the bunt if it came. Cutie missed his stab at the ball but the effort left Sweeney with two rubber hoses for legs. Cutie carried the count to two-and-two, draining the last drop of Sweeney's strength, before he died on a pop to the shortstop.

All his life Sweeney had drawn confidence from a ball in his hand and now he was reluctant to throw it, fearful of the consequences. Sweeney dusted his clammy hands on the resin bag and thought of the men whose no-hitters had been ruined with two out in the ninth. He remembered how Dazzy Vance had lost one when Sammy Bohne went up with a fungo stick and dropped a Texas Leaguer behind the infield. He remembered Grissom and Pennock and Derringer, and sweat caked the resin on his hands.

Sweeney prayed there were three strikes left in his arm. He reared back and threw the first one down the alley. He wound up again and the instant the ball left his hand something went limp inside Sweeney. The pitch was too good; it didn't have enough on it.

The crack of the bat exploded in Sweeney's head. He saw the ball rocket over him and then he visualized it kicking up a little cloud of dust in center field.

"Stay up!" he chanted silently. "Stay up! Carry for a catch."

The shriek of the mob told Sweeney nothing. He forced himself to wheel and look. The center fielder trotted in and made an easy catch.

SWEENEY was stumbling toward the outfield, mumbling incoherently for the ball. The crowd intercepted him at second base but it didn't stop Sweeney until the ball was cradled in his hands. They patted him on the back and brushed off the small boy. Somebody had him by the shoulder and was steering him toward the clubhouse. Sweeney braced himself, but it was only his catcher. Sweeney remembered to tell him he had caught a nice game. He was a good kid. Maybe he would lend him a buck to catch a bus out of town after Mellish and his friends were through with him.

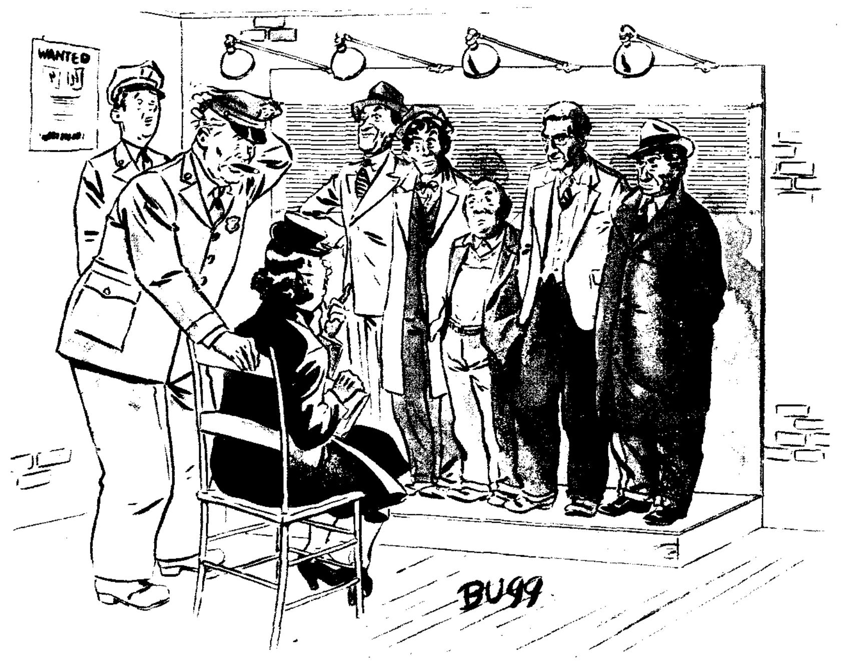
"Gee, that gave me a kick," the kid was babbling. "That's the first no-hitter I ever saw, much less caught. I bet you could stand them major-leaguers on their heads yet."

Sweeney wanted to hear more. "Let's duck across the street for a quiet beer," he said. "You and me rate a celebration."

"I'd like to," the kid answered, "but I keep in training all the time. I want to go ahead in this game."

"That's the idea," Sweeney said. "You put everything you got into baseball and you'll get something out of it."

The funny part is that Sweeney really believed it as he walked toward Mellish and his friends.



"He had this man's hair and eyes, this one's nose and chin and that one's build—but the other two are entirely innocent"

ROBERT BUGG

AN IMPORTANT STEP TO HELP
Give Your Car a Fresh Start
Condition the Radiator

MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH

Gets rid of winter's rust, scale, and muck that have accumulated. It dissolves grease, loosens clogging matter, emulsifies them so they wash out easily. Although it is quick-acting, Mobil Radiator Flush is non-caustic and entirely safe to use in your radiator.

MOBIL HYDROTONE

After the radiator is flushed out and clean, keep it protected against further rust and scale with Mobil Hydrotone. This is added to the water and neutralizes chemical action that causes corrosion, rust, and scale. Every car needs it. One 39¢ can lasts for months.

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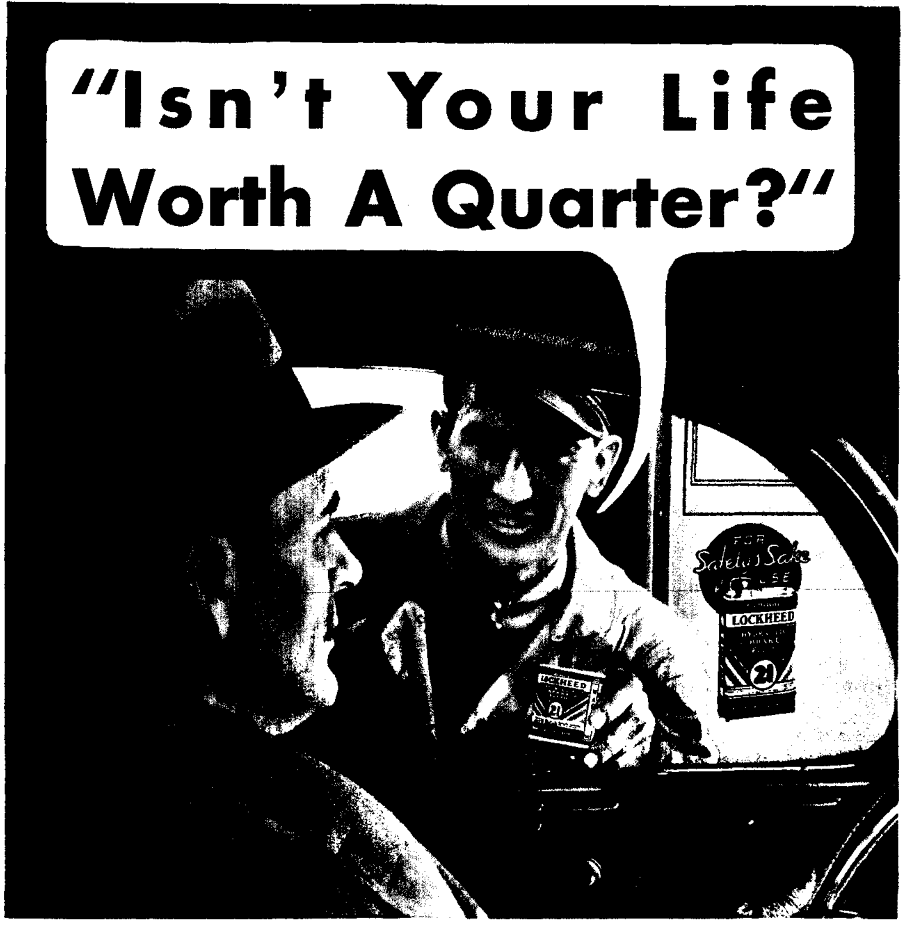
Mobil Specialties


"Isn't Your Life Worth A Quarter?"
FOR Safety's Sake
LOCKHEED
21

for SAFETY'S SAKE
keep the master cylinder filled to the proper level with genuine
WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID

The hydraulic brakes on your car are built so well that you may drive a long time without giving them a thought. They need very little attention, but for safety's sake it is wise to have the brake system checked at regular intervals. Inspection may disclose that all that is required is the addition of a small quantity of Wagner Lockheed No. 21 brake fluid. Surely your life, and the lives of others, is worth a quarter! Yet 25c is all you have to pay for a factory-sealed 3-oz. can of Wagner Lockheed No. 21, a can containing enough to bring the fluid back up to the proper level in the average master cylinder.

LOCKHEED NO. 21 IS AN ALL-WEATHER YEAR-ROUND BRAKE FLUID FOR ALL CARS and TRUCKS

Lockheed No. 21 is unqualifiedly recommended for all hydraulic brake systems. Behind Lockheed brake fluid products are sixteen years of Wagner development, research and service experience. Lockheed No. 21 retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions . . . Completely and properly *mixes* with other approved brake fluids . . . Furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system . . . Minimizes corrosion . . . In general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system . . . Used and approved by car and truck manufacturers.

HEED the ADVICE of YOUR AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE MAN

If, after your car has been driven thousands of miles, inspection discloses the need of new parts in the brake system—don't gamble. Get the benefit of a nation-wide service program carried out by trained men who recognize the value of genuine Wagner Hydraulic Brake Parts and Fluid.

Take Care of Your Brakes, and They'll Take Care of You

HAVE YOUR CAR CHECKED PERIODICALLY at a STATION DISPLAYING THIS SIGN

Patronize the service station displaying the Wagner red, white and blue sign. You will find the shop has special modern equipment and can supply genuine Wagner Lockheed Hydraulic Brake Fluid and Brake Parts.

Since good brakes are so important, don't guess about the condition of the brakes on your car. Have your car checked TODAY at the nearest authorized station. Automotive Parts Division, WAGNER ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto). H41-9

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GENUINE LOCKHEED PARTS

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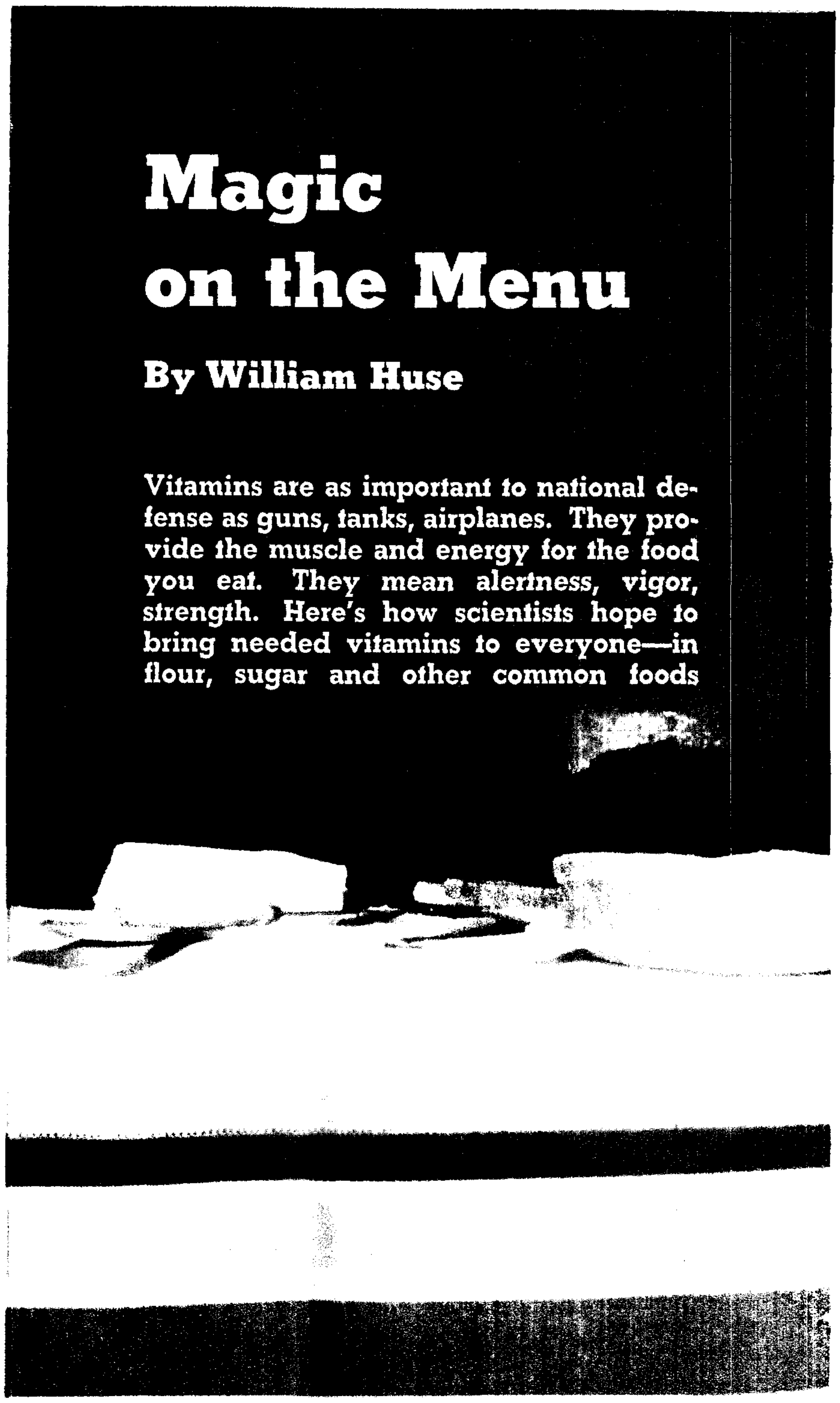

Magic on the Menu

By William Huse

Vitamins are as important to national defense as guns, tanks, airplanes. They provide the muscle and energy for the food you eat. They mean alertness, vigor, strength. Here's how scientists hope to bring needed vitamins to everyone—in flour, sugar and other common foods

Most people think they are healthy. They imagine most of their fellow Americans are healthy, too. They can quote figures to back up this belief: a general increase in longevity through the past fifty years, a general decrease in the ravages of epidemic diseases.

But good health is more than a longer life span and comparative freedom from disease.

Science describes one in buoyant health as ". . . a person in a good nutritional state with flesh which is firm, skin which is elastic with a pinkish glow. His mucous membranes are red; his manner is alert; eyes are bright and sparkling; posture is good; his hair is glossy and soft; and there is sufficient fat to round out the body—cover up the angles."

A healthy person feels confident that he can cope with the daily demands of life and work, and feels a general zest for living. With these specifications, a good many Americans probably wouldn't be quite so ready to claim that they are enjoying "buoyant health."

Nutritional science supplies the solution to the problem of how to attain "buoyant health" in a single word—vitamins. In most cases the failure to enjoy buoyant health is due to vitamin deficiency. In the past two decades a tremendous amount has been learned about vitamins—what they are composed of and what part they play in vital processes. Vitamins are foods, not drugs, but unlike other foods they are needed only in very minute quantities.

Recently Doctors Stiebeling and Phipard of the Department of Agriculture made a careful survey of the diets of working people from coast to coast. They found that half of these workers lived on poor diets; thirty-five per cent could call their food "fair." Only fifteen per cent had diets that were good.

The chief difference between the "good" diets and the "fair" and "poor" diets was in the amounts of vitamins and minerals they contained. Eighty-five workers out of a hundred, although they might be getting enough food by bulk and weight, were in reality partly starved for vital food elements.

For some time British nutrition experts have known that the national diet of Britain was deficient in certain essential food elements. This deficiency was serious enough in normal times. In times of great national effort it meant a grave potential weakness in the whole country. So last July the British government decided to combat this weakness by ordering the "fortification" of flour. Every miller began adding to his flour Vitamin B1 and calcium, two of the food elements which were most seriously lacking in the national diet.

When this decision of the British government to fortify flour was announced on July 18, 1940, it attracted very little attention, yet it was one of the most important stories of the war. A great government, for the first time in history, took over the responsibility for raising the quality of the diet of its citizens.

A month before the British policy was adopted, a similar plan of food fortification had already been proposed in a memorandum drawn up by the Nutrition Group at the California Institute of Technology and submitted to Wash-

BOB LEAVITT

Staple foods that reach nearly everyone every day—bread is a good example—can, through fortification with vitamins, build up a national reserve of health

gton. Early last spring, when our own ational defense went into high gear, the utrition Group was organized at the alifornia Institute under the headship f Dr. Henry Borsook. Dr. Borsook nd his associates have conducted nutri- onal surveys, carried on clinical work ith vitamins, analyzed foods and per- ormed studies of the effects of vitamins n human beings. They proposed to see ow their new knowledge could best be ut to the service of national defense.

The old idea that if people got enough fill them up they were getting a good iet has been proved erroneous. There ust be not only enough food to pro- ide energy and repair wear and tear, ut enough vitamins for the body to use is food efficiently.

The amount of vitamins any of us eeds daily is amazingly small. A erson can be healthier on a little food d plenty of vitamins than on plenty of od and too few vitamins.

A serious lack of vitamins results in -called "deficiency diseases." Pellagra caused by a lack of nicotinic acid and her vitamins of the B group. Not ough Vitamin C causes scurvy. These re serious diseases that may end in eath. It is easy to see why a diet so w in vitamins that it allows these dis- ases to attack people is called "in- dequate."

But that is not the whole story. An- her kind of trouble is caused by a lack vitamins. This is called "latent de- ciency." This means simply that while e individual may be getting enough itamins to prevent "deficiency dis- ases" he still may not be getting enough r buoyant health.

Latent deficiency is dangerous because it has few easily recognizable signs. Perhaps your eyes take a long time to recover from the glare of oncoming headlights; perhaps on entering a movie theater you have to grope your way to a seat, apparently half-blind. If so, your diet is probably lacking in Vitamin A. If you are troubled with constipation and chronic dyspepsia, trifling aches and pains or "that tired feeling," the chances are that you are not getting enough Vitamin B.

Another danger of latent deficiency is that it leaves our bodies ill-prepared to meet emergencies. When our bodies are subjected to any unusually heavy strain the vitamin requirements increase at once. Then, if there is not a corresponding increase in vitamin intake, we are in danger. Heavy physical work, infectious diseases, convalescence, pregnancy, hyperthyroidism, exposure, faulty assimilation, long working hours —all these place heavy extra strain on the body and increase the vitamin requirements.

This was proved clearly aboard a ship on which beriberi broke out among the crew. This disease is caused by a lack of Vitamin B1. Although all crew members were on the same diet, nearly all the stokers became ill but only a relatively small number of deck hands

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

KENTUCKY DERBY TROPHY. Since 1875, when the first Kentucky Derby was run at historic Churchill Downs at Louisville, Kentucky, the Derby has been a classic of American turfdom. The golden cup (right) which this year will be given to the owner of the winning horse is perhaps the most coveted trophy in the realm of sports—emblematic of a supreme achievement in horse-racing. All over the world a Kentucky Derby winner is recognized as being a king among thoroughbreds.

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Look for The Honey-Seal in the Bowl

suffered. The reason was that the diet was low in B1 but still adequate to prevent beriberi among those whose work was comparatively light. But for the stokers, whose work was much heavier, the diet did not contain enough B1 to prevent the disease.

The Stiebeling-Phipard survey and other investigations have shown that practically nobody gets enough Vitamin B1.

Except for pellagra in the South, acute vitamin-deficiency disease is not a problem of any real consequence in the United States. The serious problem is a widespread "latent deficiency." Even when people have money enough to buy all the food and all the kinds of food they choose, their diet still may lack enough vitamins. To provide an adequate vitamin intake, the Nutrition Group calculates that each adult civilian should have daily 6,000 International Units of Vitamin A; 2.5 to 3.0 milligrams of B1; 2.5 milligrams of B2; 15 milligrams of nicotinic acid; 75 milligrams of Vitamin C.

The diet should also contain proportionate amounts of other parts of the B complex.

The Meal We Can't Afford

The problem is to discover how to get these vital elements into the bodies of some 135,000,000 Americans. The Nutrition Group considered a great educational campaign to teach people to eat foods naturally high in vitamins. That would mean teaching people the vitamin content of foods, so that they could get into each day's diet this recommended vitamin intake. They would be taught to arrange menus like the following:

Breakfast

Orange juice, toast, butter, two eggs, bacon, coffee, sugar, cream.

Lunch

Vegetable soup, fish, cream sauce, potatoes, butter, string beans, lettuce, tomatoes, mayonnaise, roll and milk.

Dinner

Appetizer, sea-food cocktail, consommé, steak, orange ice, French-fried potatoes, peas, lettuce, tomatoes, French dressing, celery, olives, butter, roll, apple pie, coffee, sugar and cream.

That's good eating. It is a better menu than most of us enjoy. It contains 3,900 calories—plenty for an energetic bricklayer. Yet it contains just enough Vitamin A and only two thirds enough Vitamin B1. Few people, unless they were doing heavy physical work, could eat that much every day. Most people couldn't afford it.

The menu could be juggled about by making substitutions of foods naturally rich in vitamins. There is a by-product of flour milling which the millers call "scalp of the sizings" or "middlings plus germ," very rich in B1. We could have it as cooked cereal for breakfast and leave out the eggs and bacon, though we'll sacrifice a good deal of Vitamin A in the process. We could substitute whole-wheat bread for white at every meal; that also will increase the B1, and we could just about make up the daily requirement by having lean pork instead of beef for dinner and soybeans instead of peas.

But the kind of juggling it involves disregards things like keeping within a limited food budget, or the fact that some of the items aren't always in season. It disregards individual preferences and prejudices. Remember that we've succeeded in working out a good diet for *only a single day.*

How many people would be willing to go on eating that diet, day in and day out? After all, it isn't unreasonable for us to want to enjoy our meals, and variety is one of the main things that make meals palatable.

So we have to begin planning menus for variety as well as vitamins. And very soon we run into a serious difficulty. There simply are not enough vitamin-rich foods to make that kind of planning even reasonably easy.

Tables of the vitamin content of foods are available, but represent more than anybody can be expected to remember. So picture the housewife doing her daily or weekly marketing, with a market basket in one hand and a vitamin table in the other. And then picture her, at home, setting up a kind of culinary balance sheet, meal by meal and day by day, to make certain that the daily total of each vitamin measures up to the required amount.

Few housewives or professional cooks would have the time for such dietetic bookkeeping. This is the difficulty with wholesale public education as a means of bringing the national diet up to a good nutritional standard.

There is another way. Vitamins are now made artificially or concentrated from rich natural food sources. Synthetic vitamins or vitamin concentrates are on sale in every drugstore. So why not educate the general public to the necessity of an adequate vitamin intake, and then let them buy their vitamins over the counter?

But even this much simpler method has two great drawbacks: One is psychological. Under this procedure, nearly everybody would think of vitamins as medicines or drugs, instead of as foods. And everybody who dislikes dosing himself unless he is actually sick would be reluctant to use vitamins.

The second disadvantage is the more serious: The cost of capsuled or other forms of vitamin concentrates from the point of view of most of us is still high. It costs one family of three who get their vitamins via the drugstore at least thirty cents per day.

So after going over all these considerations the Nutrition Group concluded that there is only one practicable method of improving the national diet easily and effectively—fortification of staple foods.

This is why the Nutrition Group urges food fortification on a national scale—that is, the addition of the desired vitamins and other food elements to staple foods as they are being milled, refined or processed. This is the only way that the national diet—and the national health and nerves—can be improved easily, rapidly and cheaply.

Fortification is not an entirely new idea. For years iodine has been added to salt as a preventive of goiter. Some margarine is fortified with Vitamin A. The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association approves adding Vitamin D to milk and restoring Vitamin B1 to flour. What *is* new is the idea of fortification on a scale so extensive that no American who eats his three meals a day can possibly miss getting an ample supply of the vitamins he needs.

You Can't Get Too Much

A central group to deal solely with nutrition—to set standards and to deal with the practical problems of translating these standards into general practice—has already been set up. Last November, at the request of Miss Harriet Elliott, head of the Consumer Division of the National Defense Advisory Commission, a Committee on Food and Nutrition of the National Research Council was appointed to advise the federal government on nutritional aspects of national defense.

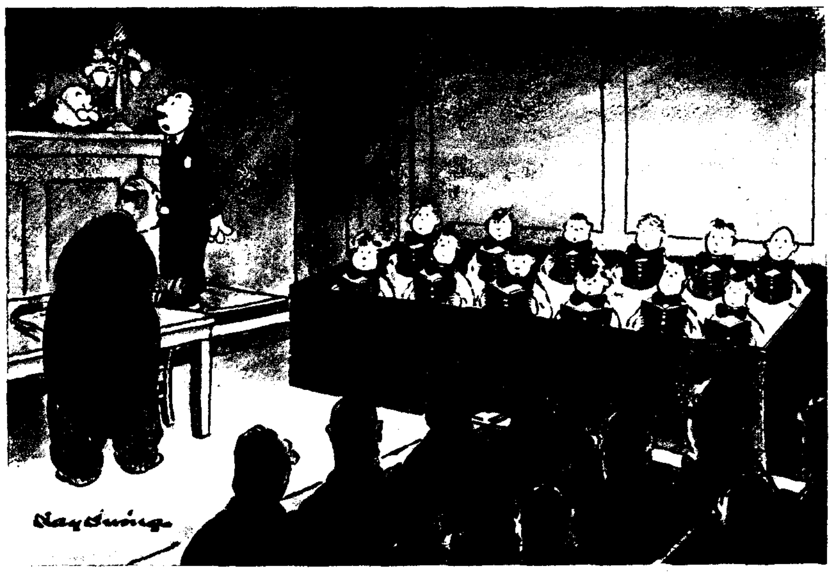
This committee has already recommended the fortification of white flour. Later it will take up the problem of improving another dietary staple—white sugar.

Another committee is advising the Army and Navy on fortifying the rations for both these services.

In practice, while the government will standardize and supervise, the actual fortification will be done by private industry without any disturbing changes in industrial processing or distribution.

There are questions that everybody is bound to ask—such as: "When foods are fortified will there be any danger of eating too many vitamins?" No, you don't need to worry about that. The human body cannot accumulate most vitamins for very long—B and C for a few weeks, A for a few months. What we need for day-to-day living we must get mostly from day-to-day eating. There is an enormous gap between the amount of vitamins we need for buoyant health and the amounts that could hurt us. Take the case of Vitamin B1. You should have 2.5 to 3 milligrams daily. Suppose you are on a diet fortified to contain 3 milligrams. Before you could harm yourself through an overdose of B1, you would have to eat every day between one and four *tons* of this diet.

Another question: "Wouldn't fortification be too expensive?" Not if it is done intelligently and nationally, taking full advantage of modern technology and distribution. At most, there need be only a negligible increase in cost to the consumer.



"There must be some mistake, Your Honor . . ." JAY IRVING

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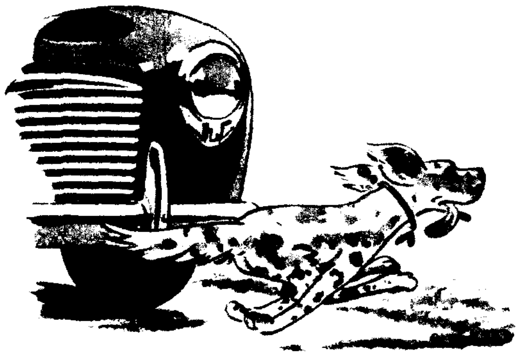
NOT FOR YOURS TRULY!

TIME . . . AND MIGHTY LITTLE OF IT . . . WILL TELL YOU A HUDSON IS DIFFERENT IN 5 IMPORTANT WAYS



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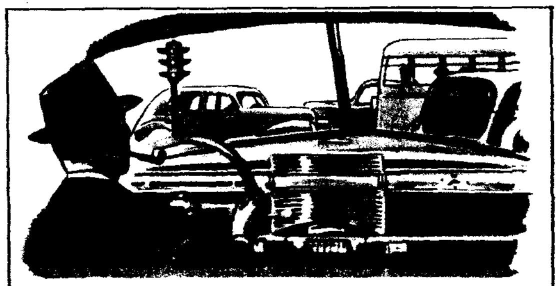

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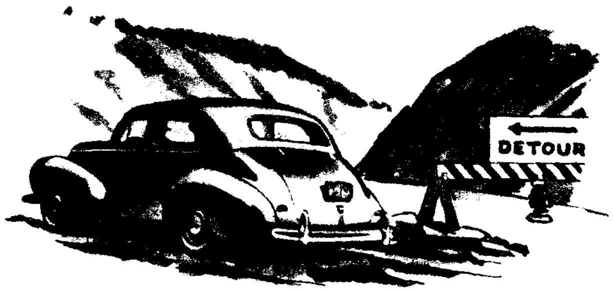

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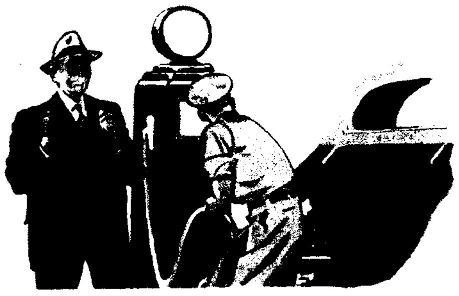

EVERY WEEK Tells You the Difference in ECONOMY! In miles per gallon, the big, 92-horsepower Hudson Six beat *every* entry in the 1941 Gilmore Grand Canyon Run except two of the shortest, lowest-powered cars. And the 128-horsepower Hudson Eight averaged over 20 miles per gallon. You GO—in cars that hold 150 performance and endurance records! And you SAVE as you go!

. . . AND IT'S TIME You Knew . . .
PRICES START AMONG THE LOWEST

When you put *local delivered* prices side by side, you'll find there's practically no difference between the cost of a Hudson Six and that of the other popular low priced cars.

In every popular price class—lowest, low and moderate—Hudson's 31-year engineering leadership gives you a car that's different, and better, in many ways.

Come for a look . . . go for a ride in a Hudson! A few minutes of driving will show you what a whale of a lot of car you can get for mighty little money.

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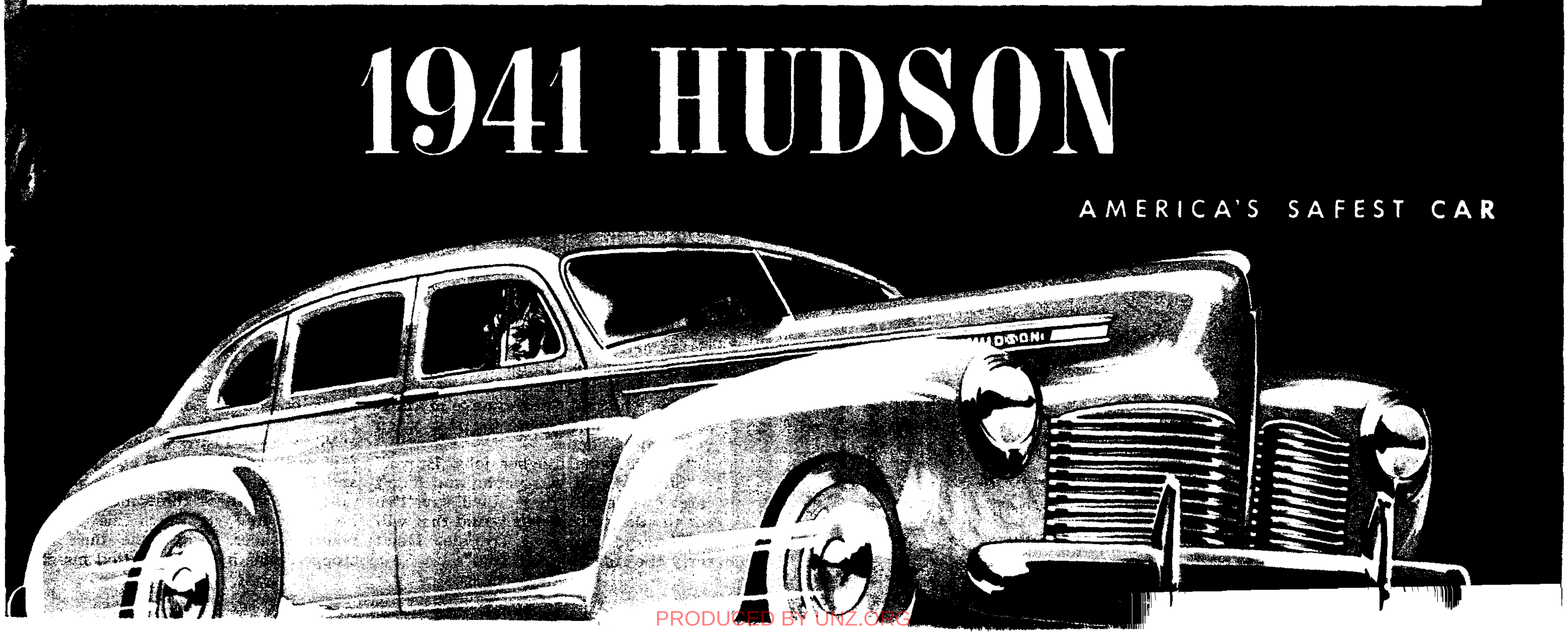

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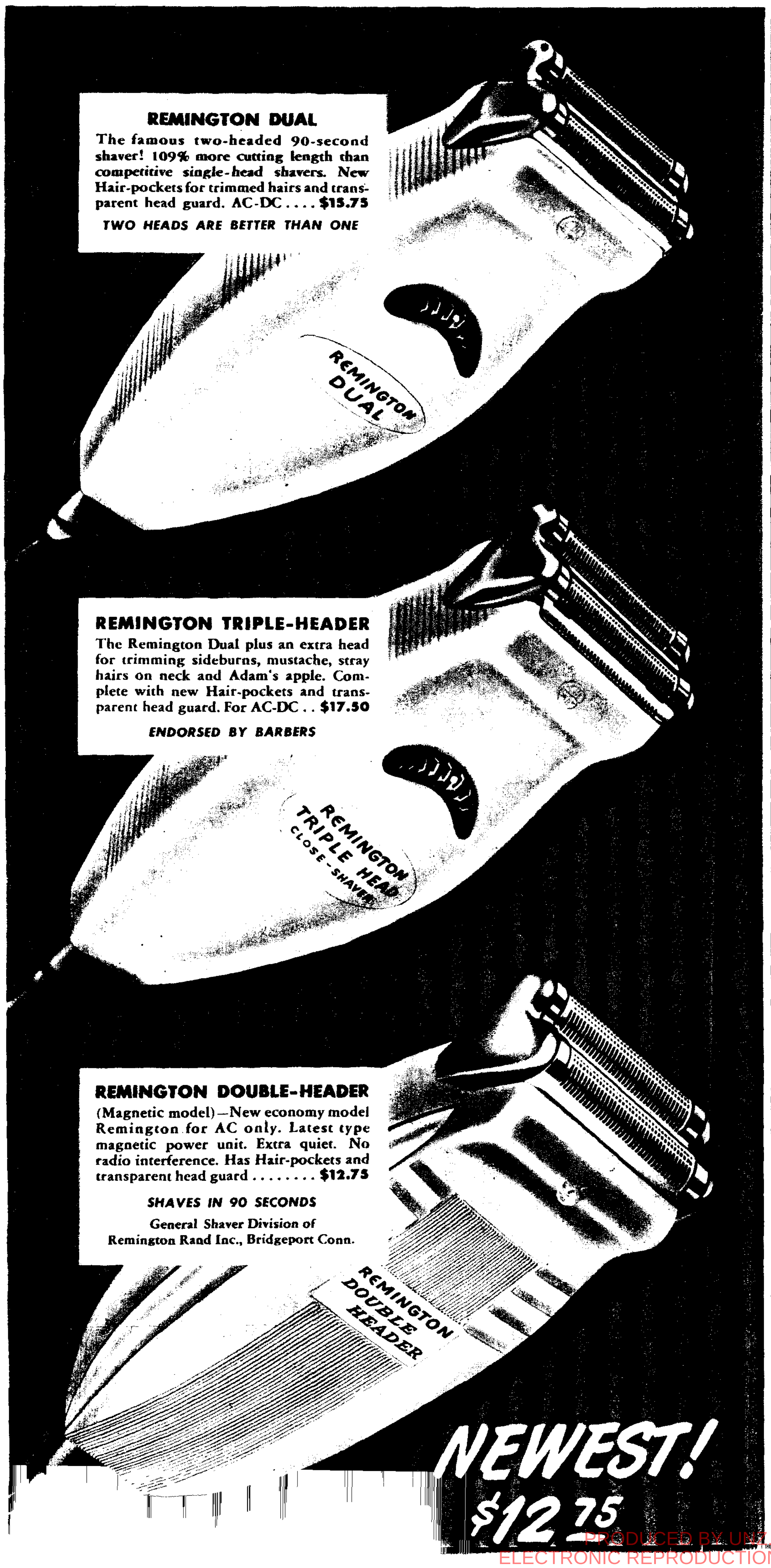

REMINGTON DUAL

The famous two-headed 90-second shaver! 109% more cutting length than competitive single-head shavers. New Hair-pockets for trimmed hairs and transparent head guard. AC-DC **$15.75**

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

REMINGTON TRIPLE-HEADER

The Remington Dual plus an extra head for trimming sideburns, mustache, stray hairs on neck and Adam's apple. Complete with new Hair-pockets and transparent head guard. For AC-DC .. **$17.50**

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REMINGTON DOUBLE-HEADER

(Magnetic model)—New economy model Remington for AC only. Latest type magnetic power unit. Extra quiet. No radio interference. Has Hair-pockets and transparent head guard **$12.75**

SHAVES IN 90 SECONDS

General Shaver Division of
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Trail Town

Continued from page 20

little later he turned to Dug Neil. "Drop down to The Pride and tell Charley Fair I'm after Younger. Tell him I want Younger."

Neil left the room. Ford Green, who had been standing, sat down in Ed Balder's desk chair. He dropped a hand on Ed Balder's paper-scattered desk and began to drum on it softly with his fingers. His head was tilted and his face seemed suddenly sallow and long. Mitchell watched some kind of hope warm Bravo Trimble's eyes. Yet in a moment this went away, for Bravo was an old hand and he knew how the game went, and afterward the sheriff grew hopeless and tired before Mitchell's eyes. Neil presently came back.

"He says Jett Younger will have to take care of himself."

Ed Balder nodded. "Charley Fair is no fool. He knows damned well Younger's stunt is apt to hurt the saloon trade as much as ours. I want Younger, Bravo. Go get yourself some men and swear 'em in. You come back with Younger or his scalp or don't come back."

Bravo Trimble murmured darkly, "Maybe I don't come back," and left the room. Mitchell, idly following in Bravo's footsteps, saw the sheriff cross Willow and move along Race at a loose, slow gait. Mitchell paused by Balder's doorway. Behind him Ford Green and Dug Neil and Balder were softly talking, the meaning of the words not coming to Mitchell. It made no difference, for at this moment his mind went ahead of Bravo Trimble and saw this man lying dead somewhere in the Aspens. In a showdown against Jett Younger the sheriff would not last.

In Mitchell's head was a constant awareness of his own position. His survival depended on a complete knowledge of the factions in this town, in the hidden motives which alternately pulled apart and pushed together the chief actors here. The merchants had their side of the argument, with Ed Balder speaking. Through Charley Fair passed the desires of Race Street and the alleys behind it and the drifting rustlers and horse thieves in the Aspen Hills. On most things Balder and Fair were at opposite ends, and watched each other and maneuvered for advantage. But on some things, as in this one, they saw alike. What hurt the town hurt them both. Therefore these two realists had made a deal. Charley Fair had thrown over Jett Younger. The outlaw was fair game if Bravo Trimble could get him.

MITCHELL moved to Brinton's for his buckskin. Mounted, he turned back to Race and idly cruised the almost empty street.

The train was in, its bell rolling echoes across the town's housetops, and a homesteader drove up Race with a load of buffalo bones collected off his land, to be sold through the Breyman brothers to a fertilizer factory in Omaha. Beyond the corner of The Drovers', Mitchell found Bravo Trimble. He had come to a stop and stood with head and shoulders dropped, staring at the yellow earth. He turned when he heard the slip of the buckskin's feet in the dust. His face was a thousand years old.

"Dan," he said, "never make my mistake, which is to pack the star when your day is done."

"You've done tougher jobs, Bravo."

"Sure, when I was young and didn't care. I will go out there. I will say, 'I've got to take you in, Jett.' And that will be the end of Bravo Trimble. Don't carry the star too long, son."

Mitchell put both hands on the horn and bent forward. In the game of politics the sheriff had always been on the other side of the fence, playing along with Ford Green. He was Ford Green's man and a hundred times in the last year, by one soft word or another, Bravo Trimble had tried to cut the ground from beneath Mitchell's feet. Yet he stood here now, just a checker to be moved to a corner by Green, to be sacrificed if necessary. At the same time Charley Fair had withdrawn support from Jett Younger, who was his checker. The only difference was that Charley Fair was pretty certain he wouldn't lose his checker. That was how it went in River Bend.

MITCHELL stared out into the yellow layers of desert sunlight lying upon the land. His heavy mouth moved together and a resentment stirred through him, side by side with pity. This man wore a star and he was alone, nobody caring.

"Bravo," he said, "I'll ride along."

Bravo Trimble straightened. "Why, son, it ain't your fight."

"It will be some day. Might as well be now."

"He's got five riders in the Aspens."

"I've got another man for us, which makes three. That's plenty." He wheeled the buckskin back into Race. Tom Leathers stood propped against the Arcade wall, half asleep on his feet. Mitchell reined before him. "A little fun, Tom. Bravo and I are going after Younger. Maybe you'd like the ride."

"I had a ride," said Tom Leathers.

"Never mind," said Mitchell, "it was just an idea." Bravo Trimble came up Race, walking fast, and passed around the corner toward Brinton's stable. Charley Fair emerged from the barbershop, his face turned ruby from its hot toweling. Mitchell moved the buckskin across the street toward Fair. He said: "I'm ridin' along with Bravo, Charley."

Charley Fair's face showed nothing. "What side you think you're on, friend Dan?"

"Mine."

"Lonely place."

"Maybe," agreed Mitchell and turned up the street. Ford Green and Ed Balder stood now on Willow's sidewalk, watching him as he passed on to Brinton's stable. Bravo waited there and Bravo's eyes touched Ford Green and came back to Mitchell, and showed a greater feeling than Mitchell had ever seen in them. Bravo said: "You never know where a friend is, son. Never—"

Tom Leathers came around the corner on his roan pony, and was wholly displeased with himself and said so: "Pride is a damn' fool thing. Man never learns." He gave Mitchell a tough glance, grumbling: "What the hell you dallyin' for?"

"I thought you'd be drunk by now," suggested Mitchell.

"Remember," pointed out Tom Leathers, "this is just a ride. I ain't interested in Jett Younger at all. Hate to see you get lost up in those hills, though."

"Sure," agreed Mitchell. "Big hills." He grinned at Leathers and saw the man's fertile imagination begin to work at the possibilities of the adventure before them.

Young Dick Lestrade came through a foot-wide gap between Webber's House and Poe's saddle shop and crossed the dust toward these three men with his head lowered to watch his square-pointed shoes furrow the dust. He stopped near by and he lifted his chin and he surveyed them with a boy's wonder-working, unfathomed dreaming.

"Now," said Mitchell, "if we needed another hand we could take you along."

Young Dick's answer raced back at him: "I could keep up all right. I can ride."

"But it just happens," murmured Mitchell, "we only need three and Leathers asked first. Well, another time."

Bravo Trimble looked down on young Dick, and the boy was a mirror in which he saw his freer and better years, so that he said with an inexpressibly sad tone: "Kind of like to be a-ridin', wouldn't you, Dick? But don't ride too soon. Now there's the swimming hole under the bridge and there's the cave out by Jordan's bluff and here's the whole long blessed day for loafin'. Don't ride too soon."

"Sure," said young Dick, understanding none of this but willing to agree, for it was one of his gods speaking.

"All right," said Mitchell. The three men swung around and moved out Willow into the prairie.

Ford Green turned on the walk so that he might face Balder. Then he spoke in his quiet, suggesting way.

"Wonder why he's going out with Bravo."

Balder displayed irritation. "Never know about that fellow."

"You gave him that job, didn't you? Your man, isn't he?"

"That's right."

But there was a ruffled, jumpy doubt in Balder's tone. Smart in all things, Ford Green was swift to catch that inner aggravation. He started down the street, high and square and a little ungainly in the manner he walked; and then, as though this were the purest afterthought he turned and said in his dry way: "You sure he's still your man?" He didn't wait for an answer, but crossed Willow toward the courthouse, the sun brightening the freckles of his face.

REACHING the end of Willow, Irma Gatewood noticed that one homestead wagon remained at the temporary camp on the prairie. She went out there and found a woman and three children, one of them being a six-month-old baby. The husband, said the woman, was out looking at land. Mrs. Gatewood sat on the ground and held the baby, meanwhile hearing the woman speak of her hopes. "We were always poor in the East," said the woman. "And we've got children growing up. Maybe you'll let me make you some tea. It is kindly of you to pay a visit."

Mrs. Gatewood had her tea, paid her respects and walked slowly back to Willow, grateful for the little interlude in the day. She stopped at Gatewood's office.

He was quite busy on his ledgers and said so in his grave, absent-minded way: "After six o'clock, Irma, I am your man. But until then Wells-Fargo pays me for my time and I have got to give it to them. Did you need something?"

"No," she said, "I thought I'd just stop to smile at you."

"You smiled at me an hour ago, and will again at six o'clock. You have a very lively imagination."

"What shall I do, Will?"

"Why," he said, "I believe that is your particular problem. There's the house."

"Yes," she agreed, "there's the house."

"And the other ladies to visit along Antelope."

"I know."

"I should think," he said, "you ought to find ways of making it a pleasant day."

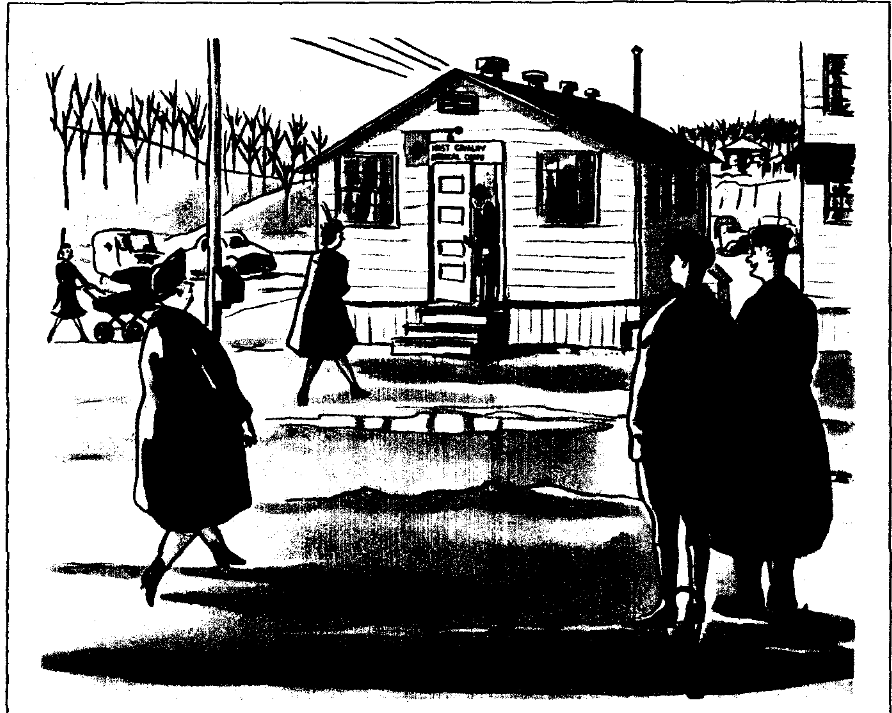
THEY never came nearer quarreling than this. He was always extremely quiet with his reproof and always certain that she saw his views; and for her part she had no capacity for real protest or anger. She could not make him miserable in order to awaken him. In many respects he was scarcely aware of her. She had her day in which to be pleasant and her time with him at the table. After that, in the evenings, they occasionally visited and sometimes strolled in the twilight; but he was a settled, inwardly absorbed man who liked best to stay at home and lose himself in a world of printed philosophy and at those times she sat still in her chair and listened to the dead silence in the house and gripped her hands together. Sometimes she wanted to cry at him, "Look at me, Will," but she never did. For he would have looked at her with his faintly surprised, courteous manner and would never have seen what she wanted him most to see—the light that grew dim for her, the thirst that had no quenching, the womanliness that soured for lack of being wanted.

Now she said, still mild and smiling: "I'll not bother you, Will. We're having cold beef for supper."

"I saw cucumbers in Lent's store. Let's have cucumbers with vinegar. I'm very fond of them."

"All right."

She continued down Willow. She



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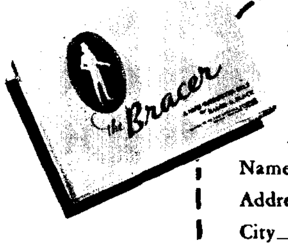

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stopped in at Lent's and got three cucumbers and put the sack under her arm, going on to the depot. She passed Dug Neil and smiled at him and received back his very gallant gesture. Dug, she knew, was a lady's man and caused his wife some amount of grief. Yet she wondered—and was no longer shocked that she had vagrant thoughts of this kind—if a husband who sinned from an excess of human warmth were not more satisfying to a wife than a quiet one who put his wife in a corner with the footstool; at least the erring husband had some warmth left over for his wife.

When she turned the depot corner she saw George Hazelhurst standing farther down the runway, his back turned to her.

Train time was an hour away and there were no other people here. Mrs. Gatewood strolled along the runway, and her heart struck its quick, small beats and she knew, from the perfect stillness of his body, that he was aware of her. A lone passenger coach stood slightly ahead of him and he seemed to be staring at this. She passed him and reached the steps of the car; and now she was perhaps ten feet from him and her face was turned away from him. There was nobody else around the depot and nobody on the whole length of Railroad Avenue.

She spoke at the car: "You are very lonely and very bored and this is the best you can do, to come here and watch a car and to wish it were carrying you away."

"Yes," said Hazelhurst, "that's about it."

"Why don't you go, then? Nothing holds you back. You can run all the way across the world if you choose."

"It would still be the same," he said. "River Bend or Omaha or Chicago. If you are lonely and bored it makes very little difference where you are."

"I should think you'd find life exciting enough."

"Perhaps I wish for things that simply can't be. As you do."

"YOU have noticed me?" she asked in a voice that was warm and indescribably pleased.

"Yes, Mrs. Gatewood."

She said: "I guessed you had but I was not too sure." Then she added one wholly impulsive thought: "It is rather nice to be noticed."

He said: "If you prefer, I'll walk back now. I should not have spoken to you at all. You realize that we are on opposite sides of the town."

"How terrible a thing it is to be entirely alone. How wonderful a word of understanding can be. Are we so far apart? Is any living soul different than any other?"

He had suggested leaving but he had not gone. He stood silent behind her and she wished she might turn and see his face, resisting the urge because of the risk. Somewhere in this town eyes would be watching her. She put her hand to the side of the car and seemed to be interested in it. Hazelhurst said:

"Nor should I say this. You are a lovely woman."

Mrs. Gatewood wanted to cry, not for him but for herself. For now she knew what she would do. In her mind was one sad, forlorn question: "Why should it happen to me? Why couldn't my life be as other women's?" But she said aloud:

"Sometimes late at night I walk alone. I come here and sit in this old black coach and imagine it is taking me away."

His voice was rather fine in the way it rebuked her: "Mrs. Gatewood, I'll never come near that coach."

But, turning and passing him, she had a single glance at his face and she knew that he would come.

THE three of them—Trimble, Leathers and Mitchell—crossed the Spanish Fork by way of the covered bridge directly outside of town and swung southwest, thereby coming at the Aspen Hills in a slanting direction. Beside them and before them lay trail herds newly arrived from Texas and now awaiting their turn at the loading pens in town. Deep in the south dust rose in thin, straggling banners from the stretched-out columns of one more herd arriving.

"Be a hundred thousand head shipped out of this town before fall," prophesied old Bravo. He rode between the other two and was caught, as an unhappy man is, by the greener recollections of yesterday. "I remember very well how this started. Soon as the railroad reached River Bend—why, that was only five years ago—old Colonel Jack Vinson saw a way to make the town grow. So he took a trip to Texas and said to those fellows, 'Drive your beef to River Bend. You got good grass and water all the way and the railroad's there to meet you. We'll put up loadin' pens.' That summer two herds came up. Next year there was maybe ten or fifteen thousand head. Then she grew."

"Progress," said Tom Leathers, not much interested in the talk.

"Sure, progress," agreed Bravo in a lackluster voice. "I can remember this country when there wasn't a house nearer than Meridian, two hundred miles east. Then some buffalo hunters put up a cabin right where the courthouse is. Fall of '62. They moved out and after that Jack Vinson moved in, in '66. Sellin' trinkets to the Indians and catching a little trade with the overlanders. Pretty soon there was five, six houses. Then the railroad and a boom. I used to ride from Vinson's cabin across the hills to War Bonnet and never see a soul. Just antelope and maybe a wild horse or two. Mighty pretty country then."

"Still is," stated Tom Leathers.

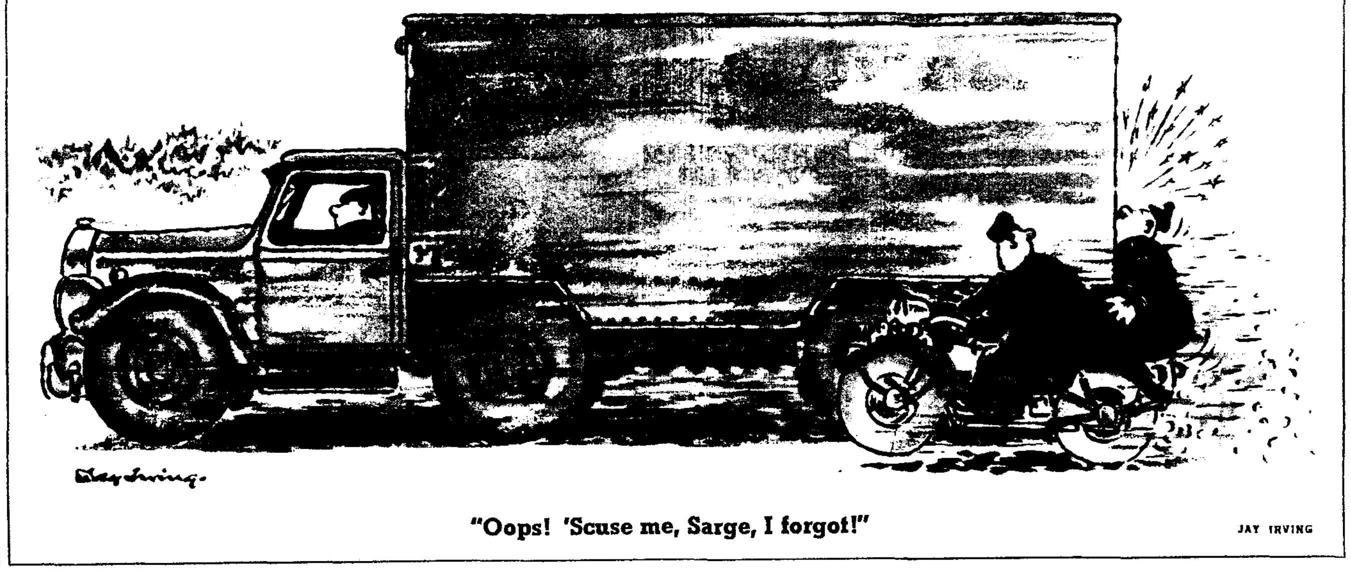
"Not for me," answered Bravo. "When the feelin' of hell goes out of a man, when sleepin' on the ground gets to be a misery and the mornin' smell of coffee ain't like it was, when you'd rather just sit in the shade and let other men ride, then nothin's the same." He was in a dour mood and he looked upon young Tom Leathers with an older man's jealousy. "You wait twenty years."

The sun was half down the western sky, glittering on the mica crystals in the desert soil, changing the color of the sage, making the bunch grass a great yellow carpet all the way into the smoky distance. Heat lay thin and strong on the land as they angled toward the rolling, rising pitches of the Aspen hills. They came upon the irregular cut of Little Bear Creek and followed it into brown and bald footslopes and rose up a trail until, five hundred feet off the desert floor, the first line of timber stood in front of them. At this division between the elbow room of the open desert and the hills' piney coverts, Bravo Trimble made a stop and turned about to give the desert a final glance. "A man," he said in a deeply ridden regret, "never knows."

He was reluctant to enter the timber. Obviously he tarried here, as though he had his forebodings of evil and now said goodby to desert and town. "I can stand here," he said, "and see the end of that place. All these cow towns grow from nothin' and have their time. Then they blow up and pretty soon there ain't nothin' left but a few ash heaps and broken bottles and some graves in the sagebrush." He faced the timber and pulled himself together, adding in a shorter, duller tone: "That way with a man. Starts from nothin' and goes back to nothin'."

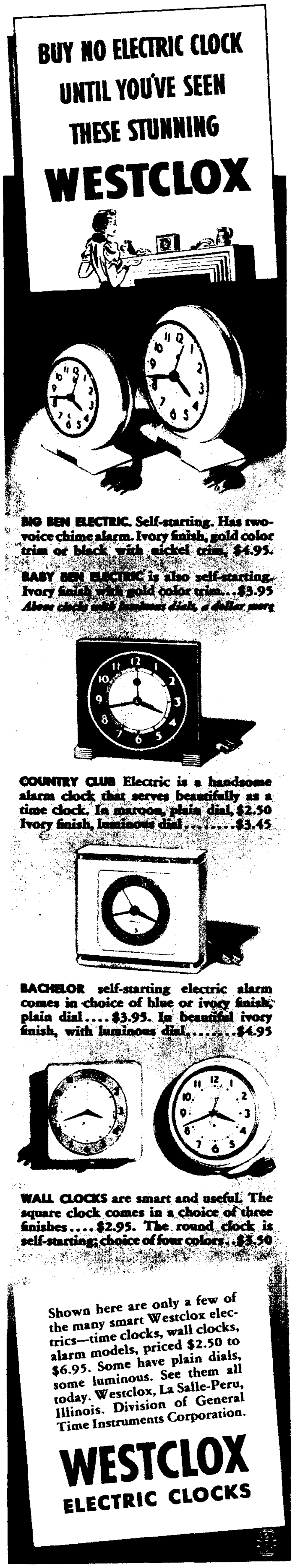
"You sure give a man the dismals," observed Leathers. "Let's move on before I bust down and cry."

THE creek's shallow gorge and its parallel trail entered the trees and moved upgrade by one quick turn upon another until at the end of another hour the trail veered away to its own destination somewhere in the higher levels. The trees made a close stand, free of underbrush, and a hot twilight lay beneath the pine tops and here and there a splinter of sunlight struck through the pines like a yellow exclamation point. Mitchell, second in file, saw Bravo's shirt darken from sweat. He saw Bravo's face turn steadily from side to side, pinched together by the care that was in him. They arrived at a meadow running its tan-and-yellow hay back



"Oops! 'Scuse me, Sarge, I forgot!"

JAY IRVING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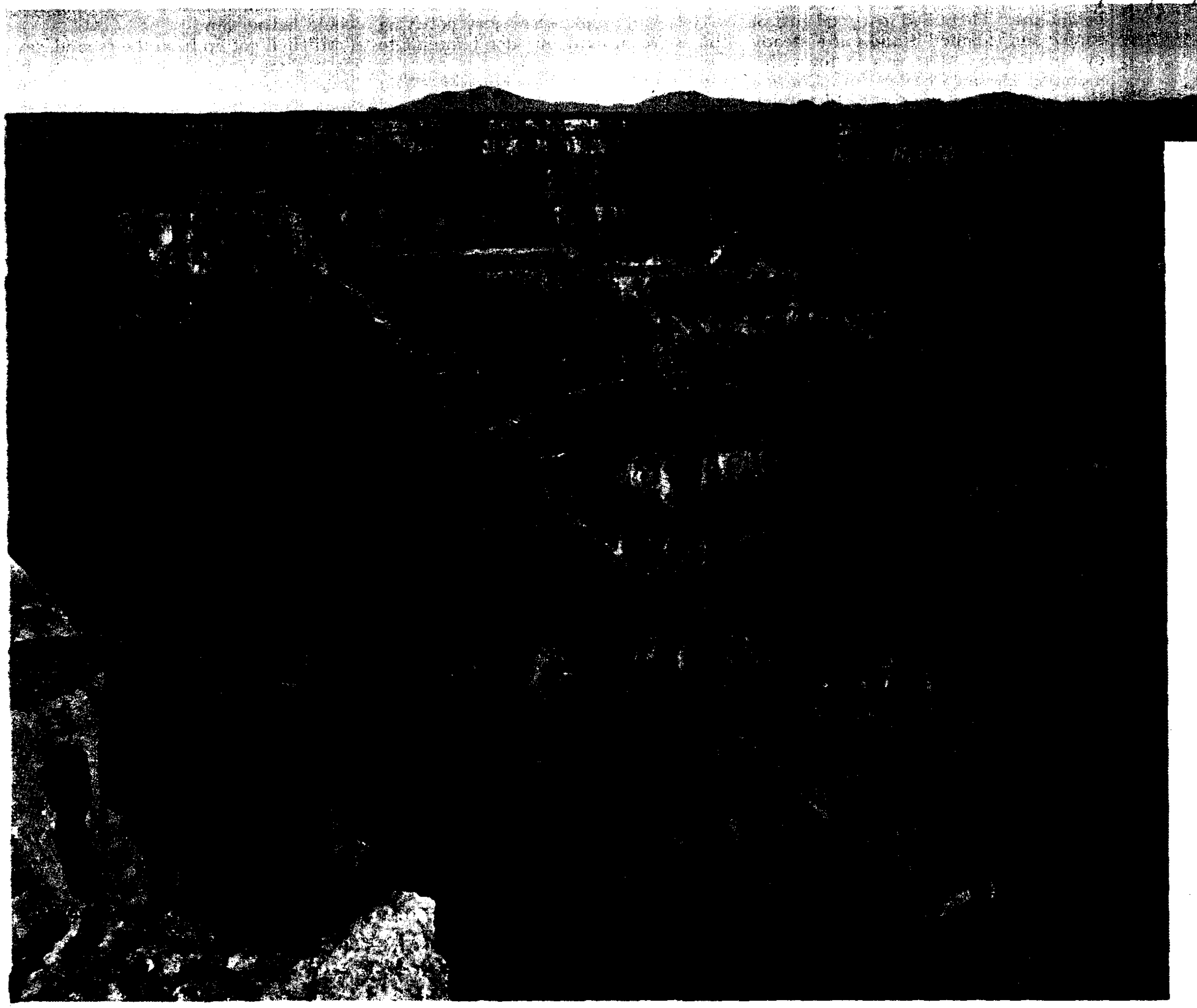
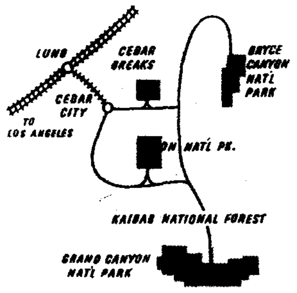


Natural color photograph

Grand Canyon, Arizona, from Point Sublime, North Rim



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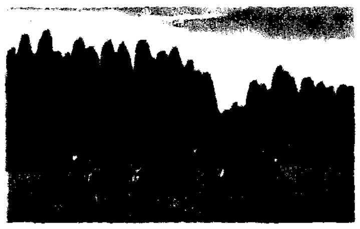

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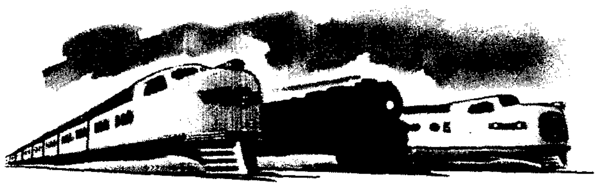

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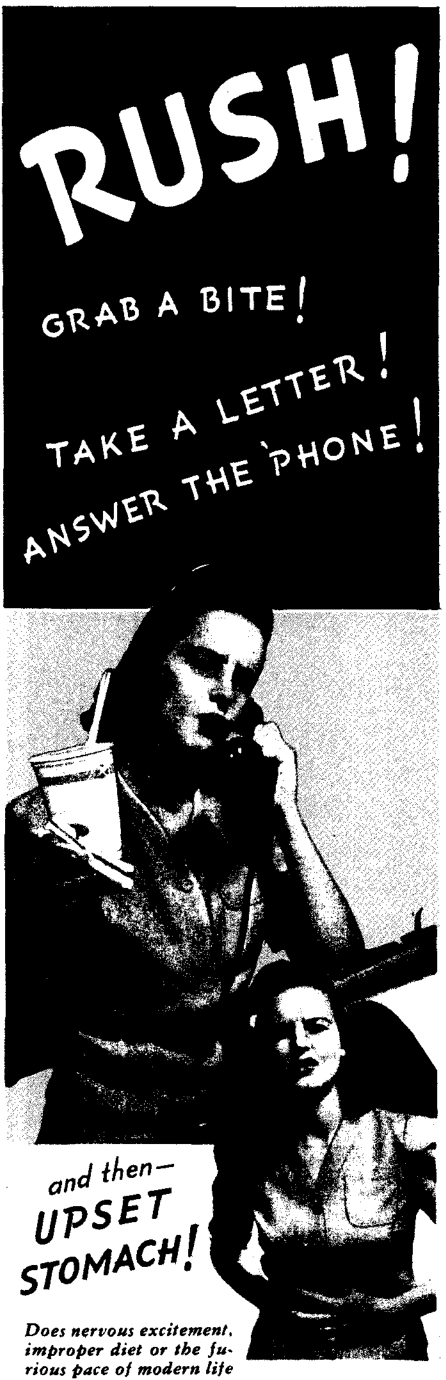
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into the surrounding dark green of the hills. Here Mitchell stopped.

He said, "Which way had you proposed to go, Bravo?"

"He got those cows near Antelope Butte. He'd run into the hills about there. I figured on turning south until we cut his trail."

Mitchell wasted time enough to build a cigarette. He cemented the smoke with a quick swipe of his tongue and lighted it. "Bravo," he said, "we're not out here for fun and I wouldn't like to go back to town with Jett's horselaugh behind me." He pulled in a good gust of smoke and expelled it and put a steady eye on Bravo. "Jett was in town this morning. He saw Charley Fair. Charley Fair probably dropped a word to you. What did he say, Bravo?"

BRAVO TRIMBLE sat in the saddle and looked down at the earth, darkly debating. Presently he said, very softly: "Said Jett would stay out of my road."

"Just so," drawled Mitchell. "A mighty comfortable game—and nobody hurt. You go south and cut his trail and he ain't anywheres near there. So we won't bother about that. Let's sort of guess where the gentleman might be taking his ease tonight."

"He'll still take that trail," pointed out Bravo.

"Imagine so. And he'll spot the beef in some convenient meadow. Might be up at the Little Fork. Might be at the old Casteen hut. If I remember right, Jett likes that spot. We'll try it."

"You're movin' right in on him?" questioned Bravo.

"I think," said Mitchell, "we'll fool him a little."

He took the lead and moved into the meadow, riding down its middle to the far end, there again entering timber and coming upon a trail. Along this way a rider had been not long before, the print of a horse's shoes fresh in the dust. The sun was far toward the rim, skimming its long rays above the treetops, and all the corridors of the forest began to darken.

Tom Leathers called forward: "We left a mighty broad track through that meadow hay, Dan."

"That's right."

"I get it."

Half an hour later, following the trail to the higher points of the hills, Mitchell came out on a knob from which the long major upland valley of the Aspens showed in the distance. The sun burned dark red and slowly sank below the horizon as they watched it. With its passing, the color of the world faded stage by stage and when they moved on again twilight ran in syrup-fluid bands of blue through the timber and the released heat of the earth came up with its vital odors of old soil and pine resin. Mitchell moved steadily through gathering blackness. He dipped into a shallow canyon and splashed across a creek and rose to a still higher trail. The stars were out and all the nebulae made their silvered woolly swirl in the sky. Far off, as a single lonely note, an owl hooted. There was somewhere a pale edge of moon.

IN FULL darkness they came to a meadow, with Mitchell pulling in. "Camp here," he said and got down. He left his horse saddled and moved back to rummage for pine boughs, and started a bright furious little fire. Neither he nor Bravo carried supplies. It was Tom Leathers who broke out his coffeepot and frying pan with some amount of grumbling.

"How'd you fellows propose to get along if I hadn't come? Kind of an absent-minded couple, if you ask me."

They ate bacon and drank coffee. Leathers and Trimble sat well back from the fire but Mitchell walked to the trees for another load of wood and threw it on the blaze, building it high. Tom Leathers started to speak and shut his mouth, and looked at Mitchell with a dry, understanding grin. Bravo was far back in his own thoughts, limp and old and disinterested. Mitchell lighted a cigar and stretched full length on the ground. "Four miles to the Casteen cabin. If they're near it they'll see this fire—if they're looking. I think they'll be looking."

"Sure they'll see it," agreed Tom Leathers. "Then what?"

"Jett will think we're just notifying him we're around but don't intend to find him."

Bravo came out of his reveries. "You know, I kind of regret that. Never had much against Jett. We always got along. Wish I had some way of telling him it was Charley Fair that sold him out, not me."

"Tell him."

"No," said Bravo, "I bear no tales. But I'm kind of disappointed in Charley Fair, and in Ford Green."

"Bravo," said Mitchell, thoughtful and soft, "you know your politics better than that."

"I have played my share of politics," agreed Bravo. "In my time I have sawed off many a man. But that man always knew when I was comin' after him. I never went back on my word." Bitterness came up in force. "This is a sellout. Me or Jett. It don't matter to the boys in town how it works. I never had that happen to me before and if that's the way the world goes I don't want to live in it. A man's got his word. If that's no good, what is?"

"Pretty stars," said Tom Leathers. "Mighty pretty. Breeze comin' up. Earth a-turnin' round. Just a cradle for the Lord's creatures. There's times when I can feel it a-turnin'. Mighty comfortin'. Pride sure kills a lot of men, Daniel, my boy."

Bravo Trimble tossed up his hand and spoke across the fire to Mitchell: "Don't let 'em do to you what they're doing to me."

"Play my own hole card," murmured Mitchell.

"So did I. Look at me now. You can't buck the leaders. No man can play it alone."

Tom Leathers was small and idle and smiling on the earth. He watched Mitchell's length and breadth in the flare of firelight; he saw and silently admired Mitchell's hard, tough shell. But he, better than any other man, knew the things lying beneath that armor of self-sufficiency, those things that might one day trap him and kill him. This man had a pride rising from convictions that would never let him step aside when trouble came, rising from an intense sense of honor, from a warmth and a need of warmth unseen by others. These things Mitchell had in him; and they would betray him.

Mitchell got up from the ground, saying, "Time to go," and swung to his horse. He circled the fire so that he would not make a traveling shape against it and led the other two across the bottomless dark of the meadow into timber. The fire was a round orange stain in the night when they lost sight of it. Bravo Trimble's voice drifted forward.

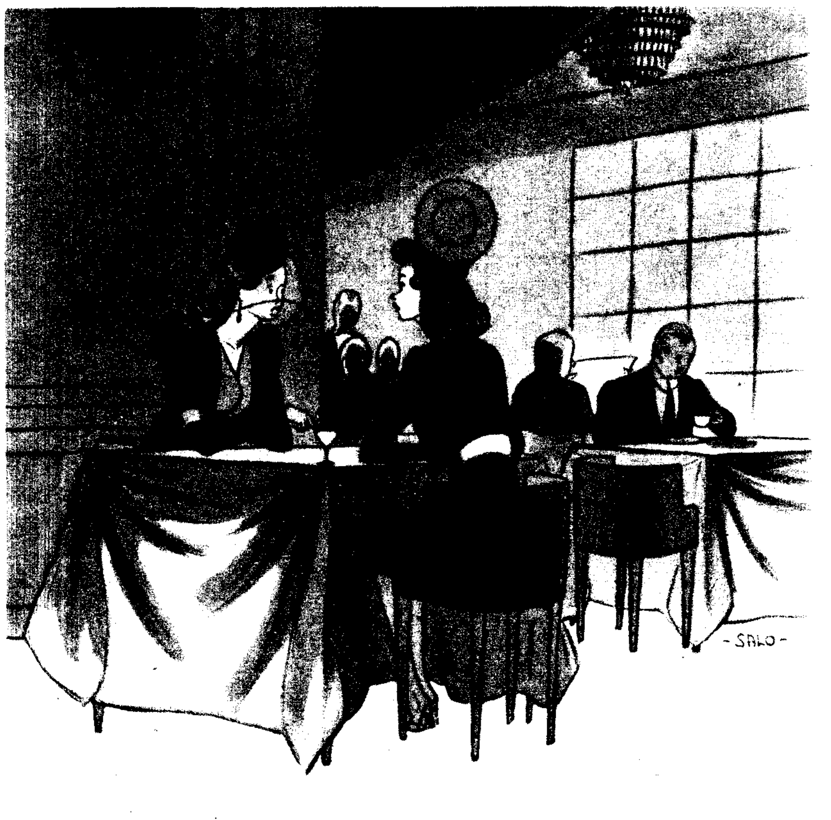
"Dan," he said, "in case I forget to say this later, you had no call to help me. I'm kind of glad to know you're along."

"Sure."

The trail ran invisible before them through the timber. It rose slightly and it turned and dropped beside the clacking waters of a creek. It followed the creek and the creek's cool damp emanations and suddenly made a quick climb up a ridge into another small mountain meadow on which the vague moonlight and starshine laid a ghostly glow. Bravo Trimble's soft and tired voice drifted forward: "You're near it."

THE trail, once more entering timber, was a gray hole against the greater black of the trees. Mitchell avoided that hole and skirted the meadow's edge and faded into the timber by a pathless way, threading around the trees with the smell of fire smoke now in the air. Trimble and Tom Leathers broke the file and drifted abreast and the three sifted through the pines, moving down a gentle grade toward the creek and its restless clatter. The thick carpet of forest mold absorbed the sound of the horses.

One point of light winked and died and reappeared again. Mitchell moved out of the timber to the edge of a little clearing and faced the Casteen cabin



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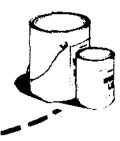

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with its single window and its open door showing their rectangles of yellow light. Wood smoke from the cabin stove was heavy in the air and voices murmured in the cabin and two horses stood faint-shaped near by. Back of the cabin the encroaching hills cut a ragged line against the blue-black sky.

This was fifty yards from the trees, with the creek between trees and cabin. A shape moved out of the cabin toward the creek and stopped by it and a second man shortly afterward came to the cabin's doorway, calling into the dark at the first one: "Nick out there?"

"No," said the man by the creek.

THE man in the doorway was Younger. He turned back into the cabin. The man by the creek rose and strolled over the yard, but wheeled and went spooking around the dark, his feet scuffing the dry earth. Mitchell listened to that; he sat straight in the saddle and watched the man come out of the dark and enter the cabin. A chair scraped on the cabin's floor and the murmuring continued.

Leathers crowded his horse against Mitchell. "Somebody ain't there. Hear Jett ask about Nick? You want to be careful that fellow don't pop up behind us."

Mitchell stepped to the ground. He waited until Leathers and Bravo got beside him. He said: "Tom, you lay back. Stay by that creek and watch the yard. You all set, Bravo? We're going in."

The three left the trees, drifting downslope to the creek. Leathers stopped here and sank to the earth and was lost. Mitchell slid his boots along the creek's gravel bottom and felt them fill. Three long stretching steps took him across. Bravo came beside him again and they moved on in a small circle to avoid the lanes of light shining from the cabin's door and window. Mitchell reached the cabin's wall and put himself against it and listened to the run of talk inside and the clack of poker chips. Jett Younger was speaking of a bear he had killed. Bravo Trimble's shoulder touched Mitchell's shoulder and Mitchell heard the hard, rapid slugging of the older man's heart and the quickening of his breath. He laid a hand against Bravo's arm, whispering, "Stay here," and ducked under the window, coming to the door's edge. He checked himself, took one rapid view of the interior and moved through the doorway at a single long step.

IT WAS a one-room cabin not more than twelve feet square, with a stove and a bunk and a table. Younger and three of the other men sat around the table; and two men crouched against a far wall. He had momentary view of a motionless scene. The following instant the two men at the far wall had come to their feet and one man at the table sent it over with a swift stab of his hand and yelled. Everybody was upright except Jett Younger who sat in his chair and threw a dark, cutting glance at Mitchell. That was all.

Younger turned his eyes to the fallen table and to the chips and cards scattered on the floor, and afterward stared at the man who had so impulsively done this damage.

"Torp," he said, "you're always doin' some damned rattle-brained stunt. One of these days the fool-killer is a-goin' to get you. Pick up the table. Pick up the cards. I had a good hand."

Torp grumbled, "This is no time to be lookin' at cards, Jett."

"Pick 'em up," repeated Younger, and watched his man slowly drop to his knees and crawl along the floor. He spoke to Mitchell without turning his head: "You maybe ought to whistle when you come up to this place."

"Never could whistle or carry a tune," said Mitchell. He was in the doorway, both hands full length beside him. He watched Torp collect the cards and pull the table upright. The men along the back wall remained dead still. Jett Younger rummaged the cards until he found his hand. He bowed his head over it. "I've seen a lot of tomcats get their tails caught from tryin' to squeeze through places too tight for 'em."

"My tail went on the chopping block a long time ago."

Jett spread his hand face up. "Queens on treys. I said it was a good hand. There was ten dollars and fifty cents in that pot. Get the chips, Torp." He was a bony, bulky and awkward shape on the chair. He put both big elbows on the table and the light shining down from a ceiling lantern cast the black shadow of his upper body on the table. He was certain of himself, but he was crafty in the way he kept his talk split between the cards and Dan Mitchell; he was pushing this scene around, holding it away from him until he had it the way he wanted it. "In the first place, Dan, I didn't expect you. I figured it might be Bravo. In the second place, I didn't expect him. I got out of his way. You took a lot of trouble to hunt me up. What's the idea of lightin' a fire big enough to burn a barn if it wasn't to show me where you was—so I wouldn't bump into you?"

Torp stacked the chips on the table. Jett Younger counted them out until he had his ten dollars and fifty cents and he drew that little stack to the rim of the table beside him, his fingers lifting them and clacking them together. His attention clung to the stack; his eyes narrowed on it. "Or was that one of those fine-haired schemes? You figured I'd read it wrong. Which I did. You come alone, Dan?"

"No."

Jett Younger pushed his stack at Torp. "You're the banker. Remember it was ten-fifty." He rose and turned around his chair and now faced Mitchell. "You're a pretty big fool, Dan. Why you here?"

"Balder sent Bravo after you. So I came along."

"You talked to Charley Fair?"

"Agreeable with him."

Jett showed his first real emotion—an anger that had its edge. "You're lyin'."

"A deal," said Mitchell, laying out his words thoughtfully. "A deal between Charley and Balder. You tipped over the cart, which hurts the pocketbook of both those fellows. What's one man like you against the trail trade they might both lose? So it is you or Bravo. It doesn't matter much to Ed or Charley. Think it over."

"You're still lyin'," said Jett. But he was thinking of it; he was a bold man and a swashbuckler, but he had the sharp instincts of an animal and his mind followed these instincts in and out through their tricky variations. Slyness showed at the edges of his eyes. He seemed relieved. "Sure. Charley maybe said that. But he knew I could take care of myself, as against Bravo. It wasn't a sellout."

"I'm here," Mitchell reminded him.

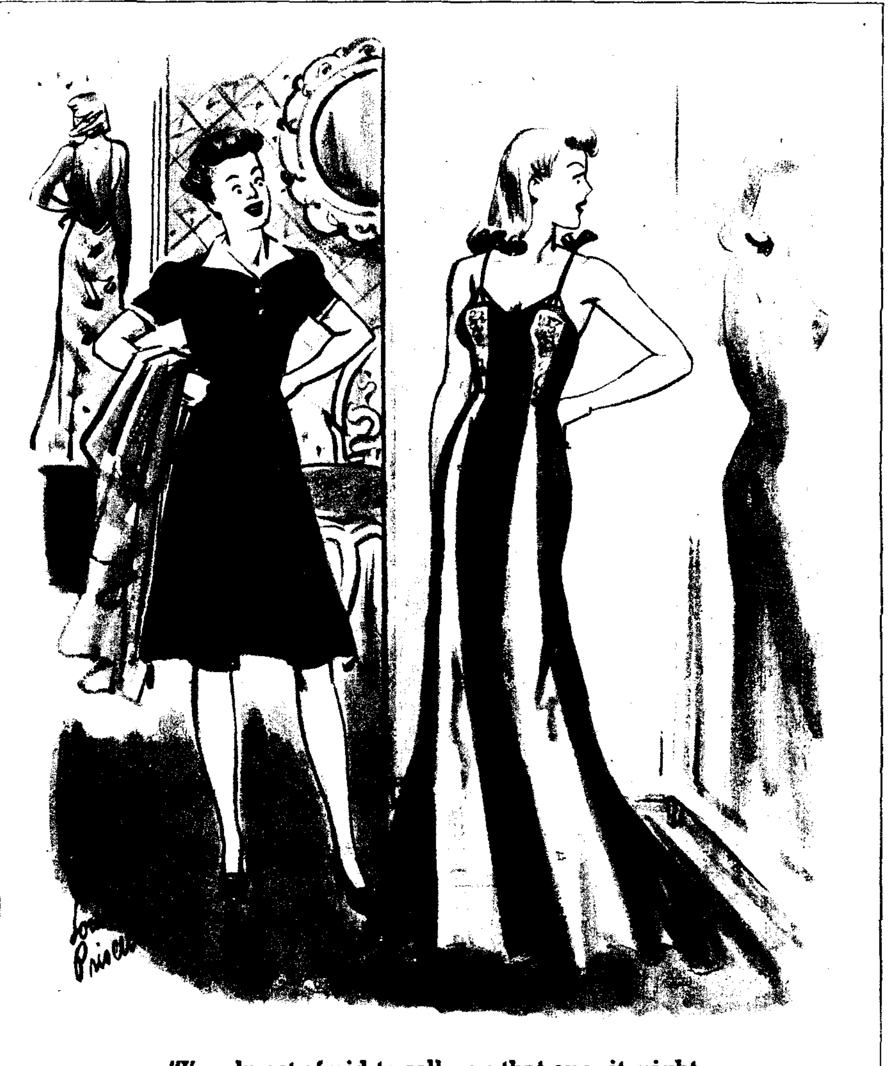
Jett hit him with a blunt question. "What for? It is none of your business."

"To see it isn't Bravo that gets the sellout. I'll stick with the man that carries a star."

"FRIEND," stated Jett, "you better be sure you ain't the one sellin' out yourself." He stood still, alert to the night, slowly grasping the scene at last for everything it meant. He lifted his head, listening, and his glance went around the room, and then he was sure of himself and he was amused. "This looks like a pat hand to me."

There was a window on the far side of the cabin. Mitchell spoke over his shoulder: "Bravo, go around and knock in the glass of that window."

(*To be continued next week*)



"I'm almost afraid to sell you that one; it might create too much jealousy among your friends" LOUIS PRISCILLA

Travel the Trails They Blazed

FOR those who hold its future in their hands, the story of their country's past should live and breathe. History is what real people did, in real places, to make possible the freedom, the happiness and prosperity which we enjoy today. The places are still there, and many of them are not far away. You and your children can visit them. Not "some day" but now—this summer.

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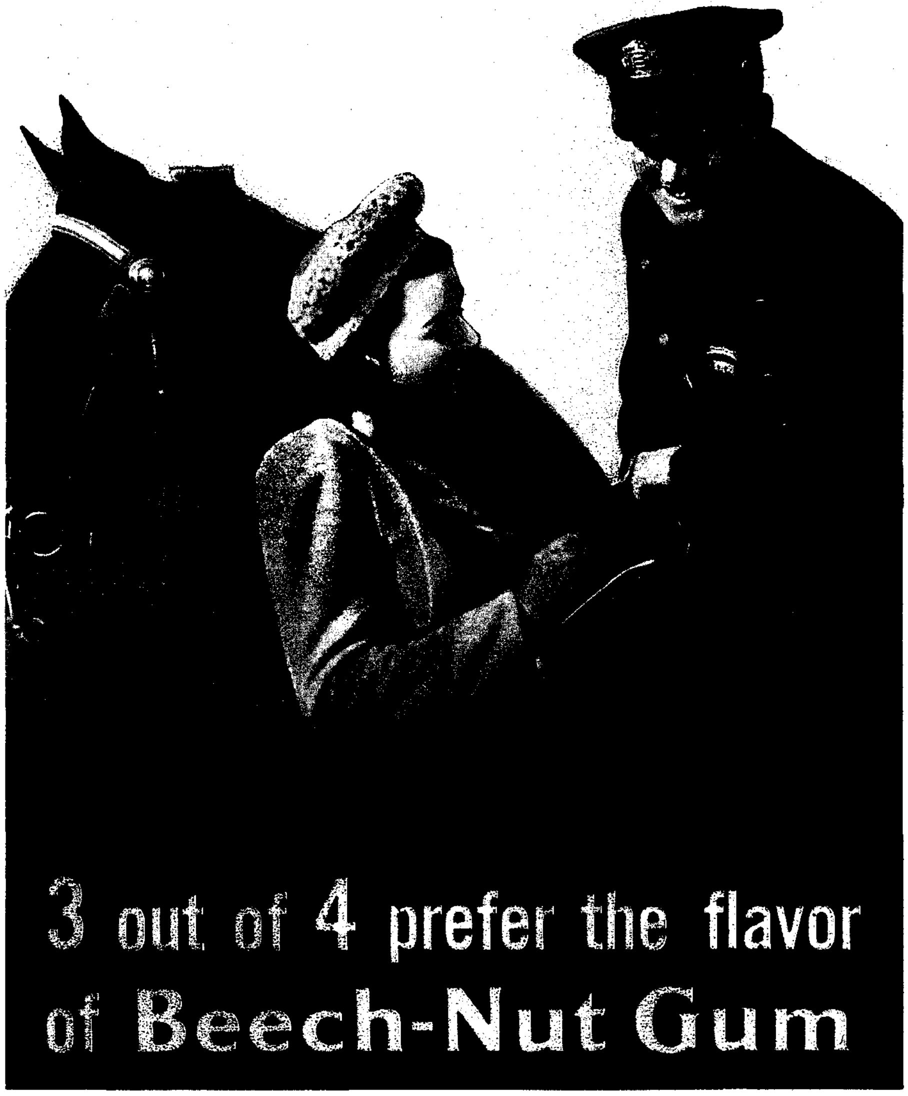
3 out of 4 prefer the flavor
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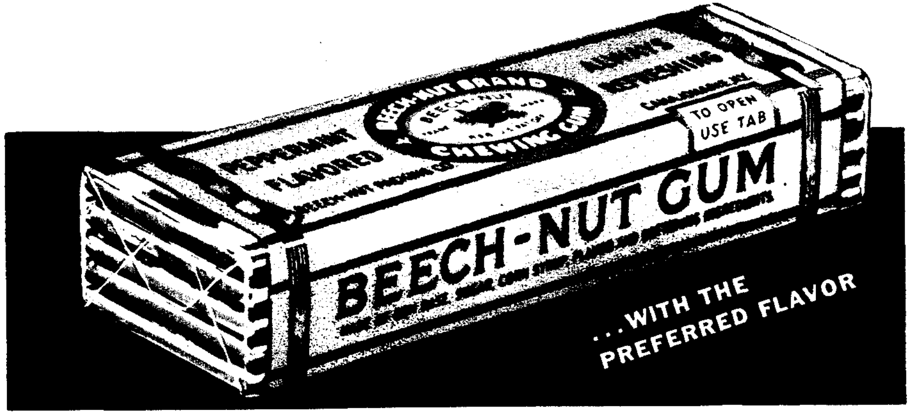
269 policemen in 15 different cities were questioned. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed.

Each policeman was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified), and asked to report which stick he preferred. *Result:* 203 out of 269 (3 out of 4) preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum to that of other brands.

Try the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut today. You'll enjoy its delicious long-lasting peppermint flavor.



Inside Italy

Continued from page 13

Still another story: You heard of the British dropping parachute troops into Italy. When that happened an Italian lookout thought he saw some specks in the sky. He telephoned headquarters but the officers there would not believe him. They told him he must be drunk and to forget it. Before he could convince his superiors that the British were on their way down, the parachutists had landed and captured him. That parachute expedition was successful. The men from the sky badly damaged an important aqueduct and railroads. Afterward, some of them escaped from Italy by boat and some were captured, but the Italians are afraid they didn't capture all of them. All the parachutists were of Italian descent, some of them from Malta, and they all spoke Italian perfectly. The Italians believe that many of them are still at large. But, anyway, the wrecking of the aqueduct deprived Count Ciano and his general headquarters of water except in bottles for several days.

Another result of the parachute coup was the closing of our consulates at Naples and Palermo. The Fascists say that Americans are really enemies and are constantly conducting campaigns of hate against them.

But the Bosses Eat Well

To return to those hungry Italians: There is, as you know, rationing. This would be all right except there is very little food to ration. The only spaghetti I could buy was a deep gray in color. Our bread was almost brown since chestnut, corn and potato flour were the main ingredients. A loaf of Italian bread, analyzed in Switzerland, contained even wood fiber, said reports that drifted back to Americans in Rome.

There is plenty of wine but the wheat supply will be gone about the end of April, and no more will be available until the next crop ripens in June.

Rome is the best-fed city because most of the Fascist bosses live there and insist on living well. This means that the common people also fare a little better than the peasants or workers in other cities. But prices are sky-high. Fish costs $1.75 a pound, veal $1.25 a pound. The butter ration is one fifth of a pound a month. There are 1,200 butcher shops in Rome. The day before I left, the beginning of March, 200 cows were butchered to supply them—one cow to six shops.

This dissatisfaction with conditions takes various forms. Here is one related incident that happened in a food store: A woman came in to buy an egg and was told it would cost one lira and forty centesimi, about seven cents. She had only four cents but said she would be back. She came back with the seven cents, bought the egg and then did a strange thing. Every Italian shop has pictures of Mussolini and King Victor Emmanuel on its walls. The woman stood back from the counter, looked squarely at Mussolini's picture and then pegged the egg right in his face.

Nothing happened. There still is some freedom of expression in Il Duce's domain. There is a great deal of free talk, too. Groups arrange to gather around radios broadcasting British news from London, in Italian. What is happening is passed around by word of mouth. Every black-out is an opportunity for an exchange of opinion in fair security, because speakers cannot be recognized.

Mussolini is definitely unpopular with the people. I heard jokes and saw skits in revues that slyly make fun of him. A popular phrase is that "Il Duce is out of style." Even members of his own Fascist party are apathetic. Not long ago it was routine for party members to get up at district meetings and denounce people for being anti-Fascist in word or action. There are no longer such "denuncios." No one is denounced because if they started there would be no one left to attend the meetings—as it is, many stay away on one excuse or another.

The Fascist party has not collapsed. Recently the gangster organization of the party, known as the Squadristi, was revived. This was the outfit—the castor-oil boys—that carried on the terror program early in Mussolini's dictatorship. They work together with Himmler's S.S. troops to keep the Italian people in subjection. The Gestapo has filtered into every Italian town recently and has encouraged the reorganization of these gangster groups.

Great numbers of the Italian people would welcome a British invasion, particularly in Sicily. On that island they have felt the full brunt of German occupation. Sicily has several German airfields, and German troops have commandeered all the food. This, coupled with the British blockade, puts the Sicilians in a really bad way. As a result a British invasion, or even an attempted one, might possibly be the signal for an uprising among the natives. This danger is sensed by the Germans, who are putting their technique of suppression into effect. The newest posters warn Italians they must not see too much or talk too much. I have often seen these posters torn down overnight or the word *abasso* — meaning "down" — scrawled over them.

There are a lot of anti-Fascists in Italy who welcome the chance to get into the army. This is strange but true. The anti-Fascists feel they can best fight the Germans and stop them from throttling Italy from inside the Italian army, where they can gain recruits who have an opportunity to get their hands on guns and ammunitions.

The King Who Failed

Stories of dissatisfaction in all the Italian armed forces are common in Rome. Sailors complain that when a ship is sinking the officers are first to leave. The air force complains that its planes are obsolete and catch fire as soon as they are hit. Italian soldiers are brave, but they have not enough material; what they have is bad, and there is little intelligent leadership. There are many army desertions. In Albania soldiers shot their officers in the back and gave themselves up to the Greeks. Both the Greeks and the British have discovered they must separate the Fascists from the anti-Fascists among their prisoners, or they would find the Blackshirts "eliminated" by their compatriots. The secret location of the Italian general headquarters for Albania is not even in Albania. It is in a little town north of Bari.

In Rome the reports are that Mussolini sleeps sometimes in the armored railroad car Hitler gave him, and also that he sleeps in a different place every night. The king is not popular either. He was loved before the war and sentimentally the Italians still have a weak affection for him. But they think he has failed as a king. Emmanuel spends most of his time with his coin and stamp collections and knows very little about what is going on.

People in Italy are punished if they

are caught expressing disapproval of anything German or Fascistic. As in all Axis countries there are well-filled concentration camps. There is a German official in every ministry in the country. The infiltration started with the German air force, but now you can't go into a bar or a restaurant without discovering a Nazi in uniform on one side of you and a plain-clothes German agent on the other. German camouflaged cars speed around Italian cities. Even telephones have been fixed so that, even though the receiver is on the hook, wire tappers in the censorship bureau can listen to every sound that gets to the mouthpiece. As a result nobody will talk over the phone, except to exchange the most commonplace news. German headquarters are in the Hotel de la Citta on the Via Sistina.

Nazi troops pass through Italy almost openly, but when an important troop movement is under way, in Rome, for instance, the streets are cleared of people by sounding an air-raid alarm.

The Germans have blacked-out talk to some extent, but they cannot blackout gestures. A favorite one is putting one's hands to one's throat, as if being choked—and everyone understands who is doing the choking.

There were only about one million members of the Fascist party in Italy, but recently a membership drive to get the general public into the organization has been going on. Crown Prince Umberto's wife was the first to sign when membership was opened to everyone, but the drive has not had very much success.

This is a Fascist war and crooked Fascist officials are responsible for the collapse of Italy's war effort. His own lieutenants deceived Mussolini. Much of the money wrung from the people for the army, navy and air force went into politician's pockets—the pockets of the Fascist hierarchy. Ships were built, and planes, tanks and guns, but not as many as Mussolini and the Italian people were led to believe. Mussolini actually believed before he declared war on France that he had a well-equipped and thoroughly trained fighting force. A few of his ministers, who knew better, tried to tell him he had neither the men nor the material nor the reserve supplies he needed.

Mussolini preferred to believe his yes men and disregard the fact that scores of Fascist officials had become wealthy by siphoning off funds that were supposed to have strengthened Italy's war machine. Most of the Fascist big shots are multimillionaires—you have to have only $50,000, a million lire, to be a millionaire in Italy.

There have been incipient revolts against Mussolini, both from inside the Fascist party and among the anti-Fascists. A well-authenticated story circulated around Rome of a conspiracy organized last January, before the Germans came in, among Mussolini's Council of Ministers. Members of the council discussed the possibilities of tossing out Mussolini. They feared the increasing German control over Italy and a plan was evolved. The plan was for the council to take over the government. To do that Mussolini had to be put out of the way. The council was ready to do that. Having decided on this step they drew lots and the Minister of Justice, Dino Grandi, was chosen to be the trigger man.

Marshal Graziani had given his word that anything decided on by the council was all right with him. The council had stipulated that Graziani, as head of the Italian army, must be in Rome when Mussolini was killed and a new government, probably military, set up. A definite date and time were set by the council for the assassination, and Graziani was notified to be in Rome on that date. But he didn't show up. Whether it was because of trouble in Libya or for some other reason, no one knows. At any rate, the story, as I heard it, has it that the assassination was put off for a week. During this delay Mussolini learned of the plot. Instantly all the ministers, including Grandi, were ordered up to the fighting fronts. As for Graziani, his recent dismissal could possibly be tied up with his participation in the plot.

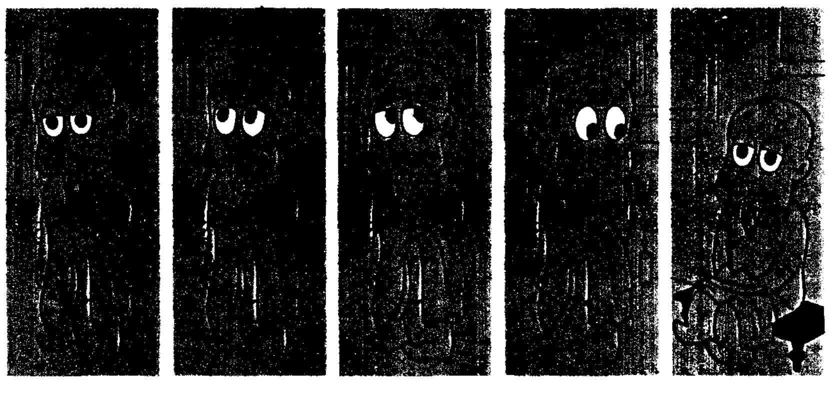
Mussolini, Hitler's Puppet

Marshal Pietro Badoglio was not a party to this conspiracy. He had his chance of leading a revolt by rallying the anti-Fascists after he resigned from the Albanian command. He was the most popular man in Italy and might have succeeded, but he missed the chance and was placed under house arrest. At one time he was living in the king's palace and closely watched, but now he is free to play bridge each evening in his home with a group of friends. He is a lonely old man, shorn of power, forgotten in the troubles of the hour.

The Council of Ministers drew up its desperate plan for a revolution because it saw the Nazi handwriting on the Roman walls. It foresaw the increasing strangle hold Hitler would get on Italy. It feared the moment when Mussolini would become a complete German puppet.

In Italy Mussolini is considered to be a sick man. Not long ago he collapsed while making a speech in north Italy. Nobody knows just what is wrong. Some say he had a heart embolism. He has seldom been seen in recent weeks or months. A speech he made to the Fascist council behind closed doors was broadcast, but from then, until I left, he had said nothing else.

Mussolini, according to informed newspapermen in Italy, actually doesn't realize to this moment how completely he has come under the thumb of Germany. There is good reason to believe that when the Germans consolidate all of Italy under their control, Mussolini will be kept on as a figurehead. He would then become the Italian Quisling—a puppet dictator.



Art Gallery

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PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT BARBERS.

Mexico Makes Up

Continued from page 23

commander who never shed blood when bloodshed could be avoided.

Courageous enough, as evidenced by several citations for valor, his real genius lay in pacification. Given an hour with a rebel chieftain, sitting companionably on a log, and Avila Camacho, as a usual thing, could be depended on to wean him away from rebellion. He was particularly useful as a "trouble shooter," and time after time went into enemy camps alone and unarmed, inducing rebels to surrender by force of persuasive arguments and promises that were always kept.

According to authoritative report, he did not want to run for president, and had to be blindfolded and backed into the race. Primarily responsible for his candidacy were certain Mexican leaders who had come to believe that Mexico needed a "breathing spell," a definite halt in the violent left swing that would give time for stocktaking and the balancing of profit against loss.

Among the leaders were Maximino Avila Camacho, governor of Puebla and Manuel's older brother, and Emilio Portes Gil, once governor of Tamaulipas, attorney general under Calles, provisional president of Mexico in 1928 and secretary of state during the first years of the Cardenas administration.

Hardheaded and iron-willed, Maximino has an equal contempt for crackpots and reactionaries. Even in the days of Lombardo's greatest power, the labor czar kept at a safe distance from Puebla, for not only does the governor hold that there is an identity of interest between employer and worker, but constitutes himself judge of just how that identity should be established. Viewing strikes as stupid and wasteful, he discourages them. Compulsory arbitration, of course, but in Puebla the result has been profits for management and high wages and short hours for the workers.

Emilio Portes Gil, acknowledged leader of the Mexican bar, has one of the best and most orderly minds in the country, and, even better than that, moral courage. An intense revolutionary, and a firm believer in every Cardenas objective, he made no secret of his conviction that they could be obtained without economic disaster and disturbance of international relations.

The Man for the Hour

Joining forces early in 1939, Maximino and Portes Gil launched the candidacy of Brother Manuel, overruling his own protests. The selection did not proceed from kinship, however, but was due entirely to the fact that the young secretary of war fitted the needs of the hour. A revolutionary but not a radical, an admirer of the United States, a conciliator, a man of orderly mind, and above all, a good administrator.

At the time of Camacho's appointment as secretary of war in 1937, generals outnumbered the privates, powerful governors maintained small armies of their own and soldiers were poorly paid, poorly clothed and poorly trained. Quietly but efficiently the secretary ended the practice of turning politicos into generals, established schools that made it possible for soldiers to rise from the ranks, ordered decent uniforms, better pay and proper training.

President Cardenas himself preferred either Francisco Mugica, his secretary of communications, or Rafael Sanchez Tapia, his secretary of economy, both uncompromising radicals. Don Maximino and Portes Gil, however, jumped the gun and handled their man so skillfully that Mugica and Sanchez Tapia were soon left far behind. Forced to make a selection between his own secretary of war and General Almazan, distinctly the candidate of the conservatives, Cardenas finally came out for the former. At that, Almazan was no pushover, for behind him stood all those sick of being denied religious liberty, outraged by Socialist teaching in the schools, tired of the class struggle and angered by Communist experiments made for lower wages and longer hours.

Avila Camacho's campaign was brilliantly handled. Lombardo Toledano's thousands were supposed to be his principal source of strength, but at a monster meeting in the city the candidate emphatically repudiated the CTM orator who had preceded him. "If," he said, "you are going to vote for me out of a belief that I am a Communist, I think it only honest to tell you that I am *not* a Communist, and have no faith in Communistic philosophy." Today, it may be mentioned, Lombardo Toledano is just another private citizen, Camachistas seeing to it that he lost out in his campaign for re-election to the leadership of the CTM.

Holding that Church and State have been separated, Avila Camacho came out for freedom of conscience, declaring that it would be respected and protected. Today cathedrals and churches are open and crowded, and no less a personage than Archbishop Martinez has publicly expressed satisfaction with the president.

Along with freedom of conscience and antagonism to Nazi, Fascist and Communist doctrines, Avila Camacho took a stand for Pan-American solidarity, continental defense and friendship with the United States. Instead of the class struggle, he advocated a national unity that would strive for the welfare of the people as a whole, and specifically expressed his disappointment with the results of collectivism.

On December 1st, Manuel Avila Camacho was duly inaugurated. Quite a goodly number assumed that he would now forget his campaign promises, but to their surprise and chagrin the new president began to keep them.

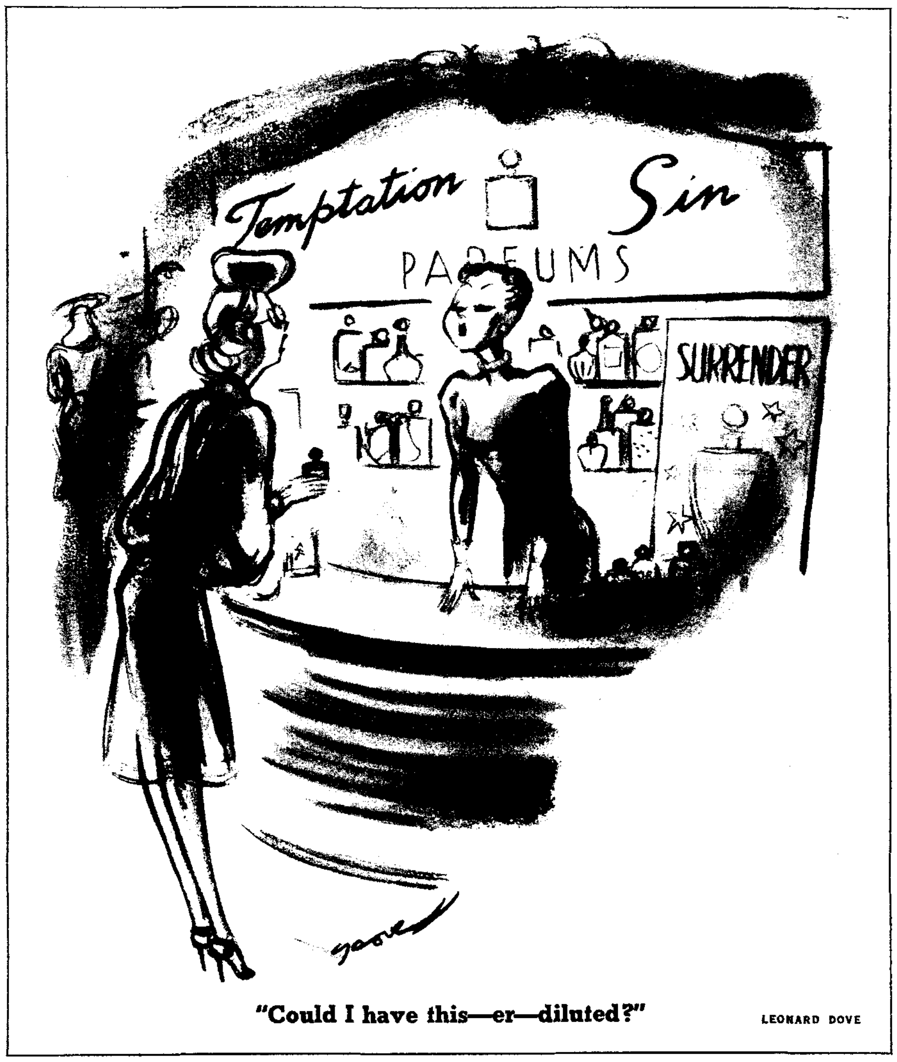
Immediately he ordered all military commanders to quit their political activities; took the national railways away from control and administration by the unions and ended the system of communal agriculture, decreeing that each farmer should be given a clear title to his allotment of land. Also, striking at the very heart of the famous Six-Year Plan, he called a special session of congress to modify Mexico's Communistic labor laws and put Socialist education out of Mexico's schools.

The Good Example

Furthermore, he filed a detailed statement of his possessions, real estate and money—something no president had ever done before. The amount was around $50,000—small indeed when one considers the chances he had to grow wealthy during his twenty-five years in high military posts. He also announced that he would present a similar statement on his retirement from office, and ordered all other public officials to do the same.

As president, Avila Camacho has lost none of the candor that made him remarkable as a candidate. During a three-hour interview, I asked some very pointed questions, the kind usually evaded or answered vaguely, but in every instance the replies were prompt and direct. For example, here is what he said about foreign investments:

"Of course we want capital to come



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SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs, improved shock absorbers.

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Ford

to Mexico, but the *right* kind of capital. The kind that will obey our laws, that will be satisfied with legitimate profits, that will pay decent wages and that will not want to put property rights above human rights."

Every Mexican believes implicitly that Porfirio Diaz turned the country over to exploitation, inviting in a horde of greedy concessionaires who took everything out, leaving little behind. Lazaro Cardenas, during the six years of his presidency, held firmly to this conviction. Avila Camacho's distinction between development and exploitation, therefore, marks quite a departure.

Asked about the expropriation of the oil properties, he answered: "That expropriation was carried out in the exercise of Mexico's sovereignty. That being so, the property so expropriated cannot, under any circumstances, be withdrawn from the ownership of the state. As regards reaching an agreement on the compensation provided for by our laws, the government is willing to co-operate in any plan for a settlement, so long as it is honorable and fair."

Mexico Prefers Peace

That's Mexico's unchanging, changeless position. Expropriation may have proved a disastrous blunder, but to give back the properties would mean loss of face, and no government dares risk it. The best adjustment that can be hoped for and the only one, is agreement on compensation, and some plan of supervisory management that will restore production and end loss. The Sinclair interests, acting independently, entered into an across-the-table discussion some months ago, and settled for $8,500,000.

How would Mexico stand if war came to the Western Hemisphere? In event of aggression, could the United States count on friendship and co-operation? His reply to that was this: "Mexico's position is not open to doubt. The war that now devastates the world has made the peace-loving republics of the Americas realize that continental defense is a common cause. Mexico is ready to bear her share of the responsibility. Collective defense will permit us to guard and preserve the liberties of man. We must prefer peaceful co-operation to mechanized destruction."

On the question of re-establishing Mexico's credit, the president was no less frank. "With respect to our debts," he said, "both foreign and domestic, we will pay off all that are acknowledged as justly due. This will be done within the limits set by the country's revenue, and the duty of properly taking care of the most urgent needs of national reconstruction."

Not much, but better than making promises that have no prospect of ever being kept. According to people in the treasury department, the administration will take up the question of debts at an early date, and suggest a scaling down, particularly in the matter of interest charges. As the external public debt has not been serviced since 1924, interest has almost as much importance as the principal.

Such then, is the Mexican picture as it stands today. What Manuel Avila Camacho has done, precisely and deliberately, is to draw a clean-cut battle line between sane liberalism, designed to safeguard the gains of the revolution, and a headlong radicalism that put entire faith in an ideology, careless of results. How it will come out cannot be stated authoritatively at this writing, for prophesying about Mexico is an uncertain business, but the facts and figures responsible for the president's reform program are known to every Mexican worker, businessman and farmer.

Communal agriculture dropped production to a subsistence level, forcing the importation of corn, wheat and beans. The nationalization of industry and natural resources, of which so much was expected, has brought only loss and ruin. In the great mining industry, exploration and development work, both calling for large investment in time and money, have almost ceased, for impossible labor demands have halted the influx of new capital.

In the oil industry, there have also been heavy losses due to inefficient and dishonest administration. The director general recently revealed that while the number of employees stood at 14,368 regular and 1,527 temporary workers on March 18, 1938, when expropriation took place, one year later there were 15,005 regular and 4,311 temporary workers. Without any expansion in output, an increase of more than twenty per cent in employees!

Expropriation Didn't Work

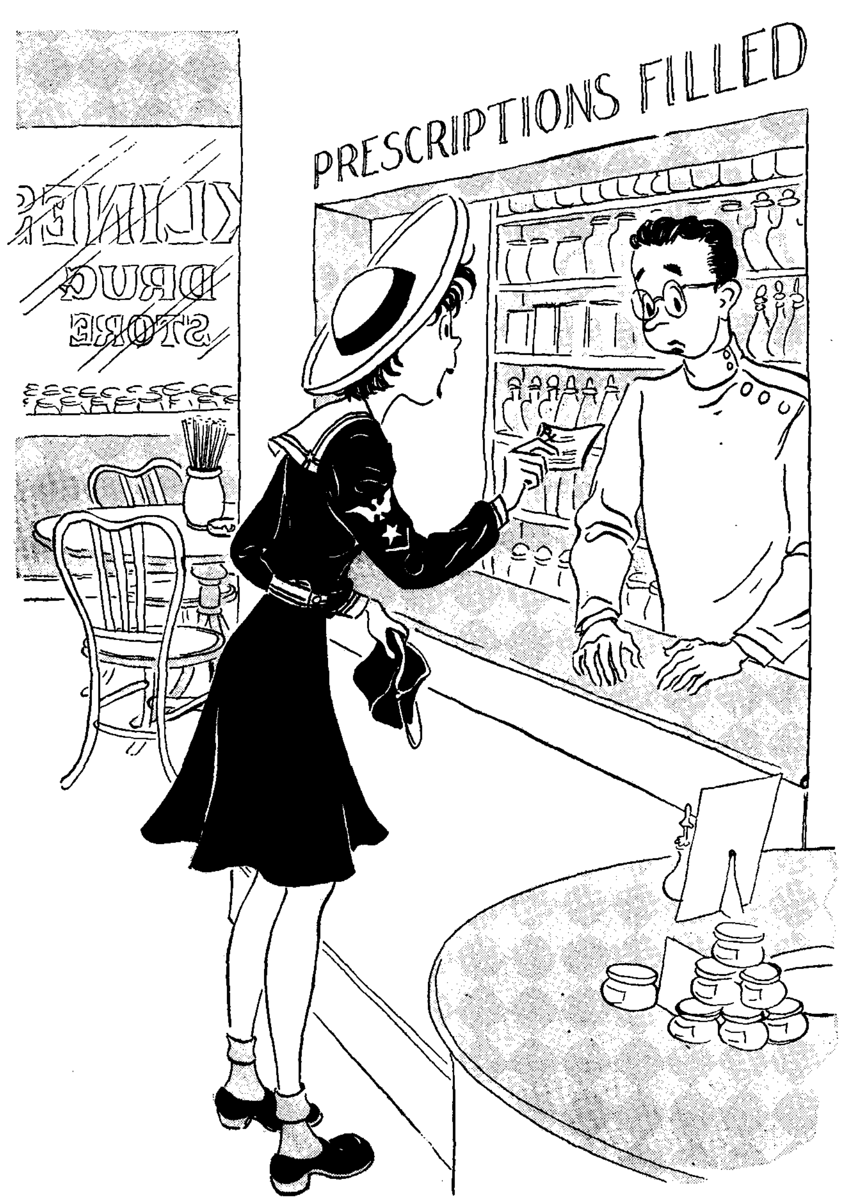
The report also described many instances of dishonesty, lack of discipline and inefficiency in the operation of the petroleum properties by federal officials working hand in hand with the Union of Oil Workers. President Cardenas, in a letter to the director general July 25, 1940, declared that these conditions had produced a deficit of $20,000,000 since expropriation, and insisted upon immediate and drastic economies, including wage cuts and curtailment of welfare benefits.

Members of co-operatives do not enjoy the same social benefits, such as paid vacations, medical care and liberal pensions that were required of private employers. In many cases, wages paid in co-operatives are substantially lower than those paid by private enterprises. In certain mines, as an illustration, wage scales were cut twenty per cent after the enterprise was taken over by a co-operative, and thereafter only seventy per cent of this reduced scale was paid in cash, the balance being in IOU's. In effect this gave the employees only 56 per cent of the wage scale actually paid by the private owners.

The wages of railroad workers have also been cut to a point far below those paid by private management, and the oil workers not only lost the $7,200,000 wage increase offered by the companies, but have been deprived of all the benefits formerly enjoyed. Despite grandiose claims, wages in many regions are not much above bare living levels.

Also, and this is important, more and more is it being driven home to Mexicans that it is only from the United States that help can come and will come for their program of national reconstruction. In the warehouses of Vera Cruz today are tons of aspirin, hundreds of barber chairs, typewriters that fall to pieces at a touch, accounting machines that do not account and bales and boxes of other worthless junk. This is what Mexico got out of the barter deals with Germany, trading oil for "machinery."

In all of which, even when divided by two, there is fairly safe ground for the assumption that Mexico, after six stratospheric years, has come down to earth and is on the way to being a Good Neighbor.



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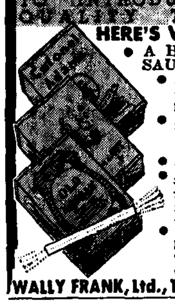

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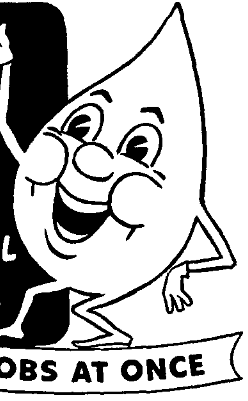

Pal Vivienne

Continued from page 21

song she elbowed him in the stomach, reducing the lyric to an unhappy "Voom," and he retaliated by beating his gauntleted hands together throughout her sentimental ballad.

When the show was in its fifty-eighth week, Viv decided to bring things to a climax. Having a direct mind, she chose the simple expedient of marching onto the stage in the midst of King's solo when he normally enjoyed only the company of the audience. Moaning loudly, she paced up and down in front of the astonished baritone and when King finally gave up trying to sing, gracefully raised her thumb to her nose and made an extremely un-eighteenth-century noise with her lips.

Since this nearly stopped the show permanently, Ziegfeld finally called an end to hostilities by inviting Viv and King to dinner together. Away from the arena, they found they liked each other; the show proceeded for another twenty weeks with nary a bite, slap or tickle.

Too Good to Last

When the show closed, Vivienne discovered with some surprise that her marriage to Ames was on the rocks. By the time she was divorced, and before she had an opportunity to feel sorry for herself, she was professionally wed to the Warner Brothers. Her contract called for a neat five thousand dollars weekly. She celebrated by installing herself and Paula in a lush home on Malibu Beach.

Vivienne, feeling secure for the first time in her career, invested four weeks' salary in a beautiful limousine. Everything looked rosy in 1929 when she was making technicolor operettas: Song of the West, Viennese Nights, Bride of the Regiment.

In 1930 the stock-market crash wiped her out. Warners', regretting their splurge in operettas, bought up her contract—and all her cash went to her broker to cover margins. Her house was sold out from under her, Paula had to spend her days rushing to and from the pawnbroker's with their jewels and furs and, in a fit of pique, Viv gave her limousine to an astonished garage owner.

Back in New York, Viv found that there too operetta was a thing of the past.

A radio series finally materialized for Vivienne, and she filled in during summers with open-air performances of the old operettas. There were two seasons at Jones Beach and the bug-swatting engagement in St. Louis.

Once she'd determined to fulfill her old ambition to do comedy, the trick was to get someone to give her a crack at a gag line.

A few people saw the comedy gift that she herself was certain she possessed. Richard Bennett told everybody who'd listen that Viv was "the only girl on the stage who could laugh at herself and really mean it," and Larry Schwab encouraged her to "forget the songbooks" and devoted herself to acting. And—most important of all—Larry Hart knew she could do comedy, and kept her in mind for a character part.

It materialized in 1937—I Married an Angel, music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart, featuring Dennis King and Vivienne Segal. After she was signed for the show, Viv had to borrow money to exist until rehearsals started.

Luckily it was a tremendous hit, and so was what the critics called "The New Vivienne Segal."

At the end of I Married an Angel's long road tour, Paula died. Dr. Segal had been dead many years, and Vivienne's youngest sister, Louise, was on the coast. Just in time to keep Viv from feeling completely desolate, middle sister Vera returned from Italy where, for almost fifteen years, she had been busy making her mark as a concert dancer. Before she really knew what had happened, Viv was sharing a house in Mount Kisco, New York, with Vera and Vera's husband, the celebrated artist and sculptor, Maurice Sterne.

Viv is busy and happy. There's another good part in the offing—and on her dressing table is a framed letter that delights her. It's from Vera, and was sent on the occasion of the Pal Joey opening—when Vera saw Viv on stage for the first time since they were kids. "Darling," the note reads, "just to tell you you're wonderful—and I'm convinced that you belong in the theater."

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

his engines. Thinking the pup had gotten wedged in between the bags and parcels stacked up in the compartment, he hurriedly took them out and piled them in the passageway. Still no dog. Then he put them back. In desperation, he looked up into the very nose of the ship. There was Master Cocker asleep in front of the copilot's rudder pedals. Back in the cabin the dozing master was awakened by the irate captain. "Regulations to the contrary, sir, your dog finishes the trip right here," he snapped, dropping the pup in the owner's lap.

ONCE he's up in the air and on a job, the fighting pilot as a rule is alone with his conscience and his patriotism. There's no one to know if he "dogs" it for a few vital split seconds—if he doesn't push himself too acutely—or if he just sticks honestly to his run-of-the-mill duty.

It's that private little extra flair of spirit on his own account which marks the great war flier.

This story has been brought back by an Army Air Corps observer:

A young R.A.F. pilot is out on patrol over the water in a Lockheed reconnaissance bomber landplane. His time, dictated by the fuel load, is getting short. His day has been a dud. He can drop his bombs in the water and return home. Instead, and without orders, he goes over to the mainland, sneaks in at a point where he knows enemy pursuit will be the thinnest.

He lets down to treetop height, throws his props out of synchronization, which in turn sets up a terrific racket. Surely he will not be attacked by the German antiaircraft or fighters because isn't it obvious that the plane is being flown by a German pilot who has captured it? Down the occupied territory he flies until he finds the enemy airdrome in mind.

With throttles wide open, he roars across the field, drops his bombs. Enemy hangars and planes blow up into bits. Happily he ships across the channel to Blighty—and tea. F. R. N.

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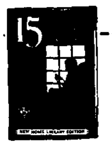

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Top Ten in Contract

Continued from page 17

decided to sally forth and try their skill in tournament play.

His first duplicate effort brought Morrie Elis a second place at the old Milton Leonard Coleman Club, and that style of play became his best-liked. Top scores followed frequently at August Jurgensen's and David Van Damm's clubs, until in 1931 he was deemed schooled enough to undertake a course of lectures on a cruise ship to the West Indies. He looked so young then—he was 23—that he had difficulty getting himself accepted as one who knew what he was talking about.

His serious study culminated in winning the Masters' Pairs of the very next season with Sherman Stearns, a tournament veteran. No longer did other experts doubt his right to be classed with them. He did the same thing again this season in the Masters' Individual, when he jumped into the lead and stayed there, getting the tremendous score of 640.

Finally, his ability to come from behind was thoroughly established last summer when he won the Masters' Pairs with Harry J. Fishbein in the national tournament at Asbury Park, New Jersey. In the first round they were 58th. After the second session they had pulled up to 13th. The third brought them into 7th place, and in the final session they had such a big top, with a 70 per cent score, that they passed all six of the pairs ahead of them and won.

The two national events won by Mr. Elis are of the de luxe classification established some years ago by the American Contract Bridge League for only those players who are officially labeled "National Masters" through their tournament records. In the Individual, thirty-six picked stars take part, each of them playing a set of deals with each of the other thirty-five as his partner. Ability to harmonize with any type of bidding or temperament is a prerequisite to success in this, and Mr. Elis exhibited it in large quantities. In the Masters' Pairs, sixty-four pairs participated, all of them remaining intact throughout the various sessions. Harry J. Fishbein, partner of Mr. Elis, in winning this event, accomplished an unusual feat by gaining his second successive victory, his partner of the year before being Robert Appleyard.

Besides his national triumphs, Mr. Elis landed third place in the open match point team game, playing with Mr. Fishbein, Philip Abramsohn and Fred Kaplan; he was a semifinalist in the knockout teams for the Harold S. Vanderbilt Cup, and he was on the winning combinations in the Eastern Championship teams for the Curt H. Reisinger Trophy, the Metropolitan teams and the Metropolitan mixed pairs, in which he paired with Mrs. Henry A. Drescher.

All told, he had a tremendous year. Among other things, he far distanced all of his pursuers in the race for Master Points, which are awarded by the League in varying amounts in all recognized title events, regional as well as local. For this he gained the William E. McKenney Trophy. Charles H. Goren, of Philadelphia, also did splendidly in territorial championships, and finished in a second-place tie for Master Points with Mr. Fishbein. Mrs. Sobel was the season's leading woman player on this basis, as well as in national events, with Mrs. Benjamin M. Golder, of Philadelphia, second. Mr. Goren's winning of the national open pairs with Mrs. Sobel establishes a record, making him the first man who has won a total of four national open championships through the years with women partners and causing Mrs. H. L. Peterson, veteran Philadelphia expert, to brand him as "the game's best women's partner."

Whereas a woman had led the entire list the year before—Mrs. Young of Philadelphia—it looked this season as if there would not be a single victory for a woman in open competition. All of the open contests except one had been completed with the men having an absolute monopoly. That event was the open pairs, played in Philadelphia. With just one session to go, little Mrs. Sobel and Mr. Goren were 40 match points behind the leaders, who had been going like wildfire. But they had a great game in the closing session and won by a Garrison finish.

During the season three new names were added to the list of "Life Masters"—those who have accumulated a grand total of 250 net Master Points in tournament competition. They were Philip Abramsohn and Edward Hymes, Jr., of New York, and Alvin C. Landy, of Cleveland, Ohio. This select group now has twenty-three members.

The next national championship season is now about to get under way. The knockout team of four championship for the Harold S. Vanderbilt Cup and the National Individual Masters' championship will start the ball rolling. Dixie will hold one of the national tournaments for the first time. It will be at Richmond, Virginia, in December. It will probably be one of bridge's best seasons. As for predictions—well, for every fine bridge player we had ten years ago, there are a thousand today.

●

WINNERS OF NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS—1940-41 SEASON

Masters' Events

Individual—Morrie Elis, New York.

Pairs—Morrie Elis and Harry J. Fishbein, New York.

Fours—Oscar J. Brotman and Alvin L. Roth, Washington; Samuel Katz, Newark, N. J., and Bertram Lebhar, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Open Events

Pairs—Mrs. Albert M. Sobel, New York, and Charles H. Goren, Philadelphia.

Knockout Fours (The Harold S. Vanderbilt Cup)—Harold S. Vanderbilt, Waldemar von Zedtwitz, Charles S. Lochridge, Robert A. McPherran and Edward Hymes, Jr., New York.

Match Point Fours—Morris J. Glick and Harry Feinberg, Cleveland, Ohio; Louis Newman, Washington; Jeff Glick, Miami.

Women's Events

Pairs—Mrs. John Laidlich, Short Hills, N. J., and Mrs. Edith W. Atkinson, Wayne, Pa.

Fours—Mrs. Adelaide Neuwirth and Mrs. Lottie Zetosch, New York; Mrs. Helen Levy, Jersey City, N. J., and Mrs. Humphrey Wagar, Atlanta, Georgia.

Men's Event

Pairs—Merwin D. Maier and Robert A. McPherran, New York.

Mixed Events

Pairs—Mrs. Ralph C. Young and Sidney Silidor, Philadelphia.

Fours—Mrs. Marie Black and Waldemar von Zedtwitz, New York; Mrs. H. L. Peterson, Philadelphia, and Henry Chanin, Atlanta, Georgia.

Nonwinners Who Earned Second Places

Mrs. Benjamin M. Golder, Mrs. J. J. Mitchell, 3rd, A. R. Dick, Edward C. Ellenbogen, C. William Potts, James T. Sheern, Charles J. Solomon, E. R. Thomas, Jr., Philadelphia; Mrs. Henry Drescher, Mrs. Olga L. Hilliard, Mrs. Frederick J. Horn, Mrs. William E. McKenney, Mrs. Gussie Planco, Sam Fry, Jr., Myron Fuchs and Lee Hazen, New York; Al Brodsky, Louis Lipschitz, Herbert Rosenzweig and Alex Schultz, Brooklyn.

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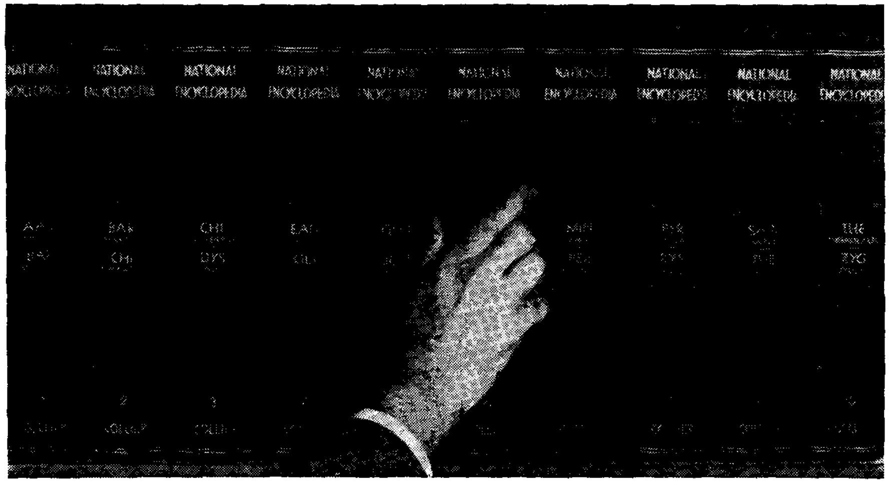

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Our New Army

Continued from page 19

He started out by lining up the new soldiers and calling their names as they appeared on the roll, surname first, like "Johnson, Andrew." After he had run through a score of names and received no response, he deduced that the men had never heard names thus announced. He went back to "Andrew Johnson" and breezed right through. Loaded on the train, the recruits caused no trouble until well into the night, when it developed that most of them had never been on a train and couldn't find the boys' room; they kept waking up the officer to inquire about it. When the trip finally ended, the haggard officer counted the men and found he had 236 instead of 235. Investigation revealed that one Negro, not scheduled to make the trip, had come along anyway because Fort Riley sounded like a good place to go to. He wound up at the Leavenworth reception center.

FORT MEADE, MARYLAND. Men of the 110th Field Artillery are complaining about the trouble they're having with those (two words deleted) third lieutenants. It isn't exactly a new rank; just a corporal who has grown too big for his breeches.

ASSIGNED to the reception center was Charles Yorkshire, Baltimore Negro, whose handwriting is exceptionally legible. The thing that startled draft induction officials was that, because of some psychological quirk, Yorkshire writes backward; starts with the last letter of a word and, left-handed, works his way to the front. He says he has always written that way, for no reason he can think of, and can't change nohow.

FORT BLISS, TEXAS. Battery A, 206th Coast Artillery (antiaircraft), from Arkansas, is probably the only outfit in the Army that has an electric field kitchen. The gadget is the invention of Lieut. J. F. Tuohey, of the Arkansas Power and Light Company at Pine Bluff. A portable searchlight generating plant, powered with a gasoline motor, is connected to a sixteen-and-a-half-watt generator, and an electric oven and hot plate are equipped with connections to wires carrying current to the searchlights. Ironically enough, the inventor had to stay behind when his outfit was mustered in, but the cooks write to the lieutenant every now and then and assure him that his innovation is the nuts.

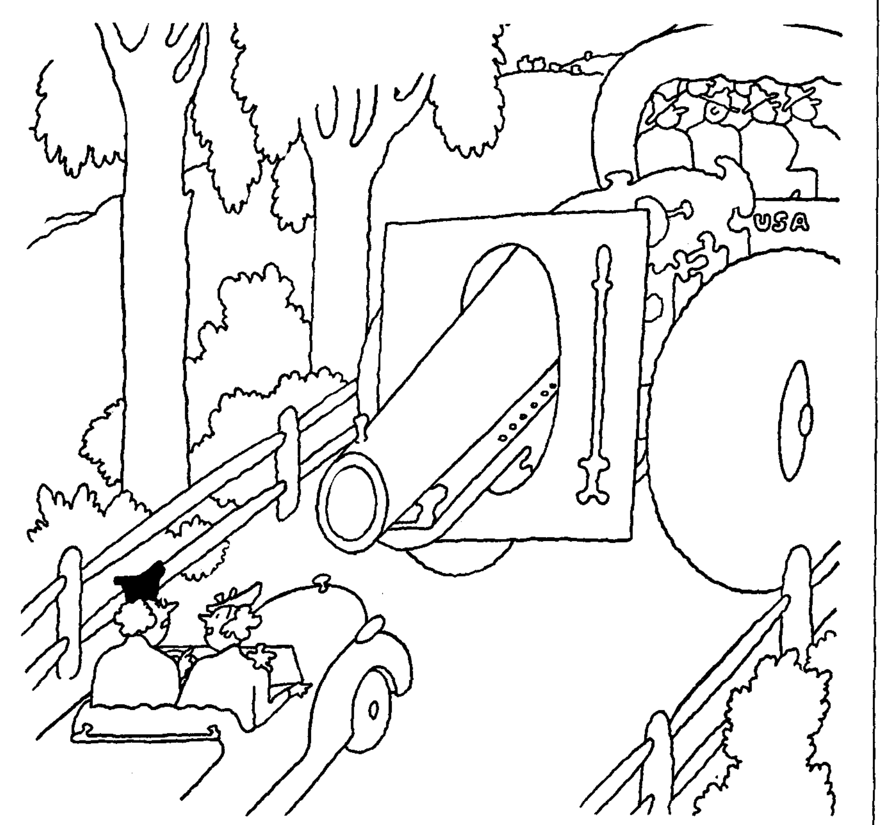
CAMP WALLACE, TEXAS. This coast artillery antiaircraft replacement center will soon house some 10,000 men and 400 officers; right now there are approximately 6,000 on hand, mostly from Illinois and Missouri. Last month the new post office was opened, with a first cover for philatelists. There may be none left by now, but there were three weeks ago. (Hold your hats, boys; here come the stamp collectors.)

GENERAL. A report, recently published here, that camps are in need of new magazines and books in good condition kept our phone jangling for days. Readers wanted to know where reading matter should be sent. Answer: To the chaplain or recreation officer of the nearest post.

"YOUR department," writes Mr. David F. Fisher, of Newark, New Jersey, in ill-disguised disgust, "reads as though the fun-loving Rover Boys were marching. I've just returned from Camp Blanding where I was privileged to assist in the construction of one of the largest camps in the country. There were about 25,000 men on the pay rolls and you needn't think it was a Sunday-school picnic, Mr. Davenport. The conditions around the camp were really worth an investigation of some sort: Tent shows, gambling joints, juke joints, bootlegging—everything else. Stop stuffing mothers, sweethearts and sisters with stories of how Private McLovely just loves his top sarge. Please, Walter Davenport, stop that mush."

COME, come, W. D.

G. W.



"I shouldn't worry too much, Agatha. I'm sure they'd blow a bugle or something first"

GARDNER REA

"C. R." Smith, President of American Airlines . . . one of the younger leaders of American business today, says:
"America is still full of opportunities for young people who want to get ahead"

Smith-Corona typewriters help you to help yourself!

Ability to type has rewarded countless American men and women . . . with better jobs, higher pay and richer opportunity.

Some people still think typing is hard to learn. It isn't! Why, even an 8-year-old can quickly learn to use a Corona portable. Remember, Coronas have the *regulation* Standard keyboard and with practice you can readily operate office typewriters as well.

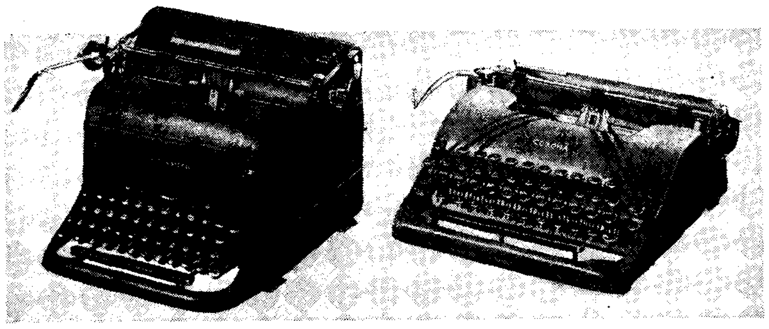
The Super-Speed L C Smith office typewriter, "big brother" to Corona portables, also offers amazing speed and utmost dependability. Secretaries praise its quiet, efficient operation.

See your Smith-Corona dealer today. A trial in your home or office costs nothing. Begin now, to learn to type!

"Black bugs on paper," the Indians call it.

Girl Reporter makes a name for herself. Susan Jones Medlock has her own column, "Peachtree Parade," in the Atlanta Journal . . . is a regular contributor to famous women's magazines. A Corona enthusiast, she says, "Typing helps me to put my thoughts down on paper faster and easier."

Gill-Merrill Ecuadorian Expedition won fame by the discovery of clinically adequate Curare, the deadly arrow poison now used in treatment of certain mental and paralytic diseases. Mr. Richard Gill, author of "White Water and Black Magic," states, "Much of Curare's now recognized success is due to the unfailing performance of our Corona portable under the most trying conditions in the world."



Super-Speed L C SMITH is the world's most advanced office typewriter. Has lightning, precision action plus many exclusive typing aids. Phone branch in your city for free demonstration in your office. *At right:* World's "crack" portable . . . the Speedline Corona. 3 models, Standard, Sterling, Silent. Also Comet De Luxe. All have *regulation* standard keyboard and famous Floating Shift. Also, 2 models, Regular and De Luxe, Corona Zephyr . . . lightweight, low priced portable. See your Corona Dealer for free home trial . . . no obligation to you.

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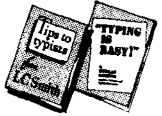

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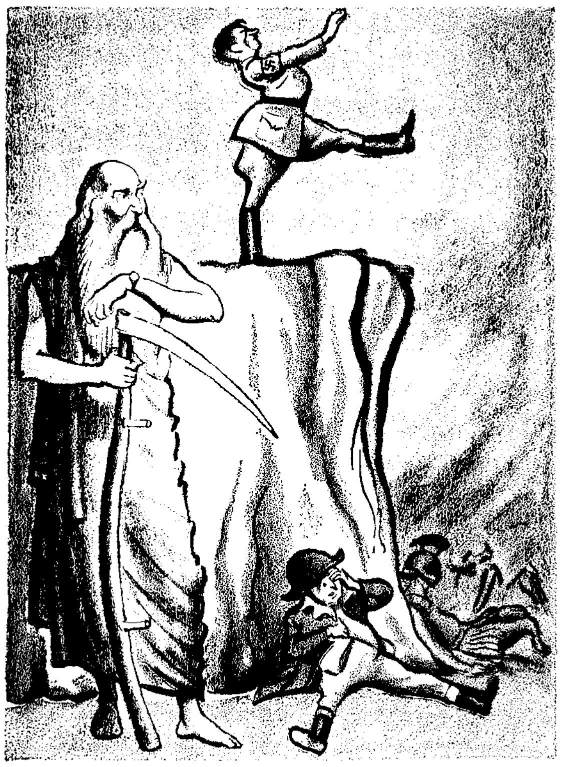


This, Too, Will Pass Away

TO THOSE who have been cast down or frightened by overdoses of the current talk about the inevitability of totalitarianism and how Hitler can't help winning because he's in tune with evolution and that democracy is passé, we'd like to recommend a book we've just read.

The book is remarkable in its context, remarkable in the circumstances of its writing, remarkable for the historic parallels it contains—parallels which may run a lot farther than they have yet done. It's short, clear and printed in big type.

Its title: "Prophecy from the Past." Author: Benjamin Constant. Date of authorship: 1813, when Constant, a French refugee from Napoleon's empire, was living in Hanover, Germany, and millions of Europeans, Englishmen and Americans were persuaded that Napoleon's "New Order" had come to stay.

The present edition is a translation by Helen Byrne Lippmann, published by Reynal & Hitchcock.

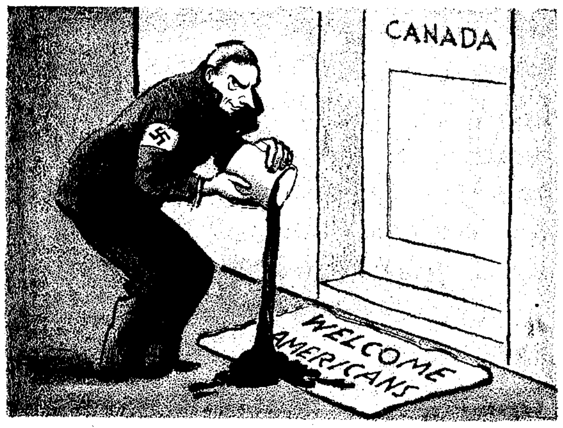
Gist of the book is that Constant refused to believe Napoleon's New Order had come to stay. He believed that not alone Napoleonism but violently seized and terror-held dictatorship by anybody in the modern world contained the seeds of its own destruction and must crack up sooner or later. Writing in 1813, he put no time limit on his guess that Napoleon couldn't last forever, or Napoleon's system. He merely said both would smash sometime.

Yet Napoleon, having lost the Battle of Leipzig that same year, was already on the inescapable road to Waterloo, though he didn't know it.

The kernel of Constant's reasoning was this: That the world had become a commercial, mercantile, business world, which wanted to trade—had to trade, indeed—as freely as might be; and that the democratic systems then developing in the United States and Great Britain were the logical systems for such a world, while tyranny was outworn.

From this great bell-ringer in the mind of a reader today, Constant proceeds to reason out a lot of other shrewd guesses and predictions which are certain to ring smaller but no less interesting bells in a present-day mind.

Necessarily, we've given here the barest outline of Constant's piece of dynamite buried 128 years ago, which now explodes again—a long-distance time bomb. We hope it has a large sale in this country, and that the ideas it contains may enter into the general body of U. S. thought. Those ideas are meatier, we think, than the pessimism of defeatists—and Constant's "prophecy from the past" has the inestimable advantage of having come true, almost word for word and line for line, within two years after he put it on paper.



About Travel in Canada

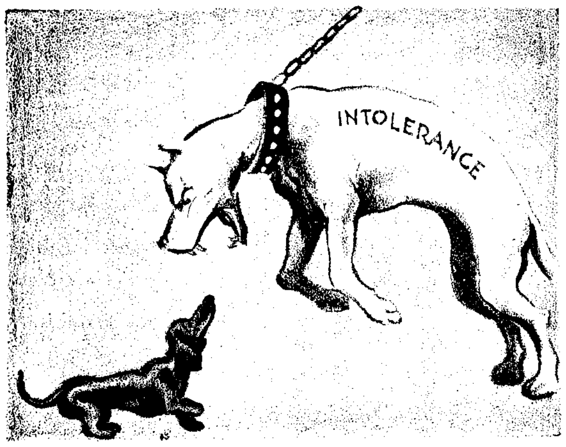
RUMORS have been going around for several months past to the general effect that Canada, hard pressed by its war effort, is daily thinking up new schemes for squeezing another dime or dollar out of tourists from the United States.

Some of the stories are ridiculous on their face, some sound so circumstantial that they are believed.

Fact is, Canada is doing no such thing, anywhere. There may be local catchpenny sales taxes here and there with extra hooks for tourists, just as there are in some of our own states. But the policy of the Canadian government is to encourage tourists by every legitimate means.

That would be the policy of any Canadian government in its right mind, of course. It could gain nothing and would lose much by rubbing up ill feeling toward Canada for States tourists to take home and spread around.

Canada remains the delightful vacation land it has long been, just as our Canadian friends remain our Canadian friends. If you want specific information about vacations anywhere in Canada, border-crossing routine, and any other item of interest to the tourist, drop an inquiry to the Canadian Travel Bureau, 673 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. You can rely 100% on anything this agency tells you. And you can have one guess as to where the above-mentioned rumors are coming from.



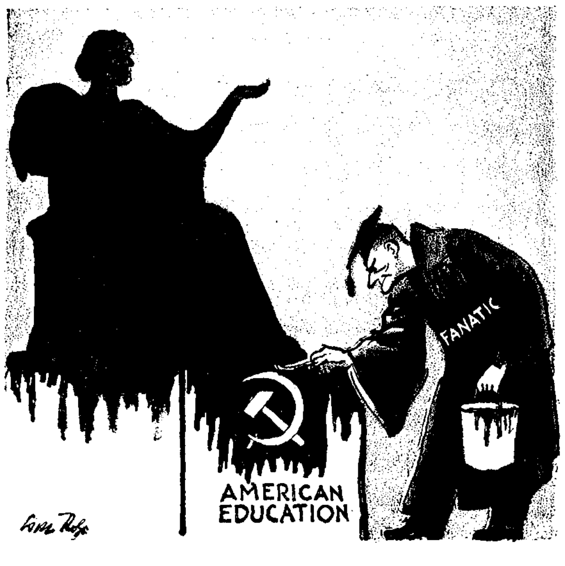
Lord Halifax's Dachshund

WE LEARN that the current pet of Lord Halifax, British ambassador to the United States, is a dachshund. The dachshund is the great and typical German breed of dog—and Britain and Germany are now locked in mortal war. Yet Lord Halifax has a dachshund, says that they're grand dogs and that his is particularly grand.

We hope this example set—consciously or unconsciously—by Lord Halifax will impress any and all Americans who think they can help England win the war by kicking *dachshunds* in this country around, or by persecuting in any way any Germans or people of German descent in this country.

Those things happened in the previous war; and though we rolled up an honorable record on most fronts of that war, our record on this front was dishonorable—or if you like a shorter word, it stank. It was cruel and shortsighted, it belied the democracy we claimed to be fighting for. Worst of all, it was futile as an aid of any kind to our cause. It couldn't hurt the Kaiser; it only could—and did—make some previously 100% loyal German-Americans hate this country.

The same reasoning applies this time, only with more force, since we are in a fiercer fight this time than last, and the odds against us are heavier. Let's resolve now, and stand by that resolution for the duration, not to waste our energies this time by blowing off indignation shotguns which don't hit the target anyhow.



Fanatics as Teachers

WE'RE all for civil liberties and academic freedom, as we believe consistent readers of this page are aware; but we can't see how they took any body blows in the recent exposures and bouncings of some Communist faculty persons during the investigation of their activities at the College of the City of New York.

These persons were hired to teach assorted subjects to their students. As long as any teacher does that satisfactorily, we think he's entitled to have his own political, religious, economic and all other views, and any personal idiosyncrasies he may fancy.

But as came out at the C. C. N. Y. hearings, these persons simply were punk teachers. They didn't deliver the goods they were hired to deliver. Instead, they let their fanatic belief in Communism lead them into trying to proselytize for it in and out of class, to the detriment of various courses the college offered, and to the confusion of their students.

Had they been some other kind of fanatics—religious, say, or chiropractic or faith healer or nuts about poker or bridge—to the extent of letting their fanaticism interfere with the quality of their teaching, they'd have deserved to be bounced, and would have been bounced long ago without any fanfare in the papers or flutterings in the bosoms of serious thinkers.

The long and short of it is that fanatics of any kind make bum teachers, *and should be weeded out of* any school, no matter what form their fanaticism takes. Any kind, that is, except persons who are fanatical in their love of teaching—of touching off that spark in young minds which sets them on a lifelong road of inquiry, curiosity, eagerness to learn and to observe. We haven't enough fanatics of that sort, or, if we have, we've somehow failed to steer enough of them into the teaching profession.

Keeping friends for 5 years

is an old TEN HIGH custom

Isn't it great to relax at the end of a big day, and drink a toast to a job well done . . . or to celebrate with tried-and-true friends?

Next time, why not double your enjoyment with the tried-and-true whiskey that has won fame and friends all over America? Try TEN HIGH.

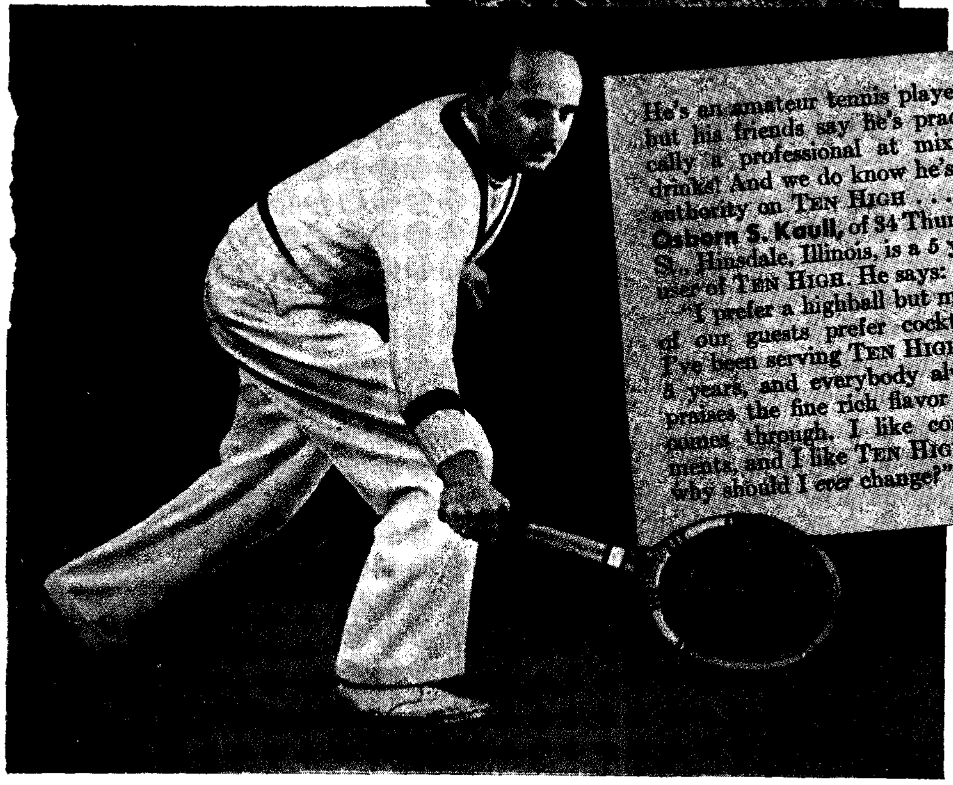
Thousands who have been using it for 5 long years say, "TEN HIGH is always right"—with a gloriously rich flavor that's satisfying all ways, mixed or "neat." And TEN HIGH is *all* whiskey, so *straight* and smooth you won't find a "rough edge" in a barrelful! Ask for TEN HIGH—tonight!

Walton C. Seitz, 3545 North Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, rides regularly to keep in good condition, and he has been using TEN HIGH for 5 years to keep his drinks up to par! As Mr. Seitz says:

"Finding a whiskey you want to stick to, is like learning how to stick on a horse—it takes a little practice. But when I first tried TEN HIGH I knew it was the one for me. Smooth, light, yet flavorful and satisfying, TEN HIGH is my idea of a whiskey that is always just right!"

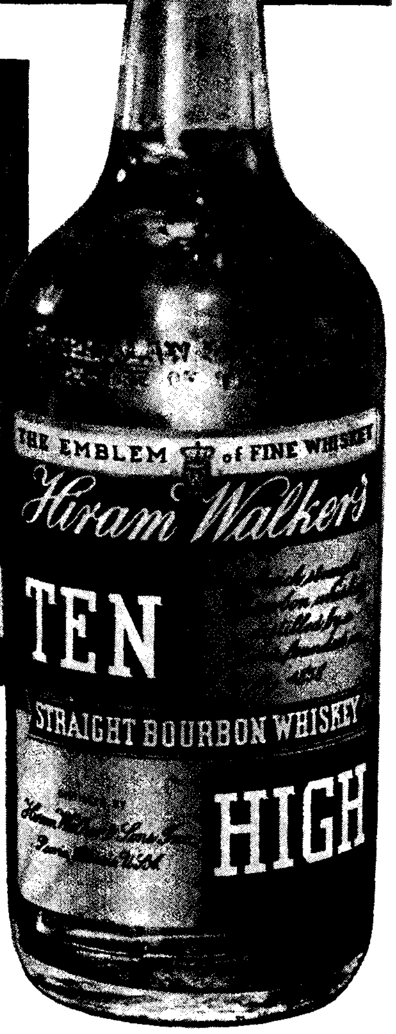
I LIKE BOURBON RICH AND STRAIGHT SO I CAN TASTE IT IN A HIGHBALL. TEN HIGH HAS FILLED MY ORDER FOR 5 YEARS!

says **Charles H. Gross,**
linotype operator, of
77 Fernwood Ave.,
Dayton, Ohio



He's an amateur tennis player—but his friends say he's practically a professional at mixing drinks! And we do know he's an authority on TEN HIGH . . . for **Osborn S. Kaull,** of 34 Thurlow St., Hinsdale, Illinois, is a 5 year user of TEN HIGH. He says:

"I prefer a highball but many of our guests prefer cocktails. I've been serving TEN HIGH for 5 years, and everybody always praises the fine rich flavor that comes through. I like compliments, and I like TEN HIGH—so why should I *ever* change?"



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